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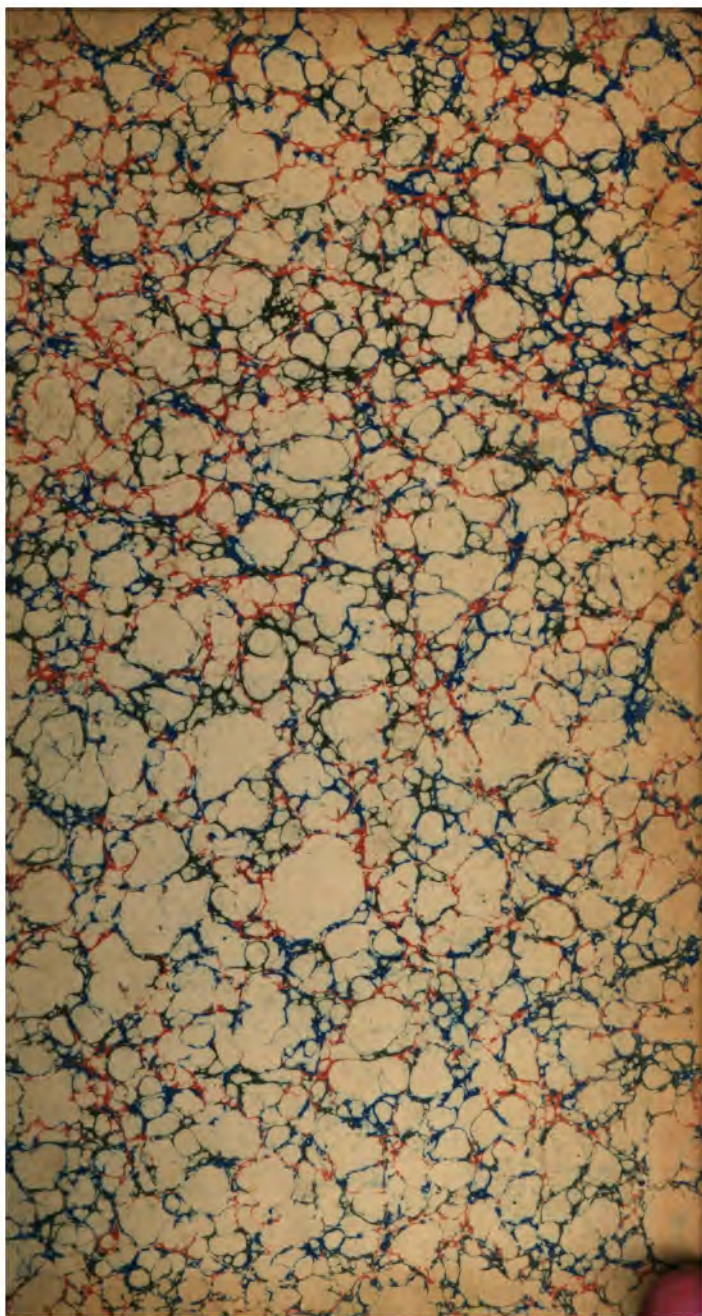
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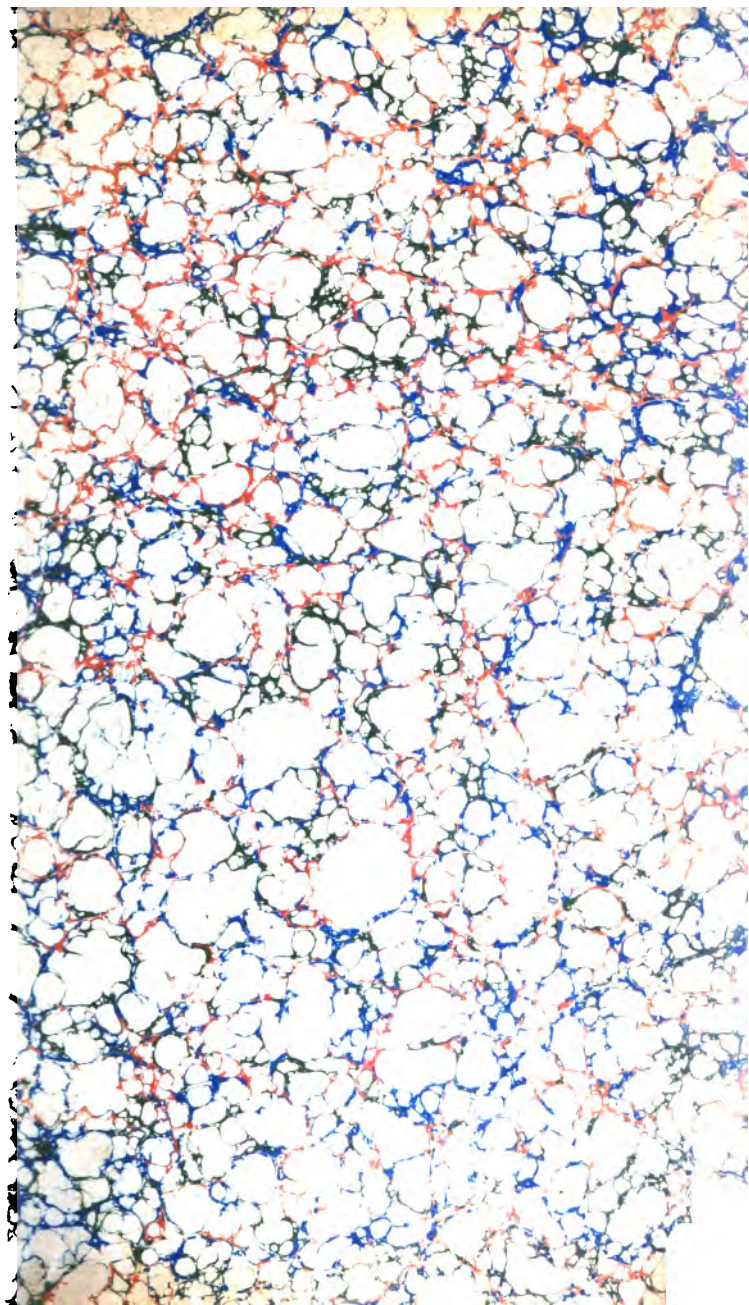
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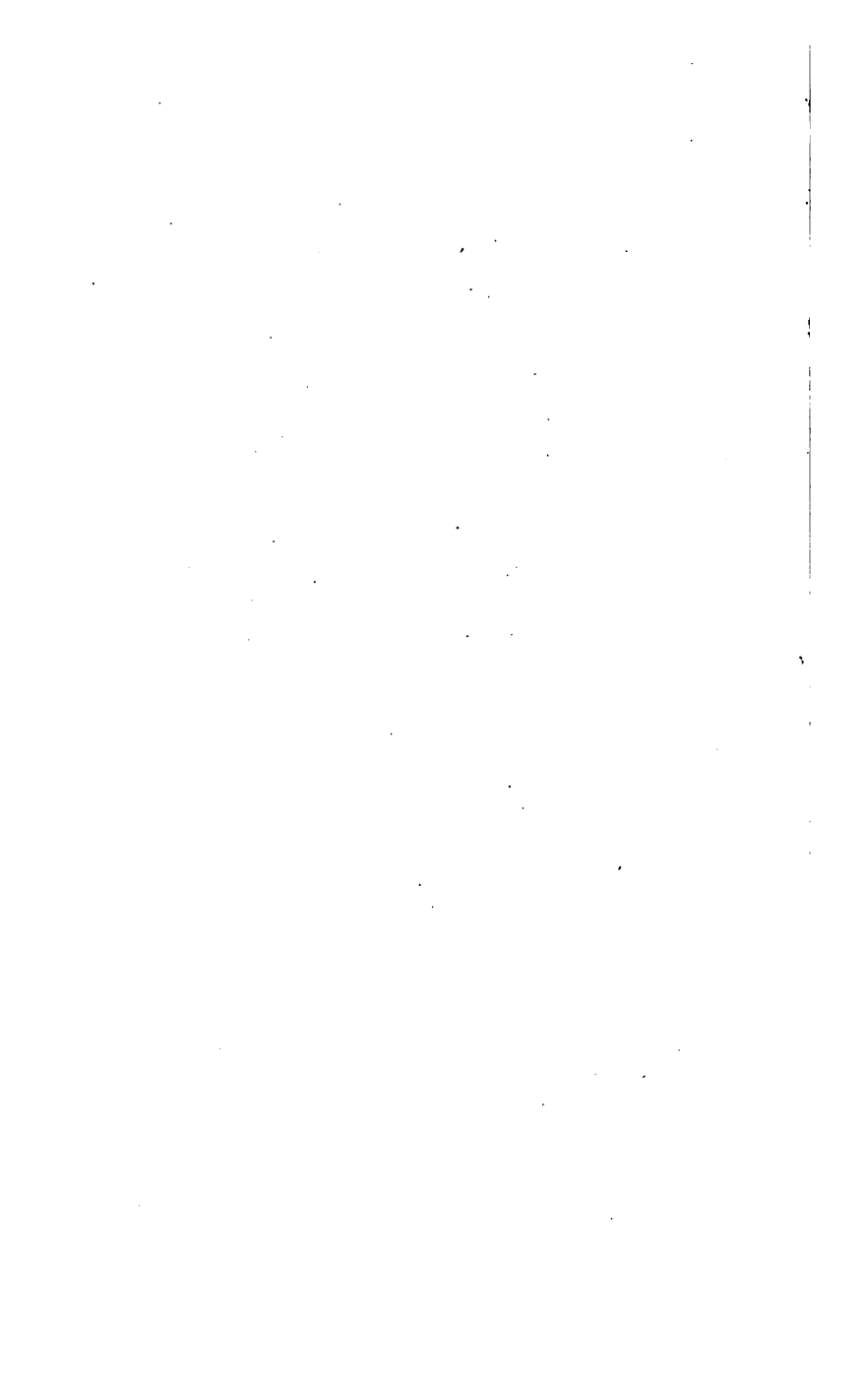


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THE
HISTORY
OF
HENRY MILNER,
A LITTLE BOY,
WHO WAS NOT BROUGHT UP ACCORDING TO THE
FASHIONS OF THIS WORLD.

BY MRS. SHERWOOD,
AUTHOR OF "THE HISTORY OF THE FAIRCHILD FAMILY,"
"LITTLE HENRY AND HIS BEARER," "ORPHANS OF
NORMANDY," &c. &c.

THE FOURTH PART.

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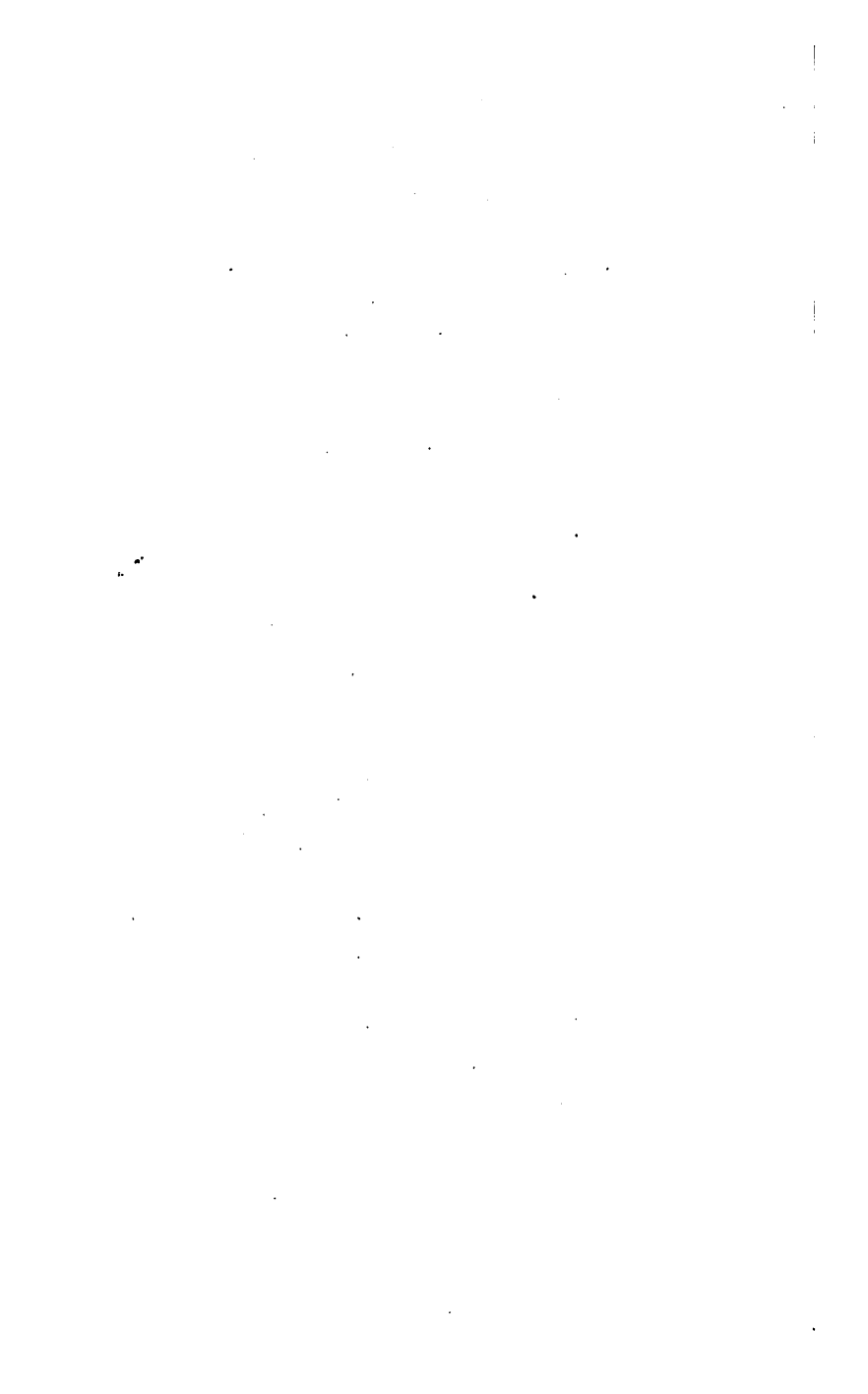
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THE HISTORY
OF
HENRY MILNER.

Revealing that which many have long desired to know,
and which it has not been the pleasure of the histo-
rian to relate as soon as was required.

It is impossible for any person to renew a work at distant intervals, as the historian of Henry Milner is now doing, without perceiving that some, perhaps many and very great, changes have passed in his health, his strength, his feelings or his sentiments, since he closed the last portion of his labours. As time rolls on, the mind of an individual of the human race is either confirmed in the way of error, or is brought forth in a greater or lesser degree into the light of truth—it either sinks into indolence and imbecility through age, infirmity, or the indulgence of bad habits, or, through the in-dwelling of the Lord the Spirit, is lifted up into a state of existence, whilst yet in the flesh, of which a worldly mind cannot even form a conception. To such

as are being carried on to this point, all the changes and chances of the present life are rendered subservient to one great purpose—namely, to the leading of the individual forward from the love of this present evil world, to earnest longings after the unseen things which are prepared for the enjoyment of the redeemed. But in the passage of a child of Adam from darkness to light, it is certain that as the illumination from on high becomes more and more decided, he must apprehend more and more of the fading nature of earthly scenes, of the emptiness of earthly distinctions, and the unsatisfactoriness of earthly pleasures; and if permitted so to do, he will see more and more of the grand purposes of the Almighty in his government of the earth, in his creation of the multitudes of the human race, and of the greatness of the work of redemption, which last, being an object too vast for human apprehension, in its depth, and height, and fullness, has never yet been comprehended by man in the flesh.

If a state of mind and feelings in any degree allied to that just described, has been vouchsafed to the historian of the life of Henry Milner—if light, and hope, and joy have been imparted to this vessel of clay in the midst of many present bereavements, may it not be hoped, that this light, however shrouded by the potsherd in which it is placed, may yet afford some little glimmering to the steps of the many young, and we trust candid and intellectual minds, who have known Henry Milner, if not in person, yet in his actions, his character,

and his sentiments, even from his boyish days—of the many who have grown with the growth of that boy who was not brought up according to the fashions of this world, and have wandered with him in fancy among the sweet solitudes of Worcestershire, and have, in the same manner, dwelt with him in the classic porticoes beneath which still presides Dr. Matthews, in high and undisputed authority—*et ubi ferula tristes, sceptræ pædagogorum, omnia intentant.*

Of the small number to whom the history of Henry Milner was first related by word of mouth, in the hours of dusk, on many a winter's evening, some are already passed into glory, having previously been enabled to give evidence of that change of heart without which no man can see God, and having in a short time finished a course which was rendered complete in him by whom they were beloved, and, by the loveliness of their testimony, manifested to those whom they have left behind them, how great is the power of God in preserving the steps of youth from the enticements of sin.

Of those who still remain some are become parents and heads of families; others are entered into professions and become members of active life; gladly would we add that all are such in heart and spirit as those who are now no longer with them. Yet of this are we assured, that be they what they may, they can never lose the remembrance of those hours of childhood, those hours of comparative innocence and peace, when little Henry Milner was the hero of many an oft-repeated winter's tale.

To these and to all others who have grown

with Henry's growth, and have made his simple annals the often companion of their young days,—to those especially amongst them who have, by word, by letter, or by the present, in one instance, of a beautifully-decorated pen, expressed their kind feelings towards the author, is this fourth and last volume addressed. And to these is the light which it contains lifted up—the light itself being perfect, although the vessel in which it is set, (like the candlestick or sconce of the visible church,) being of earthly materials, is, notwithstanding every endeavour to render it otherwise, comparatively impure. To this light the writer beseeches them to come, or rather prays that they may be brought, and that they may be led on according to all those principles which are purely divine contained in the volume now about to be presented to them. Neither must they be surprised if, as the readers are supposed to be no longer babes, matters of deeper import are brought forward in this last volume than are treated of in any of the foregoing, and if indeed there may be some passages which will require much attention, and perhaps demand a deeper study of Scripture than many of our readers have yet had time or inclination to bestow. But having concluded our address to those to whom this work is dedicated, we now proceed to that which they have long been anxious to know.

And thus we commence :—

If it be not too heavy work, most enlightened and well-instructed reader, we will trouble you, in the first instance, to convey your imagi-

nation, (no very weighty burthen, we trust) to the Angel Inn, in the city of Oxford, into a front parlour, where sits Mrs. Bonville, and where some will say she has been sitting a most unconscionable time; the lady occupying one side of the fire-place, whilst Dr. Crocket is placed opposite to her. These two worthy personages, in the superabundance of their self-complacency, having, it appears, for some time past, omitted in their discourse all reference to common sense, had in consequence driven poor Mr. Dalben fairly out of the room; the fund from which they derived their folly being excessive vanity, than which there is none more inexhaustible, whether the quality be personal, as in the case of the lady, or intellectual, as in that of the gentleman.

“And so, madam,” the Doctor was saying, as before hinted, “a tender mother, one who has the maternal instinct—” and there he stopped short—arose—advanced to the window, and exclaimed—“Now we shall hear!—but why do they delay?” and the venerable gentleman betrayed a sort of uneasiness which caused Mrs. Bonville to rise also. It seems that Dr. Crocket had been employed to cram Edgar during several vacations since he had been a member of the university. It had been a great piece of folly not to place him under the Doctor’s tuition during the last long vacation; but Mrs. Bonville had had her particular object for pressing Mr. Dalben to receive him at that time. However, she had taken the precaution of consulting Dr. Crocket before her son went up for examination, and the Doctor had encouraged her to suffer the

examination to take place; it was therefore natural that he should feel somewhat uneasy when he saw Marten and Henry, and with them Wellings, standing on the other side of the street, in the hesitating posture of persons not willing to impart unpleasant information.

At length, seeing them about to cross, he rushed out, and met them at the entrance of the court.

“Well!” he exclaimed, “and what news? Are you come from the schools?”

Marten shook his head, and made no answer, and Henry, having learnt from a servant that his uncle was above-stairs, ran up with Marten. Mr. Wellings in the mean time, as he was known to both of the parties, undertook to inform the Doctor and Mrs. Bonville of the state of the case.

“Is it well, Mr. Wellings?” said Dr. Crocket, being every minute more apprehensive for his pupil, “is it all right?”

“All right, to be sure,” replied the young man; “all that is, is right,—as my friend Darfield would say, all for the best. No doubt it is all right.”

These last words of Wellings, viz. “all right,” being heard at the door of the parlour by Mrs. Bonville, who had advanced so far to meet Dr. Crocket, she exclaimed, “Nor am I the least surprised; I was assured that it would turn out as it has done. I was as thoroughly convinced how it would be as if I had had the spirit of prophecy.”

“You were so, were you, Mrs. Bonville?” exclaimed Wellings. “By Jupiter! if that

a'rnt singular—uncommon, any how. You were convinced, you say, how it would turn out; then for what on earth did you let him go up? Had you a mind that all the members of the university should be as well acquainted with your son's qualifications as you seem yourself to have been?"

"It was a necessary step to a degree, as you know," replied Mrs. Bonville in amazement.

"What!" said Wellings; "by George! you seem to have a good notion of things, Mrs. Bonville; but if you were assured beforehand that the man would be plucked, why did you not at least put off the examination? Any how, you might have postponed the evil day;—Eh, Doctor, don't you think so?"

"She does not understand you," replied the Doctor; "you are at cross-purposes with her."

"Don't you comprehend, Mrs. Bonville?" said Wellings. "Well, I am sorry to tell you, —but, your son has failed; he is as sure to be plucked as ever man was; and if you had the least idea that it would be so, why did you let him go up?"

"Are you sure it is so?" asked Dr. Crocket, beginning to manifest strong symptoms of uneasiness.

"*Indubitanter*," replied Wellings; "if he gets his ticket this day, then I know no more of the physiognomy of the examining masters than a blind horse knows of colours. I wish I were as sure of a thousand pounds as Bonville is of not getting his *testamur*."

"Mr. Wellings," said the Doctor, "I beg you to spare the lady's feelings."

"I ask her pardon," replied Mr. Wellings, "but it is as well she should know the truth."

"Surely, sir," said Mrs. Bonville, "you do not mean to assert that my son has failed?"

"It is so, madam, I fear it is so," said Dr. Crocket, perceiving that Wellings was silent.

"It cannot be, it cannot be!" exclaimed the poor mother, as soon as she comprehended the real state of the case. And now indeed was she to be pitied; and the more so, because she was utterly unprepared for this blow. First, she broke out into a violent flood of hysterical tears, next she reproached Dr. Crocket in no very measured terms with having deceived her respecting the real state of Edgar's acquirements; and, lastly, rushing from the room, she left the Doctor to inquire more concerning this affair of Wellings.

"How was it? how does it stand, Mr. Wellings?" he asked. "Have they been hard on the young man? Did they push him? Is the case a decided one?"

"They dealt so fairly by him," replied Wellings, "that they would have got him through if they could; but he blundered and stammered outrageously from the very first."

"He was agitated," said Dr. Crocket; "he wanted nerve—nerve is much in an affair of this kind."

"No doubt," replied Wellings, "a little impudence is often very useful in life; like a good horse, it carries a man a long way at a push."

"And sometimes gives him a terrible fall

also," retorted the Doctor, in considerable irritation.

"May be so," replied Wellings; "however, as I tell you, Bonville stammered deucedly from the beginning; still we that stood by hoped he might do, till he stumbled on some abominable error in his divinity. I did not at first catch the words he used, but some of the men near me said, that he had imputed the Revelations to the pen of John the Baptist, or some other such monstrosity. However, be it what it might, this blunder was the settler, for he was dismissed immediately after he had stumbled upon it; or, in other words, received permission to go hang himself as soon as he pleased, by a gentle hint that his presence was no longer required."

"That divinity," remarked Dr. Crocket—"that divinity often proves the ruin of a man, from his supposing that as he has heard the Scriptures from infancy, he has less need of making them a particular study."

"True, Doctor," replied Wellings; "on which account I am resolved, that I will get up the New Testament the first month I have at command."

"You then consider that Bonville's case is a decided one?" asked the Doctor.

"He is as surely plucked as I stand here," replied Mr. Wellings; "and it is very certain that he must be well crammed before he feathers again."

"Humph!" said the Doctor, "if cramming would have done, Mr. Wellings, or rather, if the steady laborious appliance of mental and learned stimuli would have availed with the youth—of

stimuli administered from hour to hour, through the course of months, nay, of years—if these, I say, could have availed with the young man; he would never have been subjected to the mortification which he has this day experienced; but his idleness is invincible—*pondus inutile telluris*—born only to bring disgrace on his friends;” and the Doctor took a turn in the room—the very sound of his steps indicating the irritation of his feelings.

“Nevertheless,” remarked Wellings, as he stood in a careless attitude, regarding the sufferings of his companion much as he would have done those of a rat under the fangs of a ferret—“he may do well yet; that is, when next examined, if he will be advised in the mean time to keep clear of that weak mother of his, and get something more of the spirit of a man; to which last, by-the-bye, old Mr. Dalben and his favourite, Milner, will not help him.”

“There you are right,” said the Doctor; “that was a very ill-judged business—his being sent to idle his time in Worcestershire during the last long vacation. He ought certainly to have been with me at that time; but that which has been done is past and gone.”

“Well,” said Wellings, “if what is done is done, what’s the use of fretting? many a goose has been plucked as clean as Bonville now is, and yet gone through in full feather some months afterwards.”

“He will never do himself any credit in the university, I fear,” said Dr. Crocket; “his mother, poor woman, thinks him a youth of talent;” and there the Doctor ceased to speak.

“And you and some others,” rejoined Wellings, “have a different opinion; but the fact is, that he is slow, and that he is as idle as if he had powers to work double tides when his interest required that he should do so. I betted two crowns to one with Sam. Hargrave last summer, that it would turn out with Bonville as it has done. I only wish the silver had been gold; but I’ll have the crown, however.”

“I wish, sir,” said the Doctor, “that you had given me a hint of this your opinion yesterday, when we met.”

“How was I to do that?” said Wellings, laughing. “What! give advice on college matters to a D.D. of the university!—But, Doctor, did you ever hear of the fellow they called the Whale?”

“No,” replied Dr. Crocket, resuming his impatient march, which he had interrupted for the moment, in his heart wishing that his tormentor, whom he could not easily shake off, were in a whale’s belly, or anywhere else out of his sight and hearing.

“I’ll tell you then,” continued Wellings: “it was a fellow who was plucked here some years since; and what for, think you?—for making the very best answer to a question put to him that ever proceeded from the mouth of an undergraduate. He was required to tell what beast was recorded in the Old Testament to have spoken as men speak? To which he most sapiently answered, ‘And the whale said unto Moses, Almost thou persuadest me to be a Christian.’”

“Pshaw!” exclaimed Dr. Crocket, “no man could have uttered such absurdities.”

“Nevertheless, so it was,” replied Wellings; “and was it not excellent? It was much too good to proceed from anything but genuine ignorance—the man was dubbed the knight of the whale at the time, and retained his title as long as he was a member of the university. However, I think I have heard that he floundered through the examination some time afterwards, and took his degree.”

“And what have they made of him?” asked Dr. Crocket peevishly.

“Farther the deponent saith not,” returned Wellings; “but it is presumed he was not fitted for the law, though he might do well enough for the administration of the gospel.”

“What do you mean by that?” asked the Doctor angrily—a question which Wellings not choosing to answer, dashed on again in the same sarcastic strain as before: “Yet I don’t know,” said he; “if a man does not get some sort of celebrity by a very monstrous blunder, which he misses by a common-place one,—he has nothing to do, after a thing of this kind, but to face it out, and vow he said it to pose the big-wigs, and make them wrinkle their brows; and then he will be set down as a famous dare-devil, and establish his character for wit with half the under-graduates in the university.”

“Are you accounted a wit in Oxford, sir?” asked the Doctor drily.

Again Wellings was deaf, though so little abashed, that he went on as before—“I tell

Clayton," he said,—“you know Roger Clayton, Doctor?—I tell him that he has one chance of becoming a distinguished character in Oxford; and as I doubt his inventive powers, I have had half a mind to cram him with the whale; only, perhaps, the story is too well known, and he might perchance blow me before he has an opportunity of swimming his leviathan in the schools. However, I have made him believe that there was one Hail, king of the Jews, and this is now an established point in his creed.”

Whilst Wellings was rattling on, Dr. Crocket was in vain endeavouring to digest his mortification at the defeat of poor Edgar; every effort which he made so to do being constantly interrupted by the tormenting comments of Wellings. At length, being unable to endure these any longer, he suddenly caught up his hat, and left the room.

Now, let it not be supposed for one moment that this gad-fly Wellings had buzzed in the ear of the old gentleman through mere wantonness and absence of design; no, he was fully aware of the pain he was inflicting; and if any one standing by had doubted his intentions of that kind, he would assuredly have been convinced of the *studium ultionis* of the young man, had he observed the expression of countenance with which he followed the retreat of the Doctor, (whom he hated because he knew that he had warned the Hargraves to avoid him as a dangerous character,) and heard the laugh and the whistle with which he prepared to follow him into the street.

But the parlour of the Angel was this day

destined to be the theatre of much action. No sooner was it evacuated by Dr. Crocket and Wellings, than Mrs. Bonville entered, followed by Mr. Dalben, Henry, and Marten. The two young men walked immediately to the window—the younger especially bearing in his countenance strong impress of uneasiness; whilst Mrs. Bonville seated herself in an arm-chair, and Mr. Dalben stood before her. The lady had been weeping, and the handkerchief was still often applied; her features were flushed; her eyes, which from time to time emitted flashes of anger, were much swelled. She had, it seems, been conversing with Mr. Dalben above; the present discussion must therefore be considered as the latter part of one already commenced.

“It does not signify, Mr. Dalben,” she said, “it does not signify; I take no blame to myself—I have acted a mother’s part—I have done my duty; I know that the young man has superior abilities, and that he is in this respect far more like my family than his father’s. Nor can I suppose that Dr. Crocket deceived me when he assured me that Edgar was quite prepared to pass with credit. What, then, can I think, but that he has not been fairly dealt by, that he has enemies in the university, and that perhaps his superior merit has created them?”

“Indeed, madam!” said Marten, turning to the lady; “indeed!”

“Mr. Marten,” retorted Mrs. Bonville, “when your turn comes, I trust that more justice will be done to you than has been done to my son; but if not, you will then remember how you have judged in this case.”

The scorn which manifested itself on Marten's face as he turned back to the window without deigning another word, might be not unaptly compared to that of the archangel in Milton, when he discovered the fallen spirit within the precincts of paradise. Mrs. Bonville, however, felt not the withering look which the young man gave her, but again addressing Mr. Dalben, "Do you mean to assert, cousin," she said, "that my Edgar is inferior to every stupid dunce who has ever passed his examination in this university? Truly this is a new idea, and will be very amusing to my friend Lady L—— when I relate it to her, which I certainly shall do."

"Cousin!" said Mr. Dalben.

"Cousin!" re-echoed Mrs. Bonville; "I wonder you can own me as a relation, who am the mother of such a dunce."

"*Filius stultus! mater stultior!*" muttered Marten at the window.

"Once and again," said Mr. Dalben, "let us have done with all this, cousin Bonville; the examinations in our universities are open and public to all the friends and companions of the parties examined. It is possible, indeed, that a man who is competent may fail from want of recollection or excess of nervous irritation; but great injustice cannot be done. Edgar has decidedly failed, I understand; and from what I know of him, I do not hesitate to say that he owes that failure to extreme indolence. You now hear the truth, cousin, and from the lips of a friend; do not therefore, I beseech you, resist conviction."

Mrs. Bonville began to weep again, but her tears were evidently those of wounded pride and passion. "Well, be it so," she said; "then Edgar must abide by his own misconduct. I return this night to Bath; I will not see him. Tell him, Henry Milner, that I will never see him again, till he has passed his examination."

"Ma'am," said Henry, "I cannot deliver that message—he is very sad—he looked as pale as death when he left the schools. I cannot deliver your message."

"Mr. Marten will then do this for me," she added.

"You are mistaken, ma'am," replied Marten loftily.

"Mrs. Bonville," said Mr. Dalben, "I disapprove of your conduct; the time was when a little wholesome discipline—a little of what some would have called severity, might have strengthened the too yielding character of your son; but in proceeding, as you now propose to do, to inflict on him in its full force the consequences of your own indulgence, you would probably ruin all his earthly prospects."

"Mr. Dalben, you are harsh," answered the lady; "you do not sympathize with the feelings of an unhappy mother."

"I feel for you, Mrs. Bonville," he replied, "and I feel for Edgar; and we," he added, looking at Marten and Henry, "have already thought what we will do for him. With your approbation he shall go to my house—he shall remain with me till Henry begins to keep his terms, and I will take into my family some

young man who shall read with them both. There are many who, whilst they work their way through the university by keeping the short terms, are glad of any little assistance they can obtain in the intervals."

Something like an expression of gratitude crossed the features of Mrs. Bonville on hearing this proposal: she thanked Mr. Dalben, and Marten was immediately despatched with Henry for the purpose of seeing Edgar, telling him the plans which had been formed, and looking out for a fit person to accompany him into Worcestershire; Mr. Dalben having planned sending off Mrs. Bonville in the mean time by the coach to Bath, being willing to excuse the lady from seeing her son until both might be more composed, or at least until the lady could make up her mind to behave like a mother,—for the very nature of a mother is to love through ill report and through good report, in health and sickness, in weal or woe, and hence the maternal love is used as the emblem of the divine love, though an imperfect one, as a mother may forget a son, though God can never forget his redeemed ones.

On leaving the Angel, Henry and Marten were proceeding to poor Edgar's room, when they encountered Mansfield in the street. "I was coming in search of you," he said. "What do you mean to do for poor Bonville? he ran from the schools to his own rooms, and there locked himself in; and though I knocked several times he would not let me in. He said, poor fellow, that he would see me in an hour; but calling again a few minutes since, I found that Wellings and F—— had battered down

his defences, as they boasted, and were got to him, persuading him to take a run with them to town, in order to shake off the blue devils, and to see a little of life; and F——, meaning kindly, no doubt, offered him a place in his carriage, a room in his house, and a silver ticket to several places of entertainment in town."

"And what was Edgar saying to all this?" asked Marten.

"What," returned Mansfield, "could have been expected of one so soft as poor Bonville, neglected as he has been by all of you for the last hour, but that, feeling himself drowning, he should catch at the first straw which he saw floating on the water? But hasten," he said, "Milner, you are his friend, you can do more with him than any one. In at that gate, through the quadrangle, the first door to the right up the stairs, and Bonville's rooms are opposite to you."

"Do," said Marten, "run forward."

"We will follow, with serious steps and slow," added Mansfield. But Henry staid not to hear, but running as directed, he was presently on the landing-place opposite to Edgar's door, which was half open, and from which proceeded the sound of Wellings' voice. "That will do, by George," were the first words which Henry heard. "Give them the go by; to-morrow we shall be at liberty—till then——. At this instant Henry entered and stood in view of the group, which consisted of Lord F——, seated on a sofa, as the great man of the party, with his legs resting on the table; Edgar Bonville leaning in a sorrowful attitude against the chimney-piece, and

Wellings standing up, and declaiming, as it were, for the other two.

Henry advanced, neither noticing the nobleman nor regarding the finger which he extended to him from the sofa, nor heeding the "holloa" with which Wellings accosted him, calling him the hero of the sun and the champion of the feline race; but going straight forwards to Edgar, hardly restrained himself from rushing to his arms, although perfectly acquainted with the ridicule which would be cast on such an action by those then present. As he took Bonville's hand, however, he said, "Do not be uneasy, dear Edgar, you are to go to-morrow to happy Worcestershire, and there we are to study together, and to forget this Oxford till we are forced to come to it again. It is all settled, your mother approves the plan, and you can set off as soon as you are set at liberty in this place."

"Very good, Master Henry Milner," said Wellings; "I think you are not yet matriculated; when you are so it shall be Mr. Milner; but I have an idea—I have an inkling, that it is not impossible that Bonville's plans may not altogether fall in with those which you have suggested—may it not be, my lord?" and the youth turned his person round and winked at Lord F——, at the same time smiling and nodding significantly.

Lord F—— gaped when thus addressed, drew his feet deliberately from off the table, gaped again, and sat up erect; then stretching himself, he raised up his whole frame into the perpendicular, and said, "Wellings—Wellings, what's o'clock?"

"A time-piece, my lord," replied the wit.

"New," returned the nobleman, "perfectly new—but what says the enemy? Answer me for once, without any of your slang, Wellings, if you can."

"Then, my lord," replied the other, "I must use another tongue from that in which your noble self put the question."

In reply to this, my lord took out his gold repeater, and having struck it, he nodded his adieu to Edgar, saying, "You know where and when to find me, Bonville;" then slipping his hand through Wellings' arm, the two young men went out at the door, encountering Marten and Mansfield on the stairs.

Thus the coast was clear for Edgar's real friends, and the very weakness or softness of the young man's character rendered it the more easy for them to induce him to do that which was not only so clearly for his good, but for his present happiness.

So firm and steady were these his true friends, that they would not leave him until he had written a note to Lord F——, to thank him for his intended kindness, and to inform him of his change of plans. By all this it will appear that Edgar's defeat was no doubtful case, although his superiors had added as little that was painful as possible to the decision they had been forced to come to.

Marten and Mansfield then, having persuaded Edgar to barricado himself more strongly in his rooms than he had done before, while he packed and made arrangements for his journey, took their leave, Henry having engaged to call upon

him at five o'clock to bring him to the inn, where Mr. Dalben had ordered a dinner, to which he had invited several of his young friends. Marten and Mansfield then went in search of a tutor to attend Bonville into Worcestershire, whilst Henry joined his uncle at the inn, from which Mrs. Bonville was already gone.

Mr. Dalben then took Henry with him to see him matriculated. The college which Mr. Dalben had chosen was that to which Marten belonged, and which also had the honour of having been adopted by Lord F——'s father for his son, though before that son was noble, or ever expected so to be.

Everything had been previously arranged for Henry's reception by Mr. Russell, one of the tutors, and also a cousin of Mrs. Bonville. It was unfortunate that Mr. Russell, having been suddenly called away by some family matter, was absent at the time, as Mr. Dalben wished for the opportunity of introducing Henry to him; but the necessary forms were soon completed, and when Henry returned to the inn, he was H. Milner, Esq., of —— College, Oxford. In enumerating Henry's acquaintance in this same college, Wellings must not be omitted, for he also was there, and of Marten's standing: Bonville and Mansfield belonged to another college.

When Mr. Dalben returned to the Angel, he found Mr. Mansfield waiting there to tell him that he had found a tutor—a young man of immense industry, and highly spoken of as a most indefatigable drudge, of the description denominated a trotter, and one who had worked

himself on by hard industry and painful self-denial, having no connexions and a slender purse. Mr. Mansfield had known him some years, and was ready to answer for the integrity of his character: he described him as another Simpson of Clent Green for his punctuality and dogged perseverance; but at the same time he prepared Mr. Dalben to see a somewhat singular personage, one of uncouth manners and appearance, and of such slovenly habits as not to be very unlike an old Polyglot in time-stained calf-skin.

Mr. Dalben having weighed the *pros* and *cons* of this description, decided upon engaging the young man, as he was quite aware that perfection was not to be met with in a tutor, although it has been asserted that there are female teachers, who fall very little below that standard.

Mr. Mansfield then hastened to inform Mr. Ladbrook of the success of his mission, for the young man was at Oxford, at a certain hall, which shall be nameless, where he was completing another short term, and at seven o'clock he returned with him to the inn, where he found Mr. Dalben, Marten, Henry, and poor Edgar Bonville.

Edgar had been gradually becoming more calm and easy ever since the plan of the Worcestershire journey had been suggested. He had suffered a severe pressure from feeling himself brought under the eye of the world, and made subject to its comments; but from the time Henry had spoken to him of Mr. Dalben's kindness, he felt that he was still an object of compassion and love, and that he was yet dear

to some hearts—that there were some left who did not condemn him on account of his follies, who did not say with the world, “Stand by, we are better than thou,” and who were willing and even anxious to guide him in the way of discretion, and to render his repentant steps as pleasing and profitable as circumstances would admit. It is one thing to feel the sweet influences of Christian love, shedding themselves on the wounded spirit, and another to understand the source from whence these influences proceed. But Edgar did not understand this, though he felt Mr. Dalben’s kindness, and his heart was softened by it; and not only softened, but awakened to the desire of doing better, so that the state of mind in which he presented himself at the inn was that in which his best friends were most pleased to see him. And here, if it suited the present purpose, how largely might we descant upon the sweet influences of love upon the heart of the offender, and add our regrets that the statements of that love which is divine, and therefore inexhaustible, are not more frequently made in the addresses of the Christian teacher to the sinner.

When Mansfield entered the parlour of the inn, the curtains were let down, the candles lighted, the table laid, and the fire blazing; but Mansfield was not alone—he had Mr. Ladbrook with him; and as the latter was to be introduced in some form, and was never ready to do any thing of this kind gracefully, he had to lead, or rather pull him forward into the circle opposite to Mr. Dalben, though not without

causing the ungainly body which he had in hand to come in somewhat inconvenient collision with the table, to the peril of all things thereon.

In order, however, to do all things handsomely, Edward, having succeeded in bringing him exactly before where the patron sat, proceeded to the usual words of introduction, saying, with much ceremony, "Mr. Dalben, permit me to present my worthy friend Mr. Ladbroke to you—Mr. Ladbroke, my honoured friend, Mr. Dalben."

Mr. Dalben instantly arose and presented his hand, whilst Marten, seeing a sort of smile on the usually grave countenance of Edward, turned hastily away to smother his laughter, though this was by no means the first time he had seen Mr. Ladbroke. There are some people, and the young stranger above-mentioned was one of these, who being naturally endued with more than their share of what the French call *gaucherie*, and the English awkwardness, never by any chance are dispossessed thereof; and from this reason, that they never can be made to comprehend that their manners need improvement. No person who is ever admitted into good company can possibly retain an inveterate uncouthness of behaviour, unless at the same time he possesses that sort of self-complacency which cannot be disturbed. An humble man of course looks about him, to observe what there may be in his own habits and deportment which may differ from those of other people, and accommodates himself, as a matter of course, to all the harmless customs and arrangements of so-

ciety. Such a man must become polished in good company, at least he must soon cease to be singularly otherwise; but where the awkwardness is incurable, under circumstances in which it might be overcome, it can be attributed to no other cause but the self-complacency above alluded to.

Mr. Ladbroke was between twenty-eight and thirty years of age: he was somewhat above the middle height, but excessively gaunt, sallow, and wasted—it might be from hard study, or, occasionally, from actual want of proper nourishment. His clothes, poor fellow, hung upon him as linen on a hedge; his elocution was abrupt, his voice was loud, though hollow and meagre, and his sentences, which were chiefly taken from books, and never original, burst from his lips as if ejected by some inward effort, like that of the explosion of a volcano. His knowledge of literary matters was immense; he was like a walking lexicon, or rather cyclopædia, but he never relaxed, and never was known to listen to the jest of another. When he laughed, his laugh was sudden, loud, and as abrupt in its termination as in its commencement, his features settling into extreme gravity the moment after his cachinnations had ceased. He ate largely but was careless of what aliment, and was a water-drinker from principle, though he swallowed that element in large quantities: whilst he ate, however, he seldom spoke; and this was quite as well, as he fed himself with his knife—a process which requires some little caution.

The party present had gone through a good deal during the day, and Mr. Dalben was much

fatigued. Henry and Edgar were very silent, and Mr. Ladbroke very busy. Marten, however, and Mansfield kept up the conversation till after dinner, when the waiter being withdrawn, Mr. Dalben began to speak of his intentions.

“ I have a letter, Marten,” he said, “ from Lord H——, in which he invites me to spend a few days with him at Woodville, to bring Henry, and to engage you to meet us there; if, then, on my return from London, it will suit you to join us at Lord H——’s, you shall be apprized of the time by letter—all being well in the interval. May we not hope that you will accompany Edgar and Mr. Ladbroke into Worcestershire, and also return with us to my cottage after we have paid our visit to Woodville, to remain, if so it pleases you, till it is necessary for all of you to be in Oxford; for I understand you right, you intend to take grace the next term?”

Marten’s countenance beamed with delight at this arrangement, and Henry and Edgar smiled; but Mr. Ladbroke’s features did by no means indicate that he had aught to do with these plans, whether agreeable or otherwise.

“ And now,” said Mr. Dalben, “ the weakness of age and infirmity admonishes the old man to withdraw. Let Maurice be called to show me to my room.”

“ Maurice!” said Marten; “ Maurice at Oxford!”

“ Yes,” replied Mr. Dalben; “ and inasmuch as I doubted his discretion, he has been placed all this day under the especial care of our

hostess, together with George Beresford, ever since the latter returned from the schools, whose absence from dinner has scarcely been observed, I imagine, even by his patron, Henry Milner."

"Indeed, uncle," said Henry, "you charge me unjustly; I should have missed George, had I not known how he was engaged. I inquired after him when we came in before dinner, and learnt that he and Maurice had been all over the town with some old man to whom the mistress of the house had entrusted them."

Mr. Dalben then, having informed Henry that he must be ready to be off as soon as it was light the next morning, took his leave of the young men, shaking each by the hand, and telling Mr. Mansfield that he should rejoice at any time to see him in Worcestershire; having then requested Marten to order tea when he wished it, he withdrew, followed by the grateful and affectionate regards of those he had left behind. He was no sooner gone than the young men proposed that the wine should be removed and tea brought in, and gathering round the fire, they began to converse.

Edward Mansfield first spoke of Mr. Dalben as the finest example he had ever known of the influence of Christian principles in old age; adding, "Ladbrook, you as yet know not the favour I have done you in bringing you acquainted with this Christian gentleman."

"Mr. Mansfield, I am obligated to you on many accounts," replied Mr. Ladbrook, "and

like my patron well;—*vultus animi sensus plerumque indicat.*”

“And that which it indicates is what his character fulfils,” answered Mansfield; “for could an old and infirm person be loved and honoured by young men, such as ourselves, if he had not won that love and that honour by his whole character and conduct?”

“That he is a worthy gentleman,” replied Ladbroke, “there is no question; but is he a classical scholar?”

“No doubt,” replied Mansfield, “he is a man of high intellectual powers and great learned attainments.”

“Though you see him not now,” said Marten, “as he was even two years since.”

“Hence,” exclaimed Ladbroke, “we may speak of Mr. Dalben as the Roman critic spoke of a venerable gentleman of his day—*Enneus, sicut sacros vetustate lucos*——”

“And so forth,” exclaimed Mansfield; “you are to suppose, when you have repeated the first few words of a quotation, that our memories will add all the rest. But pray, my good fellow, do you happen to know the savour of salt and water? Understand, I beseech you, that we all know that there is not a sentence which any of us could utter, however dull, for which you could not presently rummage out a parallel passage from an old Latin or Greek author; your character is established, my man, for the most indefatigable quotationizer in Oxford, and henceforward you may, therefore, go to sleep on your bed of honour—

in other words, you may leave the less learned to express themselves in their own mother tongue."

Mr. Ladbrook stared, and Marten said, "At least, Mr. Ladbrook, let us have a truce with Latin and Greek to-night; we have had enough, and too much, of both during the term."

"*Jacent studia literarum!*" exclaimed Ladbrook.

Marten muttered the word "bore," but so low that Mansfield only heard him; on which the latter, giving him an intelligent look, immediately addressed Ladbrook, saying, "I suppose that you are quite prepared to be off to-morrow night?"

"I have not many possessions," replied Mr. Ladbrook, "and their arrangement will not be operose—in a few minutes I shall be able to expedite all matters of this description."

"But that," said Mansfield, "with which you were engaged when I called upon you a few hours ago;—it would be a pity, Ladbrook, if it were not finished."

Mr. Ladbrook opened his eyes and sate erect, saying, "Scarcely do I understand you—to what do you allude? speak you of my thesis, my 'Argumentum Generale on the Greek Particles,' which lay upon my table when you came in this morning?"

"Precisely," replied Mansfield.

"And which I intend to submit to-morrow to the criticism of the master?"

"Exactly so," rejoined Mansfield; "and such being the case, would you not, therefore, do well to give the manuscript another examination?"

“*Bene dicis*,” replied Mr. Ladbroke; “but by whom were you apprized that I had such a work on hand?”

“Perchance you told me yourself,” answered Mansfield.

“*Obliviscor*,” said the tutor.

“Well,” resumed Mansfield, “I know that *hoc age* is your motto, therefore if you are replete—that is, if you have taken sufficient nourishment, and do not require tea——”

“Of that which is solid and substantial I have had my quantum,” replied Ladbroke; “for with Suetonius, it may, concerning me, be averred, *prandebat ad satietatem*, or, as another has it, I may be said to be *alimen to vano repletus*; nevertheless, tea is to me a *sine quâ non*, without which my existence during the evening hours would be irksome unto me.”

“That is, you say,” returned Mansfield, “*non possum vivere sine tea*,—in which sentiment I by no means can agree with you, for I should assert the contrary, and say, *bene possum vivere sine te*.”

“An opinion,” added Marten, “in which I entirely coincide with you, Mansfield.”

“Your Latin, young gentleman, is barbarous,” said Ladbroke.

“Well, but,” continued Mansfield, “as your time is short, and as business presses, had you not better take your tea in your own room?” and rising up, he made way for the pedant to pass out of the circle; and after having bowed him from the room and shut the door, he burst into a merry peal of laughter, in which he was accompanied, though somewhat

more moderately, by all present, excepting Marten, who exclaimed,—

“What on earth could have induced you, Mansfield, to have introduced such a fellow as that to Mr. Dalben?”

“Simply,” replied Mr. Mansfield, “because he is actually the most diligent, indefatigable beast of burthen I know anywhere—he works at anything he undertakes like a horse.”

“*Non equus sed asinus,*” remarked Martin.

“Well, well,” replied Mansfield, “an ass is a very good beast when his services are wanted. But to be serious, he is the very man for Bonville’s purposes, and will make you work well, Edgar,” he added; “and this, I believe, is all that you want to enable you to do all that is required; and you certainly are not in much danger of picking up the whims and oddities of your tutor whilst he is instructing you in the things now needful.”

“Well,” remarked Marten, “this may all be very true, but I am almost inclined to think that I would rather live with a polished, gentlemanlike Jesuit, than with such a fellow as that—but no more of him for the present.”

Other subjects were then brought forward—old school exploits were spoken of—and the evening was finished more happily than the noon had promised; and before ten o’clock every man was in his own place, and Henry Milner ready to join his little companion, who was already fast asleep in bed.

CHAPTER II.

More than one mistake.

As soon as it was well light, for the days were nearly at the shortest, Mr. Dalben, Henry, and George, were seated in a post-chaise, with Maurice on the outside, proceeding with all convenient speed towards the great capital, Mr. Dalben having resolved to go at least fourteen miles before breakfast. It was a clear frosty morning, but the old gentleman found it extremely cold.

“I believe, Henry,” he said, “that my travelling days are drawing to a close: this may probably be my last journey.”

“Dear sir,” said Henry, “speak not so; I cannot make up my mind to part with you yet.”

“Neither are you required so to do,” returned Mr. Dalben; “the strength of the children of God is kept up by the manna which is given from day to day. The anticipation of pain, or rather the preparing of the mind to endure pain, may be a part of the self-imposed duties of the philosopher or the infidel, but be-

lieve me, this same anticipation of evil is no Christian exercise; on the contrary, the Christian is required to rejoice evermore, in the full assurance that all that is, is right, and that everything which happens will sooner or later conduce to the glory of God, and that if some pains must be endured before a child of God is delivered from this present evil world, yet that strength will be given him according to his day. It is, then, a Christian's duty to enjoy the present, as far as is consistent with moderation, and to trust the future to Him "by whom all things were created that are in heaven and that are in earth, and by whom all things consist—to Him by whom the Father hath reconciled all things unto himself, whether they be things in heaven or things on earth." (Colos. i.)

"Are you aware, sir," replied Henry, "of the force and extent of the passage you have just quoted?"

"I think I am," said the old gentleman.

"But, sir," returned Henry, "does it not tend to carry us beyond anything which you have ever yet taught me?"

"My dear Henry," replied Mr. Dalben, "it is a satisfaction to me that, through the infinite mercy of Almighty God, I have been so far led in the instructions which I have given you, as never to have kept back from you, even in your tenderest years, any doctrine of which I have myself been convinced: as soon as my own mind was made up on any point, no principle of expediency was ever permitted to influence me to keep my opinions back from you—for which glory be given to God. And

although one doctrine, viz. the doctrine of the millennium-Sabbath, which I carefully impressed on your mind as a child, is not now held in the abhorrence it then was, yet those further lights which have arisen from the full acceptance of this, would, were I to instruct you in them, probably excite more anger in the professing world than even that did ten or fifteen years ago."

"But if you have more light, dear sir, wherefore do you not open it to me, according to your own principle?" asked Henry.

"Because" replied Mr. Dalben, "I require a little more time for consideration of the views which I think are expanding themselves to my apprehension. Though I cannot suppose that these views are deceitful, inasmuch as each ray of added illumination, as it bursts upon me, shows more and more of the excellency of the work of redemption by the God incarnate,—of the perfection of the divine attributes,—of the agreement between justice and mercy,—and of the vileness, the nothingness, the absolute incapacity for all that is good in man: I cannot suppose that the lights which have been vouchsafed me are false, since they all tend to the magnifying of God in my eyes, and the compelling me to see my own littleness—views which are, and ever will be, totally averse to the pride of man, and wholly subversive of all human pretensions."

"Do you, then, uncle," said Henry, "think you see more than you did some weeks since?"

"I know not that I do," replied Mr. Dalben; "and yet some passages of Scripture have

lately struck me in a new light to what they did only a little while ago; but be assured, my dear boy, that I shall always be open with you, and make you the confidant of any settled opinion of mine which I think worthy of your attention; though, as your mind matures, I shall be disposed rather to lead you to those processes of reasoning upon scripture, which have led me to my present way of thinking, (through divine favour,) by bringing these scriptures before you—rather, I repeat, than by giving you the results of my sentiments upon these passages. Our time together may not now be long; at all events, it is probable that you may soon leave me for months at a time; let us, however, be thankful for the many peaceful hours we have already experienced together—for the many days in which our steps have been led through green valleys and fair pastures, beside the waters of comfort; and let us not be the more rebellious when our bereavements take place, on account of the long continuance of our mercies. This, indeed, is a piece of ingratitude of which all men are guilty. We think not of the shadow of many days, perchance, which our gourds have given us, but when the worm has destroyed them, cry out with Jonah, It is better for us to die than to live.”

Mr. Dalben then, leaving these subjects, began to talk of Lord H. and his family. He told Henry that that nobleman had two sons, the eldest at this time about eleven years of age, and that they were under the tuition of the son of an elder sister of their father. This

elder sister had married very early in life, and somewhat unfortunately as to money, though not otherwise, so that having been left a widow with one son, she had brought him up to the church; and her brother, seeing his deserts, and that the divine blessing had been abundantly poured out upon him, had not only given him a living, but had committed his two sons to his care. "But I should have told you that the late Lord H." continued Mr. Dalben, "married twice; by his first lady he had the present Lord, and Lady Maria Falconer; by the second, another daughter, Lady Anne, who married a younger son of an earl, the Hon. Captain Sandys. She also became a widow whilst her two children, a son and a daughter, were in infancy. Captain Sandys' elder brother is dead within a few years, in consequence of which, her son, Alexander, is heir to his grandfather, who is a very old man. Lady Anne," added Mr. Dalben, "is a weak, vain woman, and a great trouble to her noble brother." Mr. Dalben further added, that it was probable that this lady and her daughter would be at Lord H.'s after Christmas, but not the son, as he was then making the grand tour with his tutor. Neither was it probable that Lord H.'s sons would be at home, as it was the usual plan to have no winter vacation for them, but that they should always spend some months at Woodville in the summer, Lady Maria and Mr. Falconer being also of the party.

In order to finish the outline of the family history, Mr. Dalben informed Henry that Lady

H., who was the daughter of a baronet, had lately adopted two little children, the orphans of her only brother, Sir Edward Harlowe. Sir Edward's death had occurred immediately after the birth of his son, about three years before, and Lady Harlowe's within the last six months.

"The eldest of these children," said Mr. Dalben, "is a daughter, with whom I became acquainted on the continent, where poor Sir Edward had gone for his health. You will like little Lucilla, Henry," continued the old gentleman, "unless she is greatly changed—she is an elegant and holy child."

Henry was then told the name of Lord H.'s seat, and also that of the country in which it is situated—certain pieces of information which will not be given to the reader during the sequel of this history. The place will be called Woodville, and it must also be understood that it is a most magnificent and beautiful residence, respecting which Mr. Dalben added many particulars. As the carriage rolled on towards the metropolis, he spoke of several gentlemen's seats near Woodville—one especially, belonging to Mr. Howard, a gentleman of an old Roman Catholic family, the woods of which formed one mass with those of the Woodville estate,—another, at some distance, belonging to Mr. Clayton, senior, and that of the Appleby family, at an almost equal distance in a contrary direction.

"How singular it is," remarked Henry, "that there should be such a cluster of persons who are somehow connected with Clent Green,

where no one would have expected to have found any."

"Not in the least," replied Mr. Dalben; "Dr. Matthews was a friend of long standing of Mr. Clayton, senior, and Mr. Clayton was intimate with the Applebys, and thus all this was brought about."

This conversation was interrupted by the stopping of the post-boy before a neat quiet inn, at the entrance of a small town.

"Breakfast!" exclaimed little George, who had been reposing in a corner ever since he had left Oxford, finishing his exclamation with an audible yawn. Whilst Henry was helping Mr. Dalben down, Maurice, who had jumped off the carriage the instant the postilion had stopped, was standing with his eyes and mouth open, looking all around him, and up and down, and as far as he could stretch his neck into the stable-yard.

"Maurice," said Henry, as he stepped by him, "what are you about? follow me into the parlour." And as he passed the bar he ordered some cold meat to be added to the usual articles served up for breakfast, for himself, George, and Maurice—with a few thin slices of dry toast and an egg, lightly boiled for Mr. Dalben, being the usual breakfast of the old gentleman; and, indeed, the only one he could take.

This business being put in train, Henry found his uncle and George in the parlour, where a huge fire blazed in a corner chimney.

Maurice was always directed to breakfast at a side-table on such occasions as these; but as he

did not appear immediately, George went out to call him, and presently brought him in by the arm, laughing heartily, and saying "His brains are jumbled away—his wits are clean gone."

"Not a bit of it," said Maurice, looking threateningly at George; "but, sir, Master Milner, I've been here afore. I knows the place as well as I do our house at home. I knew it the moment I saw it, and I will tell you by what tokens: first and foremost, the wide gateway, and the chambers above, and the doors on each side like, as you comes in, and the stable-yard beyond, and the duck-pond, and the litter lying about, and the glass bow that sticks out just anent the door as we comes in to this here parlour. I knows the place as well as I do Mrs. Kitty's jaw."

"Peace, Maurice," said Henry; "don't be impertinent."

"And so I would not, and I ask pardon, sir, for saying that last word, only he—(and he pointed to George)—he stands there sniggering so, and that be so provoking, when I knows it is so. It was when we was coming from Liverpool—poor father and me."

"From Liverpool," said Henry; "to what place? Where did you go from Liverpool?"

"Why, down into Worcestershire, to be sure, Master," replied the boy; "we came straight forward, right an end down to Worcester, and so then farmer Smith hired father to mow, and so then father 'greed with him."

"Well! well!" said Henry, struck with the flushed and singular appearance of the boy, for which he would have been better able to have

accounted had he known that he had been persuaded to take a glass of gin to warm himself, before he left Oxford, and again at a small ale-house on the way, where the postilion had stopped for a few minutes. In the mean time George had ensconced himself behind Mr. Dalben's chair, and was cramming his pocket-handkerchief into his mouth to prevent such manifestations of merriment as might, he feared, disturb the nerves of his aged friend, not considering that the tremulous motion which his inward and suppressed convulsions communicated from his own frame to that of Mr. Dalben's chair, was far more distressing than the loudest peals of merriment would have been.

"Do you mean to say," asked Henry, "that you passed through this town between Liverpool and Worcester?"

"I did, sir," repeated Maurice; "I know the place as well as I do your face; and father was along and a man they call Nanty O'Looney, and grandmother was with us, and we was coming to Worcester, and we came here, and sat on the bench at the door, and had bread-and-cheese and a drop, and then I dare say Nanty and grandmother went on to town."

"You have told me often, Maurice, that your grandmother was dead," said Henry.

"But a'ant every man two grannies?" asked Maurice.

"And those two have four elbows between them," exclaimed George.

Maurice again shook his head portentously at George, and the red glare of anger brightened on his cheek.

"I do not know what to make of you, Maurice," said Henry; "do you not know, foolish boy, that this house is on the road between London and Oxford, and that the one you pretend to remember is situated, if it exist anywhere else but in your brain, between Liverpool and Worcester?"

"And be'ant that all the same, sir?" replied Maurice: "so Jack told me as we was coming along; for I axed him about it—says I, Is Liverpool anywhere near? and he answered, Yes, close by—and he showed me a church-steeple and a lot of houses over on the right from where we was, and he said, There it is—there, that's a town; do you see it? And why mayn't it be Liverpool as well as another?"

"Jack!" said Henry; "where did you pick up the name of the post-boy?"

"Oh! I axed him," replied Maurice; "and so he told me."

"Well," resumed Henry; "there is quite enough of all this. It is a pity you are not in a rank of life to make the grand tour—you seem to profit so largely by your travels; but go to your side-table, and remain there quietly till your services are wanted."

"You be'ant angry with me, be you, Mister Henry?" replied the boy; "only I was so dumbfounded like when I found out where I was, not looking for no such thing."

"No, no," replied Henry; "I am not angry—only I beg when you chance to make another discovery tell it me in private, and do not break out again in this rough way before your master."

“I won't, sir—sure I won't another time,” returned the boy; “but I was so frustrated when I saw the very place again that I hardly knew what I did.”

The waiter had now set the breakfast, George Beresford had recovered his composure and come out of his corner, much to the relief of Mr. Dalben, and the master of the ceremonies, to wit, Henry, had already cut plentiful portions of bread and meat for three persons, when Mr. Dalben declared his egg not to be of dubious character only, but actually and *bonâ fide* as utterly abominable as the mixture compounded by Wellings and Clayton on the memorable occasion of the salt plot. Of course this evil was not irreparable; not that the historian means to assert that it lay within the line of physical possibility to render a bad egg fresh again, but that it was very possible to substitute a good egg in the place of that which had proved so bad.

The bell therefore was rung by Maurice, by the direction of Henry; on which the waiter speedily appeared with that brisk obsequiousness for which gentlemen of this description are remarked above most others.

“This egg,” said Henry, “is an extremely bad one.”

“I am sorry, very sorry, sir,” said the waiter, bowing. “Would you choose another, sir?”

“No,” said Maurice, who was standing up by the bell.

“Peace, Maurice,” said Henry.

“What, another bad egg, master?” returned

Maurice. "You told him that the egg was a very bad one, and he says, 'Would you choose another, sir?' that is, another bad egg."

"The young man is witty," remarked the waiter smiling. "Well, gentlemen, we will see what we can do in producing a better article," and he whisked out of the room; whilst Maurice, who was half afraid that he had gone too far in passing his jest before his old master, slunk back to his place, Mr. Dalben remarking, though in language which Maurice did not understand, that he had seldom met with a more curious compound of shrewdness and simplicity than that presented by the mind and conduct of this boy; adding, that he would have had a great chance of being promoted to the situation of court fool with cap and bells, had he lived when such characters were in request.

The rest of the journey supplied no other adventures worthy of historical record; the comments of Maurice on the opening wonders of the metropolis being lost to the ear even of the post-boy among the various noises of the busy scene.

At length, after a very long transit from Hyde Park Corner to the city, the travellers were set down at the door of Major Beresford's lodgings in Aldersgate-street; Henry being by no means aware that this was a situation in which no man of fashion could possibly be thought to take up his abode. But Major Beresford was not a man of fashion, though a man of good family, and he had selected these lodgings because he wished to assist the person who let them, who was a widow, a Christian,

and one in straitened circumstances; moreover, a person whom he had known for many years.

It was nearly dark when the travellers, who had remained some hours at their last stage in order to give Mr. Dalben time to rest, had arrived at the capital, and it was six o'clock by St. Paul's as they alighted at Major Beresford's door. The worthy gentleman himself was there to receive them, and to assist Mr. Dalben into his apartments on the first floor, where they found candles lighted, a good fire, the table laid, and a most cordial welcome from every individual of the household, including the father of little George; the man-servant, an old soldier, who had served Major Beresford long before Master George had been thought of; the mistress of the house, a pale, neat, prim, yet courteous little personage; and the maid of all work, who notwithstanding her various and incredible labours—for no creature on earth works like a person of this description in London—was the smartest and most healthy and ruddy-looking personage of the whole establishment.

There was little necessity for the ceremony of introduction, although some of the parties had never met before; but had it been wanting, George was prepared to supply it in all amplitude. Having first sprung upon his father's neck, and hung there like a tiger upon an elephant, grasping him round the throat with all his strength, and having afterwards paid the same compliment to his old friend Parker, he again approached his papa, and said—

“This is Mr. Dalben, papa—and that is Henry—and that is Maurice,” as if it had been

within the sphere of possibility to have mistaken any one of these for the other ; and then turning to his Worcestershire friends, he set them right as to the persons of his own family.

“ This is papa,” he added, “ and that is Parker, and this is Mrs. Ellis.”

“ Very well, my dear,” said the major, rubbing his hands, and looking pleasantly round him ; “ you have done your part admirably ; and now that we have all passed muster, we must think of refreshing the poor travellers. Mrs. Ellis, you will have the kindness to ask the young man any particulars which should be attended to respecting Mr. Dalben’s bed and apartment ; and, Parker, you will take the youth under your charge, and let him not go out alone in this great city, at least at night, and see that the luggage is brought up.”

“ I will, sir,” replied the old soldier, advancing a step, and standing as if addressing his officer on parade, at the same time making a slight motion of his hand towards his brow. Major Beresford then, to omit no politeness, drew Mr. Dalben’s attention to Mrs. Ellis.

“ This good lady, sir,” he said, “ has an excellent young man, an only son, whom I shall hope to introduce to you to-morrow. He will have great pleasure in conversing with you.—Remember, Mrs. Ellis, that your son is engaged to dine with me to-morrow.” Mrs. Ellis curt-sied and withdrew, and the major having ordered dinner to be brought up, the door was closed, and Henry and his uncle drew to the fire.

Major Beresford was one of that school which becomes more rare every day in times of

peace. Though of a good family, being one of many sons, he had not received much education, the knowledge which he possessed being chiefly self-acquired, and his tuition almost entirely military. His manners were military, and none the worse on that account, though, according to modern taste, far too polite. He was a very tall man, with a somewhat weather-beaten aspect, and his carriage was undoubtedly too stiff. Though not much more than fifty, his hair was as white as if it had been carefully powdered; his brow was ample, benevolent, and as well as the rest of his face strongly tinged with the colourings of much exposure to various climates. Such was his person and his general manner; as to the rest, let it speak for itself. But the door had not been closed many minutes before it was again opened, and the corporal entered, bearing a huge covered dish of beef-steaks, such as no city in the world besides London can supply, smoking from the nearest eating-house, while close in his rear came the maid-servant, with as fine a cod's head and shoulders as the market would afford. Parker went through his part with the deliberate and precise accuracy of a grenadier performing his evolutions on a field-day, these slower movements being finely contrasted with the spirited manœuvres of the light infantry, to wit, the young servant-maid; for scarcely was a dish set by her on the table, than his correct eye ascertained some inaccuracy in its position, and scarcely had he dressed one line, before it was broken by the inadvertency with which she added some other requisite of the feast, viz. the sauces and the vegetables, which, together with

the fish, she brought steaming hot from her own kitchen.

The various members of the repast being at length arranged with military precision, the corporal, for such, as I before hinted, had been his rank, advanced in front of his master, and gave the word, viz. "Please your honour, the dinner is ready;" after which immediately he stood erect at the side-table, till his superiors were seated in their places, the major having first said grace, with a seriousness of manner which pleased Mr. Dalben. Henry, who was himself immensely hungry, was delighted to see that his uncle enjoyed himself. He was amused also with the correctness with which Parker performed his evolutions as a waiter, nothing ever seeming to disconcert him, but the interference of the maid-servant, whose rapidity annoyed him more by far than the thing was worth.

Little of any consequence was said at dinner, though every word which fell from Major Beresford exhibited a desirable state of feelings in the old officer. His sentiments seemed to be at once loyal and pious, and he told several anecdotes which were amusing to Henry, because they described a kind of life hitherto unknown to him.

Major Beresford had been much in Canada, and also in the United States, though too young to remember the American war.

The party broke up very soon after dinner, and retired to their rooms, Henry having clearly perceived by the effect of this journey upon his uncle, that weakness was stealing fast

upon him ; nor did he perceive this without pain, for he felt that it would be hard for him to spare him.

As it had been settled, Henry and George occupied a room on the second floor, and most soundly did they sleep, notwithstanding the continual passage of carriages.

The next day, Mr. Dalben having requested that he might be left to himself, and not interfere with any one's arrangements, the major was easily induced by his son to commence that work of examining the wonders of the metropolis, which the young people had meditated ever since the London scheme had been thought of ; and George, with the approbation of Henry Milner, made interest with Mr. Dalben and his father that Maurice might sometimes be permitted to accompany them in their journeys of discovery.

No objection being made by either of the two seniors, George accordingly hastened down stairs to tell the happy news to the youth.

"Maurice," said George, "you are to get ready, and you are to come with us. We are going to see the Tower, and the kings, and the armoury, and some day we shall go to visit Gog and Magog, and I have asked leave for you to come."

When Maurice understood the nature of the pleasure which was purposed for him, his eyes brightened till they flashed again, and coming up to George, he said, "Now, Master Beresford, I will tell you the open truth, without a bit of a lie. I did mean to have played you some turn, for laughing at me as you did there, when I talked

of grandmother, and when I had seen her last ; and because I scarce ever opens my mouth, but there you goes, eh, eh, eh ! but for this good turn I forgive you all that is past, from the very bottom of my heart."

" I will not have your forgiveness, Maurice," replied George, " unless you extend it to what is to come, as well as to what is past."

" Extend it to what is to come !" repeated Maurice. " What do you mean by that ?"

" Unless your promise takes in all the laughter which you may hereafter excite in me," returned George.

" I am thinking," returned Maurice, " I am thinking——"

" Very well," resumed George, " we must, I suppose, leave the future to take care of itself ;" and so saying, he left the inferior regions to join the party above. Of the various perambulations of the party, led that morning by Major Beresford, the historian will say little, inasmuch as the regions through which the company progressed are by no means a *terra incognita* ; and as Maurice kept at a respectful distance behind Major Beresford, his comments on the wonders which he beheld were laid up in the treasures of his mind—*altâ mente repostum*—until he should see Henry alone.

It was late when the party arrived at home, and in the interval Mr. Dalben had improved his acquaintance with Mrs. Ellis, who had been described to him as a person at present under much depression from poverty ; he had therefore called upon her in her own apartment, and finding her alone, after some conver-

not have known how to have pocketed it, if the old boy had forgotten that he had invited me."

"Old boy!" repeated Mr. Dalben in unfeigned amazement.

"There goes!" exclaimed the youth; "my mother has often told me that I should be sporting this expression in the wrong place, but we mean nothing by it; it is a sort of slang term which we have amongst us at the London University. I have, however, promised the old lady to substitute the governor for the old boy. We have got that up now for fathers, guardians, uncles, and people of that sort. Henceforth it shall be Governor Beresford."

"*Lucus a non lucendo,*" said Mr. Dalben drily.

"Very good, very good!" exclaimed the young man, good-humouredly: "I take you in, sir; so you think we have just discovered this title for our elders, at the very period when we are most inclined to dispute the old authorities.—But what a fire you have; I must bring up the corporal. What is he about, that he neglects the fire?" and having rang the bell, he placed a chair opposite to where Mr. Dalben sat, saying, "Have you seen the papers to-day, sir?"

"No, sir," replied Mr. Dalben.

"I make it a principle," he replied, "to read the Globe every morning at breakfast; I take extreme interest in what is going on for the benefit of society. Of course, sir, I take it, that you cannot see the progress of light and illumination which is now going on without a simi-

lar interest.—Pray, sir, what is your opinion of the present ministers?”

Before Mr. Dalben could answer, the maid-servant appeared at the door, saying, “What’s your pleasure, sir?”

“Where is the corporal? where is Trim, Mrs. Betty?” asked the youth. “Do me the favour to inform the veteran that we require a supply of carbonaceous matter to alimēt the flame about to expire upon the altar of our lares.”

“Sir!” said the waiting-maid.

“Believe me, Mrs. Betty, that, however pressing the emergency, it is the last thing I could do, as a gentleman, to hint, however remotely, at any request which might induce you to soil your fair hands by a service so unworthy of them.”

The servant seemed to be more and more perplexed in measure as she listened to this rhapsody. However, Mr. Dalben having in two words explained what was wanting, she withdrew; and when the young gentleman heard her retreating step upon the stairs, he laughed, and added, “How I do love to pose people of that kind with a flourishing speech! As we were saying on speaking of the ministers, I expect great things from them; there is no person who can pretend to say that the state of things for ages past has not been contrary to all ideas of rectitude. Are not all men equals by birth, from the prince to the beggar? and wherefore should one order of people possess privileges which are denied to another? Why should not the pauper be represented in

parliament as well as a man of property? Is not a pauper a man? Has he not the same stake in the state?"

"In answer to your last inquiry, I answer, certainly not," replied Mr. Dalben; "because the pauper incurs much smaller risk by any change which may take place. Simply let me ask you, has the traveller who carries his little baggage in a wallet, the same interest in the large inn in which he lodges for a night or more, as the master of that hotel? and if at night there is a cry of fire in the street, would he, I ask, have the same motives for extinguishing that fire as the owner of the large and well-furnished hotel?"

"Is not the wallet, if it is his all, as much to the traveller, as the large house with all its appurtenances is to the innkeeper?" replied the young man.

"No, sir," said Mr. Dalben; "because, under the supposition of the loss of both, the one is much more easily replaced than the other; and you will not certainly dispute, that in case of accident by fire, by water, by tumult, or any other circumstance of danger, the wallet is not far more easily preserved than the large house with its manifold appurtenances; and such being the case, I maintain that the man of property has more interest in the well-being of his country than the pauper."

"Just as much," replied the young man, sneeringly, "as his own interest may be bound up in the flourishing condition of his country."

"But whether it be for his own private interest, or from a pure spirit of patriotism, it matters not," replied Mr. Dalben, "from what-

ever motive a man be anxious for the good of his country, that man is more to be depended upon than another who has much smaller interest in the state."

"You and I, sir, I see," replied the youth, "entertain different views;" and he passed his hand over his chin, and gave a glimpse first on one side and then on the other of his well-decorated feet and legs; then starting up to the perpendicular, he looked at his watch, rung again, and on the appearance of Parker he said, "By Jove, Trim, if you do not supply fuel and lights, we shall be all in *carcere tenebroso* in no time."

"Anan! sir," said the corporal, giving his usual salute.

"Coals and light," repeated the youth. "Do you comprehend? Do you take in my meaning, corporal?"

"I do, sir," replied the other.

"Then you are a bishop," said the youth. "But apropos of bishops," he added, turning to Mr. Dalben, "what may your opinion be on the question of establishments? I myself have decidedly adopted the persuasion that all ecclesiastical establishments supported by government are opposed to the freedom of the subject; the voluntary system is that which I patronize as the only one which is compatible with a man's natural liberty." Then stroking his chin, drawing up his lips, and filling his cheeks with wind, "I consider, sir," he added, "I consider that no man has a right to dogmatize in the presence of another man. No man has a right to dictate to me the mode and

manner in which I am to say my prayers, to perform my devotions;" and whilst he spoke, he drew up his whole person into such an attitude of determination, if not of defiance, that Mr. Dalben grew nervous, and began to be troubled with his short cough. He was therefore greatly relieved by the inpouring of the Major, Henry Milner, George, and the servants with the apparatus for laying the cloth, who at one and the same time all appeared at the door.

CHAPTER III.

The voluntary System.

MR. DALBEN was considerably surprised, on the entrance of Major Beresford, to hear him say, "Why, Walter, who would have thought of seeing you here?"

"Why, uncle," replied the other, "did you not invite me for this very day at five o'clock precisely, to partake with you of beef-steaks and oyster-sauce? and did I not come at the very moment appointed, like a dutiful nephew, as you know me to be? and here have I been for a full hour, to the great annoyance of this gentleman;" and he bowed to Mr. Dalben.

"Well, I shall not say that I am not very glad to see you, Walter," said the major, "though I do not dispute your assertion that your having been here for a full hour may have tended somewhat to the annoyance of my friend, for your principles are quite as much opposed to his as they are to mine; but let me not forget my old-fashioned forms." Accordingly, taking the young gentleman by the hand, he introduced him first to Mr Dalben, and then to Henry, as his nephew, his sister's son, Mr. Walter Wiggins, a student of the London University, and a resident in Finsbury Square.

"And now, Parker," he added, "be quick :

in five minutes we shall have brushed off the dust and mud of the streets, and shall be ready to sit down to dinner like gentlemen." Whilst the major and the younger ones were out of the room, the real Mr. Ellis appeared, a grave young man, and one that answered much more to the ideas formed by Mr. Dalben of the widow's son than Mr. Walter Wiggins had done. He entered as if he felt himself privileged in being admitted to the present company, although there was no meanness nor servility in his manner. There was, however, no opportunity for him to open out, for Mr. Walter Wiggins having smelt out a mistake, could not rest till he had proved the fact.

"'Pon honour," he said, "I do think it was so. Now do, sir," he added, addressing Mr. Dalben, "do tell me, did not you mistake me for Mr. Ellis? and were you not confounded when I came out with my rattle? I thought you looked more than once as if you could hardly credit your senses, but I only wish I had known it at the time."

"What for?" asked Mr. Dalben.

"Why, in that case, I should have let out more," returned Mr. Wiggins; "I should have shown off more as I am; I should have said a thing or two which I did not, out of respect to you, sir, as a stranger; but had I known the jest, I would have humoured it a little."

"There was no need, sir," said Mr. Dalben.

"Fair enough," rejoined the other. "By Jove, sir, you can give a sly cut, I see; but behold the corporal with the first dish, and with military precision—and Mrs. Betty too. And

who may this be?" he added, as Maurice followed with a tray. "Upon my word, Trim, your corps augments."

At the table, the conversation ran very much on the places to which the major had taken the young men during the course of the morning; but when the servants were withdrawn, it took another turn, and Mr. Wiggins, who was sensible that not one person present agreed with him in principles, poured forth an immense deal of crude nonsense, by which he betrayed a very superficial acquaintance with the history of mankind, and a total ignorance of true religion, and of the experience of past ages in ecclesiastical affairs. To whatever his uncle or Mr. Ellis might attempt to say, he turned a deaf or contemptuous ear, generally breaking off their sentences when half uttered, and reasoning with them from the broken and unfinished members of their speeches.

Mr. Dalben had remained silent for some time after dinner, as his friends thought, overpowered by the volubility of the young man, which, in fact, was not the case, for he was studying him the whole time; till, at length, having, as it were, weighed him well, he begged leave to suggest a few questions.

"Are you a believer in scripture, sir?" he said.

"I am no infidel," replied Mr. Walter.

"Do you believe that every word of scripture was suggested to the minds and memories of the sacred writers by inspiration?"

"Why, sir," resumed Mr. Wiggins, "that

would be to say a great deal. I am not prepared exactly to answer that question."

"Then to a certain degree you are an infidel, sir," returned Mr. Dalben; "that is, you do not receive the Scriptures as an unerring rule of life; because if you allow that some portions thereof are inspired, and that others are not so, the sacred volume ceases to be a guide to truth, unless there were some infallible means by which the student could distinguish the inspired portions from those supposed to be uninspired."

"You push me hard, sir," replied Mr. Wiggins; "I am no divine; I have not been brought up to the ministry."

"Then," said Mr. Dalben, "you hold it good that certain individuals should be brought up to the ministry, in order that they may especially devote themselves to the study of these matters of mighty import."

"At any rate," said the young man, "those who are to go deep into these subjects should have leisure so to do."

"How are they to obtain this leisure," replied Mr. Dalben, "if they have their bread to earn in another way?"

"You are coming round me, I see, sir," exclaimed the young man; "you are going to say, that those who devote their time to those studies which are to enable them to instruct others, ought to be relieved from the care of earning their own maintenance by other means; and hence, that government ought to provide for this maintenance of our teachers,

and so forth. I understand all you would say ; but what has been the consequence, for ages past, of this unnatural union between church and state, but Popery, in all its forms and modifications—an upholding of a pampered set of men, who perform their duties to the eye, not to the heart—taking supremacy over men's consciences, and maintaining that in their hands are the issues of life and death ?”

“ My dear sir, you are not aware,” replied Mr. Dalben, “ that every man is a depraved creature, and that, therefore, every work which is confided to his administration will be imperfectly done ; and that it is according to the nature of every human establishment, or law, that it must be, of necessity, imperfectly administered.”

“ And, therefore, we are to pay to a ministry which has lost its life, because all things human are imperfect,” subjoined Mr. Walter.

“ At any rate, this is a motive for being content with things as they are,” said Mr. Dalben, “ unless those things are totally contrary in principle to that which is right. Destroy our establishment, and what shall we have which is better ?”

“ I am for the voluntary system,” replied the young man ; “ the principle of which is, as Cicero says, *Libertatis proprium est sic vivere, ut voles*. And this applied to the things belonging to religion, leads at once to the voluntary system ; let every congregation, or rather every little knot of persons having the same opinions, choose their own minister.”

“ And how,” said Mr. Dalben, “ could this

plan promote truth? for if the support of the minister proceeds from the people, how can he be expected to destroy his own resources by opposing the favourite principles of those who have chosen him, even under the supposition that he was honest in his approbation of these favourite tenets, when he first took the situation?"

"If he is an honest man, he will speak the truth at all hazards," returned Mr. Wiggins.

"And so would he do in an established church," replied Mr. Dalben; "but do you not see that by making him dependent on his hearers, you are adding another hindrance to his sincerity?"

Whilst Mr. Dalben was speaking these last words, Mr. Wiggins looked at his watch, and having prefaced his exclamation with his usual "by Jove," he said, "I must bid adieu to this agreeable company; I am truly afflicted, but I am engaged three deep before midnight;—humph! let me recollect myself—I am the most careless fellow alive—I cannot, for the life of me, remember where I am to go first, or where it is that I am engaged to run through a quadrille with the daughter of our last created city knight, and people of this sort are very easily hurt. I must, therefore, say adieu, however unwillingly." And nodding round, the youth disappeared, his uncle saying, as the door closed behind him,

"What immense service would a severe campaign and a few 'bivouacs' on the lap of mother earth, with the vault of heaven for a canopy, be to that good-natured, conceited

puppy. I will be bound for it, that the quadrille, the place of which he pretends to have forgotten, has occupied his mind and thoughts the whole of this day; and yet he thinks it mighty pretty to affirm that he has no recollection of the house, or the hour, or other circumstances, where this exhibition is to take place. But if follies of this description were all which I had to lament in the son of my sister, I might hope that age might remedy them; but when I perceive the extreme laxity of his principles, and that he has imbibed all the false notions now afloat among the young people in this great city, I own I am afraid for him."

"Let us hope the best, sir," said Mr. Ellis; "many a young man has been led astray early in life, and yet been brought, even before youth has entirely passed away, to see his errors, and to pray earnestly that he may never again be left to the guidance of his own judgment."

"But, sir," said Henry, addressing Major Beresford, "I do not quite understand what is meant by the voluntary system which your nephew alluded to."

Major Beresford referred him to Mr. Dalben for an answer, and Mr. Dalben said, "I trust that the present company will excuse me, if, in replying to Henry's question, I am compelled to repeat some things which may already be quite familiar to them."

The old gentleman then entered into a somewhat lengthened discussion, of which the substance only will be given in this place.

He first defined the natures of the invisible and visible churches, by stating that the invis-

ble church is that in which the divine ministry only is exercised, its work being in the heart of man, secret, mysterious, and independent of external circumstance,—not to be apprehended by the natural faculties or senses;—its operations being irresistible and without repentance;—its progress to its own purposes being invariable and without shadow of turning;—having no particular seat nor place of its manifestation on earth under the present dispensation,—its members being as sheep wandering over the hills, and taking refuge in the dens and caves of the mountains, and like their Shepherd in his state of affliction, without a place whereon to lay their heads. “Whereas,” continued the old gentleman, “the visible church is administered unto by men in the flesh—by men to whom the power and the divine authority has been given to publish the letter of Scripture, and to administer the outward and visible signs of the inward and spiritual graces. Hence it follows, that the administration of the invisible church, being of God, must be perfect, and that of the visible church, being of man, must be imperfect, even supposing (which we cannot admit) that it has always been administered by men of converted minds, or, in other words, by men belonging to the invisible church. But, under the supposition that men of the world have generally been those who have conducted the ministry of the visible church, and, more than this, that Satan himself has interfered in the management thereof, through the enticements which affect the flesh, we can by no means wonder if, from the period in which human

passions began to mingle with church discipline, (as we know that they had already done during the apostolic age,) monstrous systems of human presumption should have since ensued, nor be greatly surprised at the awful daringness of many ministers of the gospel, who have sought to set themselves up, between God and the sinner, in the place of the only Mediator, even the man Christ Jesus. But to come more closely to your question, Henry, if the visible church is that which is conducted by the ministry of man, and if each congregation must have one especial minister, that minister must either be appointed by a superior, or chosen by the people: hence, either a uniform church government is established by the nation, to the support of which every one is required to contribute, or every man is left to choose his own place of worship, and has a voice in the selection of his own teacher."

"And in this last case," replied Henry, "if a preacher is dull and ignorant, and teaches false doctrine, he can be turned out—is not that an advantage, sir?"

"You must always remember, in speaking of things of this kind, Henry," said Mr. Dalben, "that the component parts of all human establishments are corrupt, and that the many are as much, if not more, liable to error as the few; hence, that a congregation consisting of many members, may be expected to err in the choice of a minister as widely as a lord, a duke, or a prince."

"If this is so," said Henry, "I know not how things could be arranged to improve the

visible church. I know, uncle, that you have never been satisfied with the preaching in our neighbourhood; I know what it was at Clent Green; I have heard Marten say what it is where he has been; and I have heard Lord H. complain bitterly."

"And read ecclesiastical history, Henry," added Mr. Dalben, "and see what man's ministry has performed through the ages which are past since the cessation of inspired teachers in the apostolic age."

"Then you think, sir," replied Henry, "that the visible church has always been corrupt?"

"Undoubtedly," returned Mr. Dalben; "and as it has been, so it will be till the end of the present age, if we are to take the two witnesses in the Revelation as the representatives of the visible churches—viz. the Jewish and Gentile. Read the description of these, and in them see what the nature of the testimony of the visible church has been, and will continue to be."

"O!" said Major Beresford, "you have touched upon a point which has always puzzled me. Who do you think are these witnesses?"

"I take them," replied Mr. Dalben, "as I before said, to be the Jewish and Christian visible churches; turn to the description of them in the eleventh chapter of the Revelations, and observe that they are bitter and persecuting powers, holding back the sweet influences which ascend from on high, and becoming more and more dead towards the end of their ministry, until, at the termination of a certain period, their testimony being finished, they are represented as becoming lifeless bodies—mere forms

of death, and in this condition, no longer channels of grace; it is after this that real life is imparted to them. But such being the view which prophecy gives us of the witnesses, we should be admonished to cease from them."

"You think, then, sir," remarked Henry, "that we need not trouble ourselves to look for much good from the visible church?"

"And, therefore, Henry," replied Mr. Dalben, "we may keep ourselves quiet, and make the best of things as they are, and not suppose that the world will be regenerated by any of our new systems; and as to the voluntary system, I much fear that it will be productive only of confusion."

"But, sir," said Henry, "am I not about to enter into the ministry of this visible church which you condemn?"

"I trust," replied Mr. Dalben, "that you have already been admitted into a membership of the invisible, and that you will be enabled to administer of things temporal, as being a partaker of the graces of the Eternal Spirit."

Mr. Ellis was very attentive whilst Mr. Dalben was speaking, and being requested so to do by the Major, he immediately afterwards entered somewhat at length into his own history, in order more clearly to show to Henry the effects of this voluntary system, of which he had first heard during that day.

"I was born," said he, "in this house, my father being in trade, though never a wealthy man—he was never fortunate, nor perhaps skilful in business. My parents were dissenters—strict, good, worthy people—but their views

of life were narrow, and I can recollect from my earliest childhood a sort of conversation which led me to believe that no true piety existed beyond our particular persuasion, my mother invariably speaking of the members of the Established Church as people bound up in the chains of Satan and of the world. My mother had an only brother, a man of independent fortune and a dissenting minister, I will not say of what persuasion, who resided in a town about a hundred miles from the metropolis, and as I had early expressed a desire to be brought up for the ministry, he kindly undertook to instruct me, and I was with him several years, subjected to a very regular and judicious discipline. When at a proper age, I was sent to a dissenters' college, to finish my education, and to be initiated into the practice of preaching and praying extempore. It is generally asserted, and probably with truth, that the mathematical and classical instructions given in dissenting colleges fall far below those of great universities; but on this point I cannot decide, never having had the means of comparing the one with the other, and the question is perhaps foreign to our present subject. With respect to the praying and preaching extempore, in which we were exercised, it might be well or otherwise; but though it gave us, undoubtedly, a readiness of speech, I think that it tended considerably to make us self-sufficient and dictatorial."

"The best means," remarked Mr. Dalben, "which can be taken to make a man eloquent is to fill him with his subject; out of the abun-

dance of the heart the mouth speaketh, and, *cæteris paribus*, that man will always speak best who is best acquainted with the matter on which he desires to speak. But proceed, my young sir; you are giving to Henry Milner a totally new view of life."

"My education being finished," continued Mr. Ellis, "I returned, first to my parents, and they were both much pleased with me—parents are partial, and they had been in the habit of looking up to a minister as a great man, though it must be observed that I had not gone through the form of ordination."

"I do not understand," said Henry, "how dissenting ministers are ordained."

"The ministers of those especially called dissenters," replied Mr. Ellis, "are ordained by one another; and not before they commence their ministerial duties, but as soon as they have a call to a congregation."

"They do not then," said Major Beresford, "assume to themselves the right of succession in their ministerial office in a direct line from the apostles as our church does, whereby the bishop attributes to himself the privilege of conveying the Holy Spirit to those on whom he shall lay his hands."

"O Major Beresford," said Mr. Dalben, "I hardly think that our bishops do claim the inheritance of such a prerogative. I hope and believe that many of them understand the laying on of hands only as a figure, similar to the washing of water in the baptismal service. If we take the visible church in any other light than that of a typical representation of the in-

visible, we must necessarily be confounded in every step;—we must either, in understanding the pretensions of the visible church to be otherwise than symbolical, fall back into popery, or in supposing that the visible church assumes the prerogatives which are divine as belonging to any of her forms, we must renounce them as blasphemous—there can be no middle course.”

“Or,” said Major Beresford, “if we find that the pretensions of our Establishments are too high, might we not become dissenters?”

“I think, sir,” replied Mr. Dalben, “that you will find that there is no visible church or congregation which is wholly clear of the one great error, in which the great antichristian heresy consists. Although variously modified, this error consists in exalting the ministry of man beyond the warrant of Scripture—in looking to man’s guidance and instruction rather than to that of the revealed Word, and in admitting human authorities as interpreters of that Word.—But proceed with your narrative, I beg,” said Mr. Dalben, “and let us lay this subject apart for separate consideration.”

“I was saying, that when I came home after the termination of my college studies,” resumed Mr. Ellis, “my poor parents were disposed to look up to me as a very superior person, and one who was to bring about great things in our connexion, and perhaps to win many proselytes. But the first thing that was to be done was to obtain a chapel for me; and, notwithstanding every endeavour for two years or more, I could only get occasional employment for a few weeks at a time in different chapels about town, when

the appointed minister happened to be indisposed, or other circumstances compelled him to be absent.

“All my religion at this time consisted in hating churchmen, and in preaching such doctrines as they too often made a point of keeping in the back-ground, either from design or ignorance. I had acquired at college a great flow of language, but as I had never been in refined society, and my reading had lain much among dissenting divines, my style was particularly bad, that is, it was compounded of many false and flowing figures—of emblems applied without truth, of sudden bursts of the pathetic or the alarming, and of such mixtures of doctrine as must ever proceed from incorrect views of the truth. However, as I never remained long enough during my first year, in the view of any congregation, to give the people time to cease to wonder, or opportunity to compare the rhapsodies of one month with those of the next, and as I then looked young, and fresh coloured, and was full of bright, though worldly expectations, I believe that I was generally liked, and felt fully convinced that there wanted only the opportunity of a vacancy to establish me in any one of the pulpits in which I had appeared. Time, however, and a very short time also, proved the fallacy of these expectations; some vacancies did occur, but not for my benefit. There is a ruling power in every earthly establishment, however obscure. In every dissenting chapel, he or she who carries the longest purse is always the pivot on which all the affairs of that chapel resolve; and patronism,

which in these cases is generally guided by family ties, always obtains the prize. A cousin, a brother, a son-in-law, or an adopted child, was always at hand to take the place which I desired; and though these places of ministers were always pretended to be given to the best preacher, still the secret influence would carry the day. At least it did so in the cases which fell under my knowledge at that time in London. Yet there was woe in store for the unfortunate preacher, who having thus obtained his situation, that is, through patronage, if he were not enabled to please his people after he had taken possession of his pulpit—if he did not in all respects suit his discourses and prayers to their principles, in failure of which there are a thousand ways of making him to feel the misery of the voluntary system.

“The attack upon a minister commonly begins with an incalculable number of anonymous letters—these epistles, in most cases, commencing with one or two complimentary phrases, and finishing with offensive comments on his addresses, his private character, and his devotional exercises. These little billets pursue him everywhere—he finds them in his desk, on his parlour table, in his bed-chamber, and they are sure to be followed up, sooner or later, by desertion of the congregation, especially the profitable portions thereof, and consequent failure of stipend, with murmurs and reproaches on the part of the trustees of the chapel, whose diminutions of profit are certain to be set down to the account of the unfortunate minister. If, therefore, under circumstances of this kind, a

man is tempted to accommodate his own principles to the opinions of his hearers," continued Mr. Ellis, "he assuredly is not guiltless, but he is much to be pitied."

"Notwithstanding which," remarked Major Beresford, "I have generally thought that the discourses of some description of dissenters contain more decided, and upon the whole better, doctrine than those of our establishment."

"The character of the ministers of the establishment," replied Mr. Ellis, "as far as I have had the opportunity of observing their discourses, is that of deadness and sleepiness, the consequence of having for many years enjoyed a state of calm and unapprehensiveness, and from the opinion which holds great influence amongst them of the high authority of the divines which have preceded them, and of the orthodoxy and correctness of their own church."

"Thus," said Mr. Dalben, "every human establishment has its defects. When the power lies in the ministry, the ministry becomes supine—when in the people, the people become turbulent. There can be no perfection in any edifice, of which each component part is faulty; but," continued the old gentleman, "what answer do you make to the major's remark, Mr. Ellis? Do you think that there is more life in general in the discourses of dissenters than you have found in those of our church?"

"I certainly do," replied Mr. Ellis; "but whilst I acknowledge this fact, and say that I believe that the very insecurity of our ministers renders them more animated; yet, to speak candidly among christian friends, such as are here

met, I must confess my sincere conviction, that for the most part, in the voluntary system, the preacher takes the hint of how far he may go, not so much from his own conceptions of scripture, as from those of his congregation; hence, that minister is, in most instances, undone, who presumes to controvert any of the settled opinions of his people, as my narrative will presently exemplify. Having been at home two years," he continued, "and during that time having experienced many mortifications and disappointments, my uncle, who is an old man, and a man of considerable fortune, and who might be called a sort of elder amongst his particular sect, having not only a large congregation in his own little town, but also two or three small chapels in the neighbouring villages, sent to me, proposing that I should come and reside with him, in order, not only that I might assist him, but that I might have a chance of falling into his situation in case of his giving it up, as he was proposing to do. The offer was truly kind and acceptable. My mother especially was delighted with it, and set herself to prepare for my journey with high anticipations of great things.

"I found when I arrived at my uncle's that he was living in a much better style than he had done. He had received another accession of fortune lately from his wife's family; his daughters, for he had no son, were grown up, and, notwithstanding a high profession of religion and great ideas of exclusiveness, (for they were bitter in their condemnation of every party but their own, especially of that of the Established

Church,) they paid great attention to dress and fashion, and were so high that they made me to understand at once that I must needs keep my place as a dependant upon their father, rather than as a near relation of their own. Their mother had always appeared to me a cold, reserved character, and there was no change therefore apparent in her. My uncle was, however, very kind in his way, and did all that was requisite for me, by appointing me to one of his small chapels, and getting me ordained according to our forms. I preached in this chapel about a quarter of a year, after which he told me that he wished me to try in the principal one, and he took great pains in directing me what subjects to enlarge upon, and what to avoid. I remember several of the interdicted subjects, as also some on which he directed me to expatiate.

“The personal reign of Christ and universal redemption, were, I remember, two of the subjects which he recommended me not to touch upon; adding, that the belief in these doctrines were not necessary to salvation, and that I should mar my own usefulness, and injure the cause, by putting these stumbling-blocks in the way of the people.—By-the-bye,” continued the young minister, “what is meant by such and such truths not being necessary to salvation, nor how a cause can be injured by speaking the whole truth, I do not exactly comprehend, but I tell things as they happened. The points, however, which my uncle told me to enlarge upon were good, as far as I was permitted to open them: thus I was to preach Christ crucified, and the utter depravity of man, and the fullness of the satis-

faction which our Lord has provided for sinners ; but then, because many in the congregation, and those weighty and responsible personages, viz. the deacons of the chapel, had a great horror of antinomianism, I was to be very guarded on the side of the necessity of good works, that is, I was to point out to my people, that although Christ had done everything for them, and they had been elected to salvation—that is, the believers among them—before the foundation of the world, yet that they were not set free from the obligation of good works, which they must perform in order to make their calling and election sure ; all of which sounded very fine in my ears, though I never pretended at that time to subject these contradictory assertions to the test either of scripture or reason. Thus, being duly tutored, I held forth several times in the pulpit of the larger chapel, and my uncle was pleased with me ; the elders pronounced me sound, and the ladies smiled upon me, particularly those more advanced in age, calling me a promising divine ; but my three cousins worried me incessantly by repeating comments which they had heard made upon me in matters which, one should have thought, had not deserved a moment's attention.

“ ‘ Pray, sir,’ said my cousin Jemima, ‘ how do you spell window ? for you call it winder—you say the winders of heaven were opened ;’ and she told me the name of the lady who had observed this flaw.

“ ‘ You think it right,’ said another of my cousins, ‘ to look at the opposite gallery when you are praying, instead of turning your eyes

towards Him to whom the prayer should be addressed. Probably you may happen to have discovered some object more pleasing to the heart of man in that gallery than aught you can apprehend above. Observe my father,' she added, 'observe how his eye is elevated when in prayer towards Him who is above.'

"I made no answer to this remark of my cousin Catherine, being aware that there was some malice lying under it; but, of course, when next I prayed in public, I looked right up to the ceiling of the chapel.

"These comments, however, to the hearing of which I was perpetually exposed, would, no doubt, with the sense of self-interest under the influence of which I was then labouring, have rendered me a most complete hypocrite, if the Almighty had not interfered in my behalf. I had been with my uncle only six months, when I was recalled to London, to witness the death of my father, and, through the divine mercy, to witness also a mighty work which God had done for his soul in the last few weeks of his life. I had much conversation with him before his death, and the pure principles of religion, cleared from the dross of earth, which he then unfolded to me, were so blessed to my apprehension, or rather were so met in my soul with the secret work of the Lord the Spirit, that when I returned to my uncle's, after my dear parent's funeral, and after I had done what I could to arrange his affairs, I could not be persuaded in my addresses from the pulpit to adopt any measures of expediency, or to consult any person's humours. My father

had entreated me to preach salvation in the fullest extent in which he had seen it, through the divine teaching, during many days before his death, and which, through the same divine teaching, he had been enabled to convey to my mind. And what was the consequence of this boldness? These doctrines, which in their fullness always bring reproach upon the preacher or teacher, (see 1 Tim. iv. 9, 10, 11,) excited such displeasure in the congregation, and, in fact, so irritated my uncle, that he hinted to me his wish that I should return to my mother, which I accordingly did as soon as I understood that wish. And as I feel that my principles will never do for the voluntary system, I have given up all thoughts of the ministry, and have been lately trying to get a situation as a clerk in some substantial house, and through my respected friend, Major Beresford, have now every hope of succeeding."

Mr. Dalben thanked the young gentleman for having opened so much of his history to comparative strangers, adding this remark: "That he trusted that the view which he had given to Henry Milner of the various difficulties of the voluntary system, might tend to make him more satisfied with the Established Church, although that church was of course not without its defects."

CHAPTER IV.

The Irishman in London.

SOME chapters of every book are too long, and others are too short. The fault of the last chapter is that it is too long—very much too long; in order to make up for which defect the writer intends to make the present chapter shorter than the reader might exactly wish.

After the day which we have described, other days ensued which were laid out much in the same manner; that is, Mr. Dalben was left at home by the major and the young people till dinner-time, enjoying his books and his easy chair, and the company of Mr. Ellis, who constantly spent some hours with him; the other party, in the mean time, visiting different parts of the metropolis, and seeing many wonderful sights, Maurice being often permitted to make one thereof. In the mean time, the major had succeeded in procuring the situation of a clerk with a competent salary for Mr. Ellis, upon which he was to enter after the holidays; and a letter had been received from Marten, stating that he, with Ladbroke and Bonville, were in

Worcestershire, and that they had found Mrs. Kitty particularly agreeable, (that excellent personage having discovered that the absence of Maurice was a circumstance which added not a little to the comfort of the household,) so that, as Henry Milner said, "every thing was very pleasant."

But there are some characters on which prosperity seems to work a particularly bad effect, and amongst these we may fairly number Maurice, who, after having seen the Tower, the Monument, St. Paul's, Westminster Abbey, and above all, Gog and Magog, began to show symptoms of having had as much enjoyment as was altogether good for his constitution. The symptoms of the over-excited state of the boy's mind first manifested themselves in the lower regions of the house; but the first very decided paroxysm occurred one day at dinner, when Maurice and Parker were waiting. Major Beresford was fond of telling stories of his old campaigns, and he was relating an adventure which had befallen him in America. "It was one Sunday morning," he said, "and I being a young officer, was lounging about the skirts of a small town, when opposite to a little inn, a young carrotty-haired Yankee led a horse to the door, caparisoned with a saddle and a pillion, and there stopping before the front of the house, like another Wilhelm seeking another Leonora, he lifted up his voice and called to some one within. Presently a comely young woman came out ready dressed for a jaunt, and there was a greeting between the pair, and certain hearty expressions of pleasure in the pros-

pect of an agreeable excursion. But a difficulty arose—the horse was tall, the lady weighty, and no such refinement at hand as a horse-block; there was, however, a large barrel of molasses, or treacle, standing at the inn door, and beside it a bench, and the young man, having pointed out what use might be made of the barrel, gave his hand to the lady. She, having first stepped upon the bench, next placed herself on the top of the barrel, whilst the young man, having remounted, began to manœuvre his horse in a line with his fair one, when oh! *gemuit sub pondere tegmen*—board after board cracked with a harsh murmur, and the fair Yankee, being totally incapable of assisting herself, sunk up to her chin in the molasses.

“It was a sight to be seen indeed,” said the major; “as to me, no politeness could restrain me from a violent burst of laughter—but my laughter was of no consequence if Jonathan could have kept his countenance. Whether he roared out as I did I know not, but never shall I forget the violence of the young woman, who, as she stood up to her throat in the saccharine bog, exclaimed, ‘I swear, Jonathan—I swear, if you don’t take me out of the ’lasses tub I won’t ha’ ye.’”

The major had hardly finished this narrative before a tremendous burst of merriment from the side-table precluded all comment upon the story, and every one turning to look, the sound was ascertained to have proceeded from Maurice, who was laughing without using any effort to restrain himself. Henry had often admonished him respecting smaller offences of this

kind; he therefore looked very gravely at him; and Mr. Dalben quietly hinted to the youth that he would do well to withdraw until he had recovered his composure. The mind of man or boy, not to speak of the individuals which belong to the less worthy sex, is never so liable to take offence, as when the spirits are over-excited by pleasurable sensations. Hence Maurice was in no humour to take even the gentle reproof of Mr. Dalben, much less a somewhat ruder censure given by Parker when he came down into the lower regions.

“Young man,” said the old soldier, “it would do you all the good in the world to be drilled by a strict sergeant for a few months; I’ll be bound for it, such a one would find a way of teaching you to beware of making such a giggling, gaping fool of yourself, as you oftentimes does.”

“Giggling and gaping,” repeated Maurice, “is no more signs of a fool than looking as some do, like things cut out of wood.”

“That’s just as a soldier should look in the ranks,” returned Parker; “and it’s all the same being in the ranks, for the matter of that,” continued the corporal, “and standing before a sideboard; it’s quite as ondacent to be laughing and sniggering in one place as another.”

“I don’t see that at all,” replied Maurice, whose brogue always became more decided when he was heated in argument; “ondacent!—well, if I be ondacent, you shall wait upon the company alone for me, from this time forward. I sha’n’t show myself at the sideboard till they sends for me—and so now you understands me.

It's uncommon hard if I baant to laugh when I am pleased, because you says it's ondacent."

Here the conversation was broken off by Parker walking one way and Maurice the other. The next day it so happened that Major Beresford, Henry, and George, went out without inviting Maurice to accompany them. They were going where they could not take him—to call upon a friend at the west end of the town. In their passage through a court near the Temple they met Mr. Wellings, who accosted Henry with his usual familiarity, and as Major Beresford wished to call on a friend in the same court, the young men took several turns together, during which Henry answered many questions which the other put to him about Edgar and Mr. Ladbroke. When, however, his old school-fellow inquired where he was then quartered, he hesitated, on which George replied, adding that they had left Mr. Dalben at home, and Maurice to wait upon him—and on Wellings laughing at the idea of the Irishman in London, George repeated with glee the history of the young man's mistake at the inn between Oxford and London.

"I am going into the city," said Mr. Wellings, "and if not too late, will drop in as I come back: you may probably be returned by that time. I shall have no other opportunity of paying you my devoirs," continued he, "as I am going to Clayton's to-morrow, and there I hope to meet the Hargraves, and my sister, and Priscilla Matthews, and we mean to make a jolly thing of it." Then winking with the eye nearest George Beresford, "By-the-bye,

Milner," he added, "do you think there is a chance of tempting Bonville to join us?"

"I hope not," replied Henry.

"Mum," cried Mr. Wellings; "so I suppose the idea shocks you; but did you ever hear the old saw, All work and no play, &c.? And so you have got that worm-eaten edition of dullness, Josiah Ladbrook, down in Worcestershire; and the exquisite, too, by way of contrast:—by George, when you get there, Milner, there will be the three degrees of comparison, from Ladbrook, the positive, to John Marten, the superlative. But here comes the governor," he added, with a wink of the eye which was directed towards the major, "so adieu for the present." And thus the quondam school-fellows parted, the one going towards the heart of the city, the others towards the west.

In the meantime, Maurice, having by no means digested the affronts of the former day, had, after having been profoundly sullen during the early part of the morning, made up his mind to ascertain how far Parker had power to prevent his going into the streets by himself—for hitherto his excursions had always been made either in company with the major and his young master, or with the corporal. Accordingly, having taken down his hat from a peg in the kitchen, in the presence of the two servants, he was walking out of the door, when the old soldier said, "And where are you going, my young chap?"

Maurice made no other reply than that which might be inferred by his placing his hat deliberately on his head.

“ Well,” said Parker, “ mind you don’t go far, and that you are back within the hour.”

To this second address the boy made no answer, but walked forth from the kitchen, up the lower flight of stairs, and into the street.

Now, it has never been exactly ascertained in what direction Maurice turned when clear of the house—whether to the right or the left—or where, and when he crossed the street—that is, if he did cross it, which is still a doubtful point:—neither is it known at what point he left Aldersgate-street, nor what other regions he explored, nor what was the greatest distance to which he journeyed, nor where it was exactly where that befel him which shall be related in its place; but this is certain, that when Mr. Dalben required his broth, (for he, of late, had always taken broth at twelve o’clock,) Parker brought it up with a countenance of deep-seated anxiety, because he had suffered Maurice to go out alone, contrary to orders, and the boy was not come in. Mr. Dalben, however, being interested in his book, asked no questions; and Parker, having set down the broth, walked to the street-door, where he set himself in the attitude of a scout on the look-out, and in this same attitude he remained some time, but no Maurice appeared. Another hour passed, and again Parker went to the look-out, to make his observations, but with the same results; and, not to make my story tedious, which it certainly would be, were I to describe with accuracy all the marches and counter-marches of the corporal to the street-door from the kitchen, I shall simply add, that when the

major, with Henry and George, returned at five o'clock, poor Parker, who was beginning to be really uneasy, was obliged to report the young Irishman as being absent without leave. It was beginning to rain, and Parker having made his report, added, that he doubted not but that the rain would soon drive Maurice home.

The major reproved his man for letting the lad out alone, and Henry expressed some displeasure and uneasiness at Maurice's behaviour. However, they all sat down to dinner soon afterwards, and as Mr. Dalben did not happen to miss the boy from the side-table, nothing was said to him till after he had dined of the youth's having been absent so many hours. The rain was by this time become very heavy, and still there were no tidings of Maurice. Henry became every moment more and more uneasy, and Mr. Dalben first sent one and then another of the young people down into the lower regions of the house, to make inquiries. Still no tidings were heard of the Irishman. It happened that Mrs. Ellis and her son were gone out to spend the evening, nor did the major know what steps could be taken about the poor boy; and thus in a constant fidget of anxiety, the time passed on with Maurice's friends till near ten o'clock; at which hour, Parker came up, and making his usual salute, his hard features being set as immoveably as those of a wooden figure, he said, addressing his master, "Sir, I am going out."

"What for, Parker?" asked the major.

"To seek the boy," replied the old soldier.

“ You will be wet to the skin, Parker,” returned the major.

“ Better that I should be wet, sir, than that the boy should be lost,” remarked the old soldier.

“ But what can you do at this hour ?”

“ I shall proceed to the police station,” he answered; “ I there shall be directed what should be done.”

“ You must cloak yourself up well,” said the major.

A grim, yet kindly smile, passed over the features of the old soldier, and as he went out at the door, he was heard to mutter, “ It a’ant the first fatigue party I have been on by a many and a many, on worser nights than this ’uv.”

Immediately after Parker had gone out, Mrs. Ellis and her son returned in a coach, the latter of whom, understanding the cause of anxiety, came up into the major’s apartment; and Mr. Dalben having been persuaded to go to bed, the rest of the party, with the exception of George, sat up till nearly two o’clock, at which time Parker came in, having wholly failed in his purpose. As nothing more could be done that night, every one went to bed; but poor Henry was glad to be where no one but George witnessed his uneasiness, for he felt very unhappy about Maurice, that poor boy being connected in his mind with many scenes of his happy early days—of his pleasant childhood—of lovely Worcestershire—and many innocent delights, of which he felt he must soon take leave for this present life.

There are many persons who have remarked, that Henry Milner is not a natural character; the remark is just and true—he is not a natural character, but a renewed and regenerate one. There are many, we trust, in whom the Lord the Spirit implants a new nature before they are called to quit this present state of being; many, also, we fear, there are, and perhaps the largest number of the children of Adam, to whom the spirit of life is not imparted before natural death. Of such, perhaps, more may be said hereafter; but of those to whom the divine Spirit is imparted whilst in the sinful body, a still smaller number receive it in very early youth, before the natural corruptions have been brought into exercise, and strengthened by action. In these rare and solitary cases, the character appears to be what the world calls unnatural, and justly so, as has been before observed, because these characters are above nature, and there is a principle in them which is contrary to nature; neither can they be comprehended by the natural man. But let the religious man beware how far he limits the power of the Spirit, so far as to say that even in blooming youth and health, grace may not have power so to control nature as often to produce a character such as that of Henry Milner. It should also be observed, that as yet Henry had not been much tried, nor had he as yet been ever removed from under the paternal wing, excepting during the year of his residence at Clent Green, at which time he was but a child, and had not arrived at the most dangerous period of youth.

But to return to the narrative. Henry Milner did not fall asleep till near four o'clock, and then slept heavily till Parker came to say that his master was at breakfast, and that Mr. Dalben having had little rest, he had given him a cup of tea when he had taken his own breakfast, and had advised him to be quiet awhile.

"You are kind, Parker," said Henry; "but poor Maurice?"

"Nothing has been heard of him," replied the old soldier, "though I went out again this morning as soon as the rain was over, and set people to work to find him out, if so be he is above ground."

"Above ground!" repeated Henry. "What do you fear?"

"It's only my manner of speaking, sir," replied the corporal; "but I'll tell you what, master, I wish we had him at the guard-house of our corps; I can tell you they would soon teach him manners there. You makes too free with him: it never does no good to make free with a raw recruit of that sort, and so I have said to Master George many a time and oft. What was the good of showing him all the fine sights of the town? He was bad enough when he comed here first, but he has been downright unbearable since. Why, sir, what do you think but he called me Gog the other day, and the girl there below Magog, with other impertinences not worth speaking on."

Henry felt that there was some truth in what the old soldier said, and hastening to dress, soon joined Major Beresford and George in the sit-

ting-room ; for George had slipped away without disturbing his companion.

Of course, nothing was talked of at breakfast but the non-appearance of poor Maurice. The major proposed going out in search of him as soon as breakfast was over, and they were hastening over this meal, when suddenly an indistinct sound of voices was heard from below, and then a rapid step up the stairs, and the door was thrown open : at the same moment the object of every one's care came rushing in, advancing rapidly towards Henry, who had turned from the table, and falling on his knees before him, with his hands joined and uplifted ; Parker at the same time stepping into the room, and standing just within the door.

But, oh ! what an object was poor Patrick O'Grady's son at that moment ! Never in his life had he stood in more need of soap and brush. He had gone out in what Parker would have called his fatigue dress ; that is, in his morning jacket ; such, in short, as livery servants wear in their work. He had been clean when he had gone out, but every article of his dress at the time he knelt before Henry was perfectly plastered with street mud, which, in its physical qualities, is very different to that which abounds in the clayey lanes of Worcestershire. His face was scratched apparently by some human hand, for there were four excoriated streaks down one cheek, from which the blood had oozed in as many lines below, and had stained his shirt-collar and cravat. On the side of his face oppo-

site to that which had been thus excoriated, his eye was swelled as if from some violent blow, and all the parts about it were becoming black ; his hair—but what shall I compare it to?—a mop's end, a ragged brush, a colt's back—all similes are inadequate for it—his hair stood perfectly an end, and in one place his crown was visible as if a lock or two had been forcibly eradicated, probably by the same tender hand which had marked four of its commandments on the cheek, and left its full impression on the right eye ; and he was all out of breath, *essoufflé*, as the French would say, while the disorder of his mind, to judge by his manner of speech, was not less decided than that of his exterior.

“ Oh ! Master Milner, Master Milner ! ” he exclaimed ; “ and will you please to pardon me—because of father ? Will you please to pardon me ? ”

“ Stand up, Maurice,” said Henry, “ don't kneel to me ; you know that I shall pardon you. Don't kneel to a fellow-creature.” Maurice rose on his feet, thus exhibiting more of his doleful figure.

“ Yes, master,” he answered, “ I knows it—I knows it ; but you won't be angry with me, will you now, Master Henry ? ”

“ I will not promise that,” replied Henry. “ Perhaps I may be angry, if you have been doing wrong ; but then it does not follow that I shall not forgive. But what have you been doing ? You must tell the truth ; my being very angry, or not very angry, will depend much upon that.”

“ Well, sir,” said Maurice, “ I will, sir. I

don't know, just to say where it was, but it warn't a stone's throw from here, that it warn't—just anent there—that it happened.”

“ Hold your peace there, you young rogue,” said Parker, “ it wasn't in this ward any how; and you must have gone a long way, that I am assured on.”

“ No prevaricating, Maurice,” said Henry, gravely, “ I will have the whole truth.”

“ Well, master, and so you shall; the truth is, that I don't know where it was, but it was a wide place with houses on both sides, and many folk going to and fro and up and down, as they does in this here big town; and so I was standing looking hither and thither ”

“ The very thing you have been warned a hundred times not to do,” said Master Beresford gravely.

“ So I has, sir,” returned Maurice; “ I don't deny it; but I was not just thinking of it then, having forgotten it like at the time; when who should come up, sir, just as it were right across me—but I forgets his name as clane as if I had never knowd him—so he comes up, and looks me in the face, and says, ‘ So, Maurice, it is you and no other. You are the very man that I have come here to look for.’ ”

“ ‘ And what for, sir?’ says I.

“ Says he, ‘ Money's bid for you.’

“ Says I, ‘ Not much, I fears.’

“ Says he, ‘ Ha'ant you a grandmother somewhere in this town?’

“ Says I, ‘ To be sure I has.’

“ Says he, ‘ And suppose I knows where she is,” and he up and tould me that there was a good

old woman who sold oysters, and wore a red kerchief and a blue yipern with pockets in it, and that her name was—but he boggled a bit at the name, and so I helped him, and axes him if it warn't Ellish Macarthy, and he said, 'The very same.' And then he tould me that he had just parted from she, and that she had heard I was in Lunnun, but could not tell where to find me, and was in mortal trouble about me, because her heart yarned after her allspring—that was me—and a dale more he tould me, for we had drawn in to talk at our ase into a bit of a court, but I forgets some of it; howsomdever the end of the matter was——"

Here a burst of laughter from little George made Maurice start and look round; and though Henry kept his countenance, it was some time before he could induce the Irishman to take up his narrative where he had broken off. At length, however, having recovered the scent, (to change our allusion,) he proceeded as follows:—"So when he had tould me all, I axes him where I could find she? So he goes before me out on the court into the main street, and then he turns out o' the main way into another street, and so out o' that into another, and out o' that——"

"Well, well," said Henry, "we understand all that; you turned to the right and then to the left, and then again to the right, and so on. And what was the end of it?"

"Na, master," replied Maurice, "it warn't the right way that we turned first."

"Truly, I believe not," replied Henry, "nor the second time neither—but go on."

“ So we comes at length,” continued Maurice, “ to an open place where there was housen on one side, and the river on t’other, with the shippin, and all them things; and there was a place like a sort of cattle-shed, such as there is, master, if you remember, up at the Ferns.”

“ O yes! I remember,” said Henry; “ go on.”

“ But there was no cattle in it neither, only a line o’ women, and they had lots o’ fish on boards afore them; and so the gentleman said says he, ‘ Don’t you see them women?’ Says I, ‘ What should ail me, that I should na?’ Says he, ‘ I’s e going o’er the water,’ and he call’d a boat, and stepped in, and cried, ‘ Push off,’ that he did; but just as the boatman was shoving off, says he, ‘ Maurice, my lad, that there woman who has the heap o’ aisters there, with the blue kerchief on her head, and the yipern with pockets afore her, is neither more nor less than your grandmother, and the darling, she has been seeking for you all over the town. So just go up to her and tell her who you be, and you will make her old heart gladsome;’ and so he tipped me a shilling, and said he had an uncommon regard for me, and then he was pushed off, and I went up to the woman, the very one he pointed out to me.”

“ You really did?” said Henry, no longer able to preserve his gravity, whilst the major laughed outright, and Parker changed his attitude, exclaiming, “ Why, if the lad don’t flog all the fools as ever I lighted on.”

Maurice had borne Henry’s laugh, but, Par-

ker's observation so irritated him, that his angry flush became evident through the mud and other ornaments of his face. However, he evidently tried to command himself.

"To be sure," he said, "I was a fool; but if I was a fool it was one of his making. That gentleman there—I wish I could just hit on his name, but I shall have it anon. And so he being launched off, I walks up to the woman, and I stands right afore her. She was an ould wizened body. No one would have thought that she could have clapperclawed me as she did; and so bearing right anent her, I says says I, 'I be Maurice O'Grady, granny, as you longs to see;' och, if I did not say those very words, I said somut like 'em.

"'Maurice O'Grady?' said she, 'you may be Maurice O'Drunken for aught I care; and drunk and grady both you be sure,—and what for, you impudent fellow, do you call me grandmother? I am no grandmother to such as you, I promises;' and then she out with such words as you never heard in your days, Master Milner, and I hopes you never will. Why Mrs. Kitty is an angel of light to the——;" and here Maurice hesitated, as if he did not like to tell the rest.

"Come, go on, Maurice," said Henry.

"Why yes, sir, I will," he replied, "and so I gave her as good as she brought."

"I expected that," said Henry.

"And so then she puts out her hand, and gives me a whack over this here eye; and so then I gives her another on the shoulder, and then she claws me down the face, and then I

begins to square ; and then she cries ‘ Murther ! murther ! ’ and then there comes a dozen o’ them from out of the shed, and one lugs me one way and one pulls me another, and all screams together ; and so we was all at it when up comes two men—they calls them the purlise, and so they had me away, and shuts me up, and keeps me all night ; and I should have been shut up in that dark hole for a month to come, I reckon, if Mr. Ellis had not found me out and got me released.”

“ Upon my word, Maurice, you have behaved very ill, and given us all great anxiety.”

And Major Beresford expressed the same opinion, and told Maurice that he must endeavour to understand when people were playing upon him, and not to listen to every stranger as he would do to a friend.

The boy seemed to feel his folly and misconduct very deeply, and added to his doleful appearance by shedding floods of tears. “ I wish, I wish,” he said, “ I wish I warn’t such a fool. But, sir,” he added, “ Master Milner, I remembers the name on him now—it is Wellings, the same as I have seen at our house.”

“ Wellings ! ” repeated Henry, “ I could hardly have thought that even Wellings would have behaved so unlike a gentleman ; but when a man takes to practical jesting, there is no end of it.”

Maurice was then sent to do what might be done to reform his appearance ; yet, when soap, water, and clean clothes had been duly applied, still that which remained of the effects of the fray were so little creditable, that he was hardly

presentable during the whole time that the party remained in town. This was only fourteen days longer; and as those fourteen days were perfectly quiet, they were more redolent of enjoyment than of such events as are worthy of record.

CHAPTER V.

Contrasted views of life.

WHEN the period appointed for the departure of our friends from London arrived, Mr. Dalben and Henry set out within-side a postchaise, Maurice being on the dickey without; this last personage having been duly brushed up for a respectable introduction to the inferior regions of the household of Woodville; the scars and bruises which remained from his skirmish with his grandmother being by this time so faint as only to be discerned by particular inspection.

It was after an early breakfast that the travellers took leave of their kind friends in Aldersgate-street, every individual of whom had rendered themselves dear to their visitors by those manifold small courtesies which are more easily felt than described. Mr. Dalben had written to Marten, to inform him when they expected to be at Woodville, and had originally intended to make the journey in one day, but having since altered his plan, from an increasing sense of weakness, he had only had time to apprise Lord H—— of this change of his

determination; he, therefore, expected that Marten would have been at least twenty-four hours with his noble friends before the arrival of the London party.

My reader is anxious to know how far Woodville is from town, and, in consequence, how far from London that half-way house is, at which the travellers, after a deliberate progress, arrived towards the dusk of the winter's evening. These matters, however, will not be revealed; all that will be said is, that the town in which Mr. Dalben spent that night is an inconsiderable one, and that the inn is of an inferior description, the whole of the front of the first floor being occupied by one large room, divided into three apartments for common occasions by sliding pannels, one of these being fitted up as a bed-room, and the two others as parlours, though the centre one was also furnished with a sofa, which, on occasion, was easily converted into a comfortable bed for a single person.

Henry was no sooner arrived than he engaged the third and most quiet apartment for his uncle, and ordered dinner to be brought up into the second room, signifying his wish that the sofa therein should be prepared for his accommodation, after his uncle had retired.

Mr. Dalben appeared to be considerably fatigued, and ate but little, and after dinner, by Henry's advice, went to bed. Having, with the assistance of Maurice, seen his beloved guardian safely deposited, with every necessary comfort about him, Henry returned to the room where they had dined, but finding that arrange-

ments were being made for preparing his couch, and not having a book which he could lay his hands on, he asked if there were no newspapers in the house, and was directed to a sort of coffee-room below, where were a large fire and several tables, with a few newspapers. Uncongenial as this place was to Henry, yet it was better than the room above, where two women servants were making his bed; and he accordingly sat down and took up a paper, though rather amusing himself by observing the mode of life about him, than by studying its contents.

There were in the room three persons—one who sat alone near the fire-place, and somewhat in the shade, being a thin, spare, cadaverous man, meanly appalled, and having somewhat the air of an inferior schoolmaster, or perhaps a gauger. This person sat silent, with his eyes on the fire, and as if his meditations were none of the most agreeable. The other two looked as if they were in better circumstances as to worldly matters, being substantial in their persons, their clothes being good, and their deportment that of people who knew that their purses were of some profundity. The one of these was a tall, big-boned man, dressed as just come from off a journey, having on a huge shaggy great-coat—what would be called by some a ‘wrap rascal,’—and probably, in this instance, a term not improperly applied; the other being a shorter man, of a rubicund visage, though one wanting that heartiness and openness of expression which is sometimes connected with this sort of bloom of complexion. This latter person wore the air of being quite

at home where he was, and a blue bag, evidently containing books and papers, which lay at his elbow, seemed to indicate his profession. A small round table, with two empty tumblers, in each of which was a tea-spoon, proved that whatever might be the subject of the conference between these worthies, it had not hitherto been carried on under the influence of the temperance society.

When people have nothing to do, as was Henry's case, they are very apt to send out their senses, particularly those of which the ears and eyes are the instruments, to forage for amusement. Henry had no interest whatever, as he supposed, in these two men, but almost unconsciously to himself, he had formed his theory respecting them in two minutes after he had seen them: he concluded that one was a lawyer, and as to the other, he wavered between a substantial farmer and an ordinary description of country surgeon, though presently he dropped the idea of the surgeon, and took up the notion that the man was a gentleman's or nobleman's steward, having heard him say, 'We did not make so much of our venison last season as the year before.' He, however, heard little more of what was said, as they spoke low and in broken sentences, with many inuendos, and he felt himself suddenly admonished, that it was very unhandsome to listen, where the parties, though strangers, evidently desired that their communications should not be understood. Presently, however, the lawyer having rung a little hand-bell which lay on the table, the landlady came in—a plump, comely, elderly dame,

but full of ceremonies, especially towards the lawyer.

"Mrs. Blenkinsop," said the latter, "don't you see that our glasses are empty? you were not used to be so inconsiderate of your guests. Come, come, if you are not more attentive, we will be off to the Castle—it is but across the street—and you will never see me again."

"Save us, sir," she said, smiling and court-seying, "from such a misfortune. If I lose you, squire, I had as well lose my right-hand." And she was taking up the empty glasses, when the lawyer spoke.

"Is the room above ready, goody? and remember that the supper must not be delayed after the gentleman comes; and if the game is not roasted to a turn, you know what—I have done with you; and mind you the wine—you understand me—the old bin."

"You shall be satisfied, sir," she answered, courtseying again.

"Well, if the room is ready above, Mrs. Blenkinsop," resumed the lawyer, "you shall send the tumblers up there, when you have replenished them; and we will go up, Mr. Bradley—we can talk better there." And so saying, he took up the candle and his bag, and went out of the room with his companion, after the latter had thrown off his greatcoat. The landlady lingered a moment after her guests, hanging the greatcoat and the two hats on pegs on the wall; and whilst thus engaged, the solitary man in the corner exclaimed, bitterly, "As big a rogue as treads the earth!"

“ Who?” said Henry, startled at the exclamation.

“ Who,” replied the other, “ but that lawyer, who, so as he lives himself, cares not who dies of hunger at his very door.”

“ Hold your tongue, Timothy,” said the hostess; “ hold your scandalous tongue. Why did you go to law with him then, you foolish fellow? You know that you were wrong, and so it was proved in court.”

The man muttered some bitter expression, which Henry hardly heard, and the hostess becoming more inflamed, urged him to silence, by saying, “ You ne'er-do-well, if you were not my brother's son, I would forbid you my house, and you should neither have bit nor sip here again. Don't you know that 'Squire Wellings is the best friend I have in the wide world?”

“ Ay!” replied he, “ because your good man, who is dead, owed him money, and he has no means of ever seeing the colour of it again, but by keeping you up in this house.”

“ Well,” said the landlady, as she hastened out of the room, “ let every one speak well of the bridge that carries them over the water.”

“ Did you say Wellings?” said Henry, as soon as she was gone.

“ Yes, sir,” replied the man, “ 'Squire Wellings, as big a rogue as there is in the county. Did you see a bran-new red house, with a young plantation, and fine gate-posts, just by the turnpike on the London-road?—that is the 'squire's, and all raised by knavery, for he come from nothing.”

“Has he a family?” asked Henry.

“Yes,” replied the man, “a wife, who is well enough, a quiet body, and much kept under; and one son, and one daughter.”

“Do you know the son?” asked Henry.

“Do I know Frank Wellings!” replied the other, with a grim smile, “don’t I know him? a chip of the old block; as to Miss, she is the best of the bunch, and many is the time that she has pleaded the cause of the fatherless with her stony-hearted father.”

Here the entrance of several other persons prevented this conversation being carried farther; but Henry wondered that he had not recognised Mr. Wellings, who had dined at his uncle’s house some years since. But the fact is, that at that time he had been so occupied by the son that he had hardly looked at the father; and further, since that period, Mr. Wellings, senior, had become very corpulent, and acquired a deeper tinge by several shades to his complexion, from the increasing freedom of his visits to the brandy-bottle.

Soon after the entrance of the fresh strangers, Henry went up to his room, where he found his bed ready, a good fire, and the tea, which he had ordered, set out. Maurice, too, was there, and as he had taken the liberty of bringing a newspaper up with him, he trusted that he had provided amusement enough until the time in which he might go to bed with a chance of sleeping till morning. Whilst he was making the tea, he became aware that the next apartment, viz. the first in the suite, was occupied

by the two persons he had seen below. The low humming sound of their voices was distinctly audible, and Maurice, looking through a cranny in the sliding boards, said that they had got their heads together over a power of books and rolls of papers.

“And, master,” said he, “whilst you was away, I learnt who that fat gentleman is—he is the father of him that played me that trick in Lunnun, and he lives close by here, and they does not give him the best of names.”

“Well! well!” said Henry, “let us take care of our own good names, Maurice, and leave others to take care of theirs; come away from that chink—no more peeping; and remember this, that you have found out the best excuse you possibly could for a certain young gentleman’s ill-behaviour. Had he been blessed, as we have been, by good instructions in childhood, he might have been far better than we are.”

“Better than me, master,” replied Maurice, “he might, to be sure, but not better than you.”

“Well, that is enough,” said Henry; and having taken his tea, and permitted Maurice afterwards to help himself, he dismissed the boy to a mattrass placed for his use on the floor in his master’s room, and sat down to read the newspaper, the humming in the next apartment going on most of the time. At length, being totally uninterested in everything about him, he bethought himself that he might as well sleep in bed as doze in an upright position in a chair. To bed, therefore, he went,

though he regretted that his couch, for want of other space, was placed against the sliding panels, so that he could not help hearing every word distinctly uttered on the other side the panel—but no word was distinctly uttered, and therefore he presently fell asleep.

How long he had slept he knew not, but after a while starting from a dream, in which he fancied he had heard much rumbling of wheels and Mrs. Kitty scolding Maurice, he for a moment could not conceive where he was, or what voice he heard rattling away through the partition. The recollection of the place he was in soon, however, came to him, but not so soon the recognition of the voice; it was totally impossible for him not to hear all that was said, though he did not pretend or desire to comprehend its precise tendency.

“Well, as I was saying,” uttered the voice, “I was sitting with her, and I had been left with her I know not how long, and I was sick tired, and was thinking how to get away, when he came, as I told you—”

“No names, my lord, let me beg of you,” said another voice.

“Don’t bore, Bradley,” replied the chief speaker. “What name have I mentioned? He came, as I said, stepping forward from among the trees, and looking very well—very well, indeed, for he is very personable; and what do you think? but I saw it at once—that she was all struck on a heap—her affectations and her seemings, and all that sort of thing, being put to flight for the moment, and she was as anxious to know who the hero was as if she had never

seen a well-looking man in her life before. However, I kept her in suspense a bit, and pretended I did not know the fellow, and for once I saw a little shade of animation in her face. Did you ever see her, Bradley?"

"No, my lord," was the answer.

"Then this is a lord," thought Henry; "can it possibly be F.?"

"She is as like a figure cut in marble," replied the nobleman, "as ever woman was—the complexion marble, the features immovable, the eyes spiritless, dead, lack-lustred, and she is as proud as Lucifer, and would not scruple, I believe, to marry his Satanic majesty himself for a great establishment. Notwithstanding which, she certainly was taken with the fellow's good looks, as he came stalking on; and so to be up with her for finding out that the new object was handsomer than the old one—for she looked from me to him, and from him to me—what did I do, but tell her a pack of lies made up at the instant. I told her that the fellow was of an old family in the north, in the entail of a vast estate, though kept low at present by some curmudgeon of a cousin, or uncle, or something of the kind; and I had the satisfaction of seeing that she had caught the bait before I had finished all I chose to say."

"But, my lord," said Mr. Bradley, "if you liked the lady, were you not fighting against your own interest?"

"Like her!" repeated Lord F., with a sneer, "like a piece of plaister of Paris moulded

into the shape of a woman, without heart or even tongue, and as hollow as a drum !”

“ But, my lord,” returned Mr. Bradley, “ you forget how convenient the twenty thousand, entirely under her own command, would be just now. If something of this kind is not done, I shall be compelled to inform your noble grandfather that I can no longer supply your—hum! hum!—imprudences.”

“ If you will not, then Mr. Wellings must,” replied my lord; “ he knows that he is safe, for once for all, be it understood that I will not be tagged for life to that cold, heartless, hollow piece of alabaster. So that matter being settled, let us proceed to the ways and means.”

“ I am hearing too much,” thought Henry, “ yet how can I help it?” and he took his pillow, covered his head with it, and shortly afterwards fell asleep, the conversation in the next apartment having, in the mean time, assumed the same portentous humming tone which had preceded the louder notes which awakened the sleeper. Henry, however, had not shut his eyes before he was well convinced that the lord in the next room was no other than Lord F.

When Henry next awoke it was getting light, and all was silent in the next room. On reflecting on what he had heard the night before, it struck him that he was bound in honour not to tell the things which had come to his knowledge in such a singular way; he therefore refrained from speaking of them when he met his uncle, and afterwards totally forgot them, at least for

some time—other objects presenting themselves to his attention of far more interest, as he felt, than the private affairs of a man whom he had not seen three times in his life. It might indeed have been better if he had spoken; but so it was, he first refrained from speaking, and then wholly forgot the business.

This same morning, at a somewhat early hour, the party recommenced their journey, and reached Woodville at about five o'clock in the evening. Without entering into long descriptions, we will simply say that Lord H——'s residence was a fine modern mansion, situate in a park, rich with groves and magnificent trees, having an extensive lake visible from the house, and all other circumstances necessary to the completeness of an English country-seat, although there was nothing in the character of the place, or rather, we should say, is nothing, which would easily distinguish it in description from many other noblemen's seats; the only peculiar feature being the glen, in the depths of which runs the stream which feeds the lake. This glen, which is enclosed by abrupt heights on either side, was thought so beautiful by the late earl, that he had given it the name of Tempe, and had, in consistency with this name, planted parts thereof with laurel and cypress, and fixed a temple, with an open portico, on one of the rocky ledges in a place where the valley was widest. The effect of this was very fine, seen, as the classic edifice was, from various parts of the pleasure-grounds. But unfortunately, as all would think, whose principle it is always to desire more than they have already

the upper part of this glen was beyond the domain of Woodville, and belonged to Mr. Howard, the gentleman formerly spoken of by Mr. Dalben to Henry; and beyond the boundary-line of the two estates the valley totally changed its character, agreeably to the tastes and feelings of the proprietor.

It was, as we said, after four o'clock, when Mr. Dalben's chaise drove up to the door of the hall; and Lord H—— himself, who with Marten had been on the look-out for their friends, was ready to help the old gentleman from the carriage. There was a range of apartments on the ground-floor, which were always occupied by Mr. Dalben when at Woodville, consisting of a sitting-room as well as a sleeping and dressing-room, all of them opening on a small enclosed flower-garden, filled with all imaginable and fragrant plants. To this range the old gentleman was led, and having been laid on a sofa, orders were given for such refreshment to be brought as Henry indicated; and Mr. Dalben having requested to be left awhile, in order that he might appear in the drawing-room at tea-time, Marten proposed to take Henry to the double-bedded room above stairs, which, by his own particular desire, they were both to occupy.

As they passed along the matted gallery which led from Mr. Dalben's suite to the principal hall and staircase, Marten expressed his joy at his friend's arrival, and said, that although he had been at Woodville since the day before, he was still unacquainted with some of the inmates of the family, viz. Lady Anne Sandys and her

daughter, as these ladies had gone the evening before, almost immediately after his arrival, to a dinner, and he believed a ball, in the neighbourhood, and had not made their appearance at breakfast. Henry inquired if he had seen Lady H——'s niece, to which Marten answered in the negative; adding, "By-the-bye, Lady H—— told us yesterday that one of the children was not well; but as to Lady H—— herself," added Marten, "I hardly know how to express my admiration of her. You know, Henry, that she is not young, and that persons of her age must necessarily have lost the bloom of beauty; yet I know not if she is not the most pleasing woman I ever saw; and certainly the most delightful one with whom I ever conversed. I can hardly extol too much her kindness, her politeness, her attentions, which never fatigue, and that particular manner with which the commonest things are rendered refreshing from her lips. Indeed, Henry, I knew not what fine manners and improved intellect could do for a woman till I saw Lady H——."

"My uncle," replied Henry, "would have added true piety, or perhaps he would have mentioned that qualification first."

"So," said Marten, "I see you have not forgotten how to give a cool cut, Master Henry."

By this time they had entered the hall, which, as well as all the passages leading to it, and the various vestibules, was now lighted up; and being arrived at the foot of a grand flight of stairs, they perceived several figures standing on the first landing-place. Among

these was Lady H——, who was conversing with a gentleman, spurred, booted, and splashed, as if off a ride in the clays, and at that moment apparently in a hurry to be off again. Near these two stood a little girl in very deep mourning, and in the attitude of one under overpowering emotions. The child was resting her head on both her hands, and leaning against the balustrade: no part of her person being seen but the back of a delicate fair neck, and certain beautiful ringlets of glossy brown hair which partially concealed it. As the young men reached the foot of the stairs, they heard Lady H—— say, "I am sorry, Mr. James, that you cannot dine with us, but you will call in the morning;" and then, addressing the child, "Lucilla dear," she said, "you have heard what Mr. James says; that there is no danger whatever in the chicken-pox, though it looks red and frightful. Come, come, my child, this is not right—let those tears be dried up."

In reply to this exhortation, the little girl raised her head, and displayed to Marten and Henry, who both now beheld her for the first time, one of the finest assemblage of features ever seen. It is impossible to describe a human face so lovely as was that of this little Lucilla; but it was of the style of the Madonnas of Carlo Dolci, of that very first order of elegant and pure beauty. The eyes of the fair child were filled with tears, but there was an expression in them, as she lifted them up to Lady H——, of mingled hope and love and gratitude—an expression which was singularly fine, and the more evidently so, from the effect of the full blaze of a lamp which

poured on her features. The next moment Henry and Marten had passed Mr. James, the family medical man, and Henry was greeting Lady H——, still standing as she was on the stairs.

She expressed surprise that she had not heard of his arrival, and asked many questions concerning her valued and beloved old friend; and then speaking to her niece, "Do you see who is come, Lucilla?" she said. "I am glad to find you can smile again. Look up, and let me introduce you to Mr. Marten and Henry Milner. You know that you have long desired to know Master Milner, and have a vast favour to ask him, but we will speak of that another day." Turning then to the young gentlemen, the lady added, "You must excuse her if she is not quite herself to-day. The poor little soul has been full of trouble all the morning. I mentioned yesterday, Mr. Marten, that little Robert was ailing; and this morning, when his nurse came to take him up, he was covered with a most shocking-looking eruption—was it not so, Lucilla? and were you not almost terrified out of your wits, though it was very good for us, my little girl? But you must know, gentlemen, that this wise little person here was frightened out of her senses, and has done nothing but cry all day long, and we could not get Mr. James till an hour ago to explain this dire portent; and now, as we understand all about it, we must have no more tears, but be very happy; so go, my child, and preside over the barley-water, and you shall be excused coming into company

till your brother is better. But, by-the-bye, gentlemen, have you had this tremendous disease, the chicken-pox?"

Henry and Marten smiled, and assured the lady that all was right with them in that respect; "because," added Lady H——, laughing, "how shocking it would be if we were all to be laid up in different rooms, all but poor Lucilla! What a labour it would be for her to attend to us all! But you would try what you could do, would you not, my dear?"

"I could go from one to another, and get what they wanted," replied the little lady, with a much larger share of good-will than acquaintance with possibilities.

There was a bright smile in Lady H——'s eyes, though she spoke seriously and simply when she said, "I know you would—you would do your best; and now away to the sick man;" and then addressing Henry and Marten, she said, "Oh! that beautiful simplicity! what can I do to preserve it untainted by the world?—it is a work above my hands, I confess."

"And yet it may be preserved, ma'am," said Henry, "if God pleases."

"True, Henry," replied Lady H——, "and all I have to do is not to fight against God, by interfering in the work of grace, which is, I fully believe, commenced in that sweet child. But I must not detain you, dinner will be ready in half an hour."

There is nothing more agreeable in this life than the assemblage of a large and refined party in a country-house in the season of winter,

especially when the heads of the party are persons such as Lord and Lady H—; and it was not without very pleasurable sensations that Marten and Henry descended from their apartment to the drawing-room, a few minutes before six o'clock. They there found their noble host and hostess, Lady Anne, and Miss Sandys, and a Dr. Hillier and his lady. This last gentleman was the rector of Woodville, and also held a prebendal stall in a city at no vast distance from Woodville. He was a personage of very comely and ample proportions, having an agreeable countenance, and a manner so perfectly polished, that no one could be surprised to find that he was an honourable. His lady, on the contrary, was everything but agreeable. She was a spare, dry, upright person, older than her husband, and conveying the idea that she had been selected for some pecuniary advantage; as even Lady H—, with all her charity, never could discover that she possessed any other. She sat erect on a sofa, and next to her was Lady Anne. Henry, after having, with his friend, had the honour of being introduced to every person they had not seen before in the company, a little parade which was terminated in a moment, was invited by Lady H— to sit by her; and whilst she informed him that she had seen Mr. Dalben an instant before, and had agreed with him that it would be better that he should not make his appearance that evening, she added, that she had promised that Henry should go to him after dinner, and remain with him till he retired to his bed. The lady then proceeded to say, how she thought

her old friend looked ; and thus insensibly, from one thing to another, the conversation between these two became so interesting, that the younger almost forgot the presence of any other person. In the meantime, the eye of Marten was cautiously examining every one present, as he sat between Lady H——, who was deeply engaged with Henry, and the silent and upright form of Mrs. Hillier. He was too near the latter to be able to steal more than a glance at her, which, by-the-bye, he did not regret. Neither was his attention detained more than a moment by the turbaned, expansive, and glittering figure of Lady Anne, whose face, which wore a borrowed bloom, appeared to him to be, though far from plain, of a very common-place description ; besides she was chattering with no listener but the said Mrs. Hillier, and this offended him as being a proof of great weakness.

As to Dr. Hillier, it is not to be supposed that there was much about him to fix Marten's attention. Hence the eye of the young man wandered restlessly till it fell on Miss Sandys, whom he had seen for an instant merely in the moment of introduction, and had not again observed since he had sat down, as she was entirely withdrawn from the circle to the remotest end of the room. There she was, apparently so absorbed with a book, that she would, we may believe, scarcely have felt the eye of a basilisk, had it been settled upon her. She had, however, fallen into a beautiful attitude, and the soft light of an argand lamp, which fell upon her face and figure, set both off to singular advantage. This young lady was tall, of a marble

white as to complexion, and very nearly Grecian as to the outline of her features, her nose forming a perfectly straight line with her forehead, and every line of her face being as correct as those often chiselled in marble or represented as Cameos after the antique. There was one great fault in her face, and one often accompanying the nose above described, and this was the unaccommodating expression of the eye; which, although well formed, and not deficient in colour, never smiled with the lips, nor kindled in accordance with what might be supposed the emotions of the heart. What was the cause of this,—whether some natural want of the kindlier sympathies common to the female sex, or the very artificial education which the young lady had received in a certain fashionable seminary near town, does not appear. Of this seminary we will not give the real name, though, as we may perhaps be obliged to mention it again, as well as to refer to the lady who conducted it, we will use our privilege, and give both an imaginary title. Laurel Grove, conducted by Mrs. Beauvoir, will answer our purpose; and of this establishment there had been few pupils of whom the highly-accomplished superior had been better satisfied than with Miss Sandys. But, as was before said, the outline of this young lady's figure was very imposing, and her dress was elegant; and Marten was so much struck with the *tout ensemble* compounded of the nose, the drapery, the argand, the beautiful foot resting on the embroidered stool, and the white hand which held the book, that he was hardly aware when the summons came for the dinner, and hence being

slow in offering his arm to any lady near him, was not a little embarrassed, though perhaps by no means displeased, to find that it had fallen to him to arouse the fair reader from her absorbing studies, and to lead her into the dining-room, during which progress, however, he had not presence of mind to say anything to the purpose.

Of course he sat by the young lady at dinner, but not having screwed up his courage to whisper nothings in an ear of such lofty aristocratic pretensions as that of Miss Sandys, and being somewhat awed by the severe outline of the classic nose which he now beheld in high relief, he was under the necessity of falling in with the general conversation which was passing at the table.

Nothing could be more pleasant than was this conversation; neither religion nor politics were brought formally forward, although every sentiment dropped either by Lord or Lady H——, which could be referred to these subjects, proved that these noble persons were respecters of all authorities either in themselves divine, or derived from a divine source.

Lord H—— had travelled on the Continent, so had Lady H—— and Dr. Hillier, and the light and devious course of conversation insensibly brought these travellers and accomplished persons to scenes and places renowned in history, and even in ancient fable. They spoke of Naples, of Rome, of the Pontine Marshes,—of Pompeii and Herculaneum, and of the traces of ancient manners and habits discoverable in those ancient cities, which have

been buried from the first century of the christian æra.

Marten, who had been in France, felt himself quite carried away by these subjects; he had tasted something of what conversation might be, in Mr. Dalben's house, but there, in that simple and elegant abode, that was wanting in the society which a sprightly, well-educated female alone can contribute; that playfulness and discursiveness which belong only to woman, and so peculiarly fit her to become the companion of man.

The ladies did not remain in the dining-room long after dinner: Lady H—— wanted to visit little Robert and Mr. Dalben, and she took Henry out with her to accompany her to the latter; nor did Henry appear again that evening amongst his noble and honourable friends.

CHAPTER VI.

Two good moves.

THE ladies had already gathered round the tea-table, when Dr. Hillier, Lord H——, and Marten entered the drawing-room; this affair of tea-drinking being always managed at Woodville in the old-fashioned, simple way.

The place given to Marten on this occasion, now brought him directly opposite to the Grecian nose, and the young man was again struck with the superior air of its owner. What the figures from the antique were which presented themselves to his imagination, as being most like Miss Sandys, does not appear, but to the unpractised eye of the youth, or rather perhaps to that eye, hitherto unaccustomed to the bearings of ladies of high pretensions, the absence of expression in the fair object of his attention, and the stillness of the features, gave (as he chose to think) a more goddess-like air to the whole contour of the person.

There always existed between Lady H——

and Dr. Hillier a sort of little skirmish of wit, for be it known that this lady's ideas on many subjects were totally discordant with those of the Doctor, a circumstance of which both were aware, although the polish of high life, together with the sweet Christian charity of the lady, and the good-humour of the gentleman, had hitherto precluded anything like rudeness or roughness of argument between them.

At length Lord H——, addressing his niece, said smilingly, "Well, fair lady, we have not yet heard your voice—what may be the subject of your meditations?"

The young lady looked up, and the well-formed lips parted and smiled. Marten admired the position which they assumed when this smile appeared, and yet he missed something in this smile; and had not the lady who owned those lips been the niece of an Earl, he might perchance have discovered, in the failure of a corresponding action in the eye, wherein the deficiency of the smile lay.

But the lady spoke and he was all attention: the voice was sweet, perhaps a little too high set, and the words came out with a sort of lisp, which he thought might probably be some slight, though not displeasing natural defect, not being aware that most of the young ladies who had been educated at Laurel Grove had acquired something of this manner of speaking, as Mrs. Beauvoir considered that a full, clear, open pronunciation of the mother-tongue indicated inferior breeding. But, as we said before, the lady spoke, and Marten hung in rapt attention on her words.

“La! now uncle, it is not fair to ask one’s thoughts; they are not such as will interest any one here, I dare say; but I picked up such a curious book this morning, which has occupied me all day; I can’t put it down, and it has made me quite rude. Mamma could not get a word out of me at dressing-time, I was so occupied with my book—could you, ma?”

“No indeed, Matilda,” replied Lady Anne; and then addressing her brother, added, “she was quite abstracted I can assure you; and since dinner she has been posted in a corner with this same book, till this minute, when Lady H—— forced her to put it away.”

“And pray what may this same book be?” asked Lord H——; “some new novel you have had from town, or a volume of plays? I much fear your studies, Matilda, never go much deeper than such as these.”

“Now, uncle,” replied the lady, “now for once you are wrong; it is neither a novel, nor a collection of plays, nor a history.”

“Probably,” said Dr. Hillier, smiling, “some erudite work on divinity.”

“There now, Dr. Hillier,” replied the young lady, “you are laughing at me, I know you are.”

“I can tell you,” answered lady Anne, “that it is not divinity; I know Matilda’s taste too well to suppose any such thing;” and she added a silly laugh, which no one seconded.

Lord H——, seeing what a turn the subject was taking, had resolved to question his niece no more, fearing a further display of folly from his sister; and probably nothing more would

have been said of the mysterious volume in question, had it suited the young lady to let the matter drop where it was. But after having waited to see whether any more inquiries would be put to her, she herself volunteered the confession. "Well uncle," she said, "I will tell you; the book which has so taken my fancy is Phillimore, on the Game of Chess; you cannot think how I long to learn the game, and I have been studying it all day."

"A most agreeable study assuredly," remarked Lord H——, "and one so improving too, especially if you have not put the evolutions there pointed out into execution, by moving the pieces as directed."

"La!" said the young lady, "how should I have done that, when I have not a board, and know no moves?"

"There are two boards and two sets of pieces in the room, Matilda," remarked Lady H——, "and they have been used many times in your presence."

"Are there, dear aunt?" replied the young lady, "Oh! I remember now: how stupid, that I should not have recollected!—well I am so glad, and now, uncle, will you teach me the game? I am sure you will."

Lord H—— started and exclaimed, "My dear Matilda, you must be so kind as to spare me; it is a game I once much liked, but when I study now, I like to study for an object; though I approve the game as a fine exercise for a young mind, and hence have wished Lucilla to learn it. Indeed, she plays very fairly for

a child; wait till Robert is better, and then she will teach you."

The young lady drew up her shoulders, and put up her lip, and with an impatience which was not ill played off, she exclaimed, "Wait! wait for Lucilla? Ma knows, that when I take a thing in hand, I can never wait, I must be indulged immediately—no, I can't wait: Robert must not be left, perhaps, for several days."

"Well, I am vastly sorry," said Lord H——, "but you must even excuse me from giving you the lessons you require."

The pretty lip was put up again, and the eyes were sent begging round the tea-table, though they rested not on any individual; and it might be that no one observed this motion of the silent orbs, of which the glances were at no time very intelligent, with the exception of Marten, who, feeling that this was a call which it would not be polite or even agreeable to himself to neglect, after some little hesitation, muttered these words: "Miss Sandys, I should consider it as an honour conferred;"——and there he stopped, being half afraid that he might be considered too forward.

The lady, however, soon relieved him from these fears, by exclaiming, "No! really! surely! you would not be so very good—would you, Mr. Marten, thus to indulge my impatience? But you don't know what you are about; I am so very slow in taking any thing in, so vastly slow, am I not, ma?"

"Don't call on me, Matilda," said Lady Anne, "to answer for what is not true—if Mrs. Beauvoir is to be believed."

“Hush, ma,” exclaimed Miss Sandys, “Mrs. Beauvoir was partial; but Mr. Marten, if he is so very kind as to try me, will judge for himself—but I will be very good—I will take great pains,” she added with a pretty affectation of childishness.

Marten had not been much accustomed to converse with ladies, having hitherto associated principally with the nobler sex; when, therefore, the young lady threw out her line, artificially woven with vanity—self-disparagement being the bait to catch a compliment—he was not so ready to catch at it, and play with it, as one more accustomed to the usages of the world might have been. However, after some little hesitation he muttered something about the impossibility of such a lady being otherwise than a most adroit pupil; but though the lady chose to seem satisfied with what he said, yet he was painfully impressed with the idea that he had played his part very ungallantly. Rome, however, was not built in a day—before Marten had associated many hours with Miss Sandys, he managed these matters more skilfully.

As soon as the tea apparatus was removed, the elder ladies produced some needlework, and Lord H—— a new periodical, in which last he contrived so to interest Dr. Hillier, that little time was lost in desultory conversation, but something done towards general improvement. The two young people, in the mean time, having discovered a chess-board, had seated themselves at another end of the room, and Marten had commenced his course of tuition. I shall give a specimen of what passed between the tutor and

his pupil, in the dialogue fashion, for the benefit of those amongst my readers to whom this volume is especially addressed.

The tutor speaks first, and to this effect:—
 “You take the ebony pieces, Miss Sandys, it being an established custom at chess, that the fairest hand adopts the darkest colours.”

A smile on the pupil's lips.

“The two tallest pieces are the king and queen, the bishops are indicated by their mitres, the knights by the horses' heads, the rooks or castles by their embattlements.” My reader will not hesitate to put this sentence in the mouth of the tutor.

The Pupil.—“Stay, Mr. Marten, a moment—suffer me to recollect—remember what I have told you, that I am the slowest, the dullest of human beings.”

The Tutor.—“Impossible.”

The Pupil.—“Though too true.”

The Tutor.—“I cannot believe it.”

The Pupil.—“I shall wear out your patience.”

The Tutor.—“You will never try it. If you knew the pleasure I experience—with such a countenance dullness were impossible—believe me, Miss Sandys;” then came an unfortunate hiatus in the young man's speech, as he had not quite made up his mind what he was about to entreat his fair companion to believe; nor did he recover himself sufficiently to proceed, until the young lady, having shuffled all her pieces from the places in which her tutor had set them, and of course put them all wrong, said, with the true Laurel Grove lisp, “Am I right now, Mr. Marten? are my people all duly arranged?”

“With this small exception,” replied Marten, rapidly shuffling the pieces back into their proper places; “with this small exception, that her majesty should always be on her own colour.”

“And had I put her wrong?” asked the lady,—“how very stupid! but you must not be very angry with me?”

The tutor then spoke again, “The queen, it must be remembered, is the most valuable piece on the board, though, perhaps, too Amazonian.”

The Pupil.—“I should never do for a queen at chess.”

The Tutor.—“And wherefore? would not your king be willing to allow your value?”

The Pupil.—“But I should be of no value; all weakness and timidity as I unfortunately am; I am no Thalestris.”

The tutor was put to it for a proper answer to this last speech; he thought it required a something superior; he began with some sentence or opinion on the female character, as always being most lovely when most dependent on man, and got as far as the vine hanging in rich festoons from the elm-tree, deriving support and adding beauty, when being suddenly struck with the apprehension that he was uttering a confounded deal of nonsense, he reddened and stammered, and was compelled to have recourse to the rooks and the pawns, to assist him out of his confusion.

Nothing further worthy of record occurred that evening, and how the next morning was spent does not appear; it is believed that the tutor devoted a good deal of his time to his

pupil, and that much of Henry's morning was spent in his uncle's room. Lady Anne sat in the drawing-room most of the time that Marten and the young lady were together, affording, by her exuberant chatter, a sort of cover to the extreme emptiness and vapidness of the piece of alabaster.

Whether Lady Anne had tact enough thus to sacrifice herself for the good of her daughter, cannot be ascertained, though it is suspected that she had discovered, that her dear Matilda, when left to herself, was deficient in those resources, by which many of her sex know how to keep up the interest of their admirers. Marten, however, thought this Lady Anne a monstrous bore; yet, whatever other effect her rattle might produce, it prevented him from so speedily ascertaining the peculiar insipidity of the younger lady.

The weakest point in Marten's character was the desire of becoming a great man; this feeling was paramount in his mind; it had been sometimes as it were soothed into quiet, by the piety of Mr. Dalben, and the peculiar simplicity of his friend Henry's conversation, but the principle, even when quiescent, still remained in force within his breast, and when awakened was still the giant rising from his sleep.

Marten was intended for the clerical profession, and it was in this line in which he especially desired to be great, and here at Woodville there seemed to be an opening, and a very tempting one, by which he might speedily mount several steps of the ladder.

Miss Sandys was an Earl's niece, and had

a considerable independent fortune, a circumstance with which the young man had accidentally become acquainted. There was also much patronage in each branch of her family, and she was a sort of woman he would not be ashamed of; and then her fine Grecian contour, and her very straight nose, were something in the scale, and she was so particularly attentive to him;—how could it be otherwise, but that he must resign his heart to her? which he should have done, as he tried to believe, had she been only a person of his own rank.

Mr. Dalben had begged leave not to make his first appearance till the ladies went into the drawing-room after dinner; when, therefore, Henry and Lord H—— left the dining-room, they found the old gentleman seated on a sofa and looking very happy.

“Little Robert is so comfortable this evening,” said Lady H——, “that Lucilla consents to leave him when he goes to sleep. She much wishes to see Mr. Dalben again, and to take her usual seat on the footstool before him. You will therefore see her presently.”

“Beautiful little creature!” cried Lady Anne, “sweet little girl! Lady H——, you should be proud of your niece ——.”

Lady H—— knew perfectly well that Lucilla was no favourite of Lady Anne, and that Matilda was extremely jealous of her, as being an object of great affection to her uncle; she therefore made no answer to this burst of flattery.

Lady Anne, however, was not easily silenced: addressing Henry and Marten, she added,

“You must prepare yourselves, gentlemen, to see the most lovely child in the world; and you will be struck with the extraordinary likeness to her aunt; it is the most remarkable thing of the sort I ever witnessed.”

“Mr. Marten and Henry have already seen Lucilla,” remarked Lady H——, “and it may be presumed that they have already observed as much of this resemblance as they ever will do. I am convinced that if they do not see it the first moment, they will never see it afterwards. But here she comes, and I entreat that no one present will draw her attention to any circumstances of her person, whether they may be pleasing or otherwise.” Lady H—— uttered this request in a manner so decided that no one presumed to oppose it.

Soon after this the door was slowly opened, and the little girl came in, dressed in deep mourning; and, as directed by the eye of her aunt, she came forward, giving her hand, and dropping a low courtesy to every individual of her assembled friends, repeating that courtesy to all the persons of the company who thought themselves entitled to kiss her, her last steps, according to her own little plan, being turned towards Mr. Dalben, on whose extended hand she pressed her lips more than once, after which she sat quietly down on a footstool close before him, though not failing from time to time, as if in a sudden ecstasy of delight, to put up her gentle hand to his, or to lay it on his foot.

When this kind of quiet intercourse and interchange of innocent testimonies of affection

had gone on some time between the old gentleman and the fair little lady, for Mr. Dalben's hand had been more than once laid on her head, accompanied with a secret blessing, he beckoned to Henry to approach to them, and said, "Henry, my boy, I want you to know more of Lucilla; she has often heard me speak of you; I have talked of you to her on the other side of the Appenines, and in the Valley of the Arno, and on the banks of the Lake of Garda."

"Sir," added Lucilla, smiling, "you told me the history of Patrick O'Grady and Maurice, one Sunday evening, when we were in a balcony, which hung over that lake."

"And of what other subject did we talk there, Lucilla?" asked Mr. Dalben.

"You showed me, sir," she replied, "where the villa of Catullus stood, amongst the beautiful woods across the lake."

"Remember such passages of your life as these, my Lucilla," replied Mr. Dalben; "they may afford hints to you hereafter for pleasant conversation; but, Henry," added the venerable gentleman, "I think that you have within your reach certain little talents and sources of amusement, which might be acceptable in this quarter; sit down by me—sit quietly," he resumed, in a whisper, "and you will see that she will presently find something to say to you. She has not an idea of that false shame which renders young people awkward and unfriendly; this lovely little one thinks only how best to give pleasure, without a view of self."

Henry did as required, and being seated,

was brought more in a line with the child, who had risen, and was standing opposite to him, having taken hold of Mr. Dalben's hand ; and after a short pause, as Mr. Dalben had predicted, she began to speak without hesitation.

"Master Milner," she said, "my aunt told me that you once made a hermitage, and that the hermit had a ladder."

Henry smiled, and said, "It is very true, Miss Lucilla."

"I was thinking, sir," said the young lady, "but you must tell me if it is a foolish thought, that it would be very pretty to make a *pas d'échelles*."

"A *pas d'échelles* !" replied Henry ; "I do not understand what you mean, Miss Lucilla."

"You must explain what you mean, Lucilla," said Mr. Dalben ; "Henry has never been in Switzerland."

"I will tell you then, Master Henry," said the little lady. "You know that Switzerland is full of mountains, and that some of those mountains are terribly high. Now, in one place there is a village among the mountains which the people cannot get up to or go down from, but by ladders fixed from one bit of rock to another, and they call this the *pas d'échelles*. Do you understand me, Master Milner ; but we have got a picture of it, and I will show it to you to-morrow morning."

"I shall know it better by a picture," said Henry, "but you must tell me what I am to do."

"Don't you think, sir," continued Lucilla,

“ that you could make me a little *pas d' échelles*, when I show you the picture ?”

“ With pieces of rock,” said Henry.

“ And ladders, little ladders,” exclaimed Lucilla.

“ And moss,” returned Henry.

“ And very little, little dolls, for the peasants who are to get up the ladders,” added the young lady ; her eyes sparkling almost to flashing, while she advanced from one side to the other of Mr. Dalben, to be nearer Master Milner, as she called him.

What is there in an education conducted on the simple principles of true religion, which preserves the freshness and elasticity of the mind, long, long after a worldly education would have entirely destroyed it ? This freshness, this elasticity, which still belonged to Henry, was, perhaps, the most beautiful result of Mr. Dalben's mode of education. We now speak merely of natural effects and causes, without reference to those higher spiritual blessings, which are never the result of human instructions.

No sooner was the idea of the *pas d' échelles* suggested, than away flew all recollections from his simple mind, of colleges, tutors, quadrangles, gowns, caps, tassels, towers, steeples, streets, sights, shows, parks, and palaces, to give place to rocks, ladders, and simple peasants ; and as he was impatient to form his plan, Lucilla ran up stairs immediately and brought him down the picture, by which, having arranged his plans, he was enabled to tell her what materials he should require for the work ;

and so busy were these young people presently in contriving these matters, that Mr. Dalben felt that he was no longer necessary to advance the friendship which had so recently commenced under his auspices.

Now, in order to make out the propriety of the heading of this chapter, we must remark, that of the two moves made by the two nieces of Lord H——, that of the *pas d'échelles*, though by no means so skilfully manœvered as that of the chess-board, was, in the sequel, by far the most important; and though, perhaps, at present, the affair of the little model may appear altogether unimportant, yet, perchance, it may not prove so in the sequel of the history of the hero of this remarkable narrative.

From that evening Henry spent several hours every day in a room up stairs, which was devoted to little Robert, his sister, and their governess, in carrying on this work, and as he actually brought his ladders and other carpentry (with the permission of his noble hostess) into the drawing-room in an evening, and engaged his patroness in dressing his Swiss peasants, Lucilla being generally present on those occasions, he was preserved from many little uneasinesses and heart-burnings to which he might perhaps have been exposed, had he entered into the feelings of the more frivolous portion of the company about him.

In the mean time Marten was drawn on gradually to pay more and more attention to Miss Matilda. Her progress in chess was, however, so small, that after a day or two back-gammon was proposed as a less laborious game. Marten,

indeed, once or twice tried to bring forward a book, yet with no great success; but as the lady gave him to understand that she preferred conversing with a friend to hearing such a one read, he could not but be flattered by the profession. In short, he was flattered by the whole business; to think that a lady of such pretensions should condescend so to particularize one who had neither much fortune nor much expectation, without nobility of blood, with nothing to recommend him but what was entirely personal, was such an evidence of his merit, as he had not anticipated. He had not been with his friend Henry behind a certain sliding pannel; had he been so, he might have been led, at least in this case, to have thought less of the influence of his own perfections. It was to be regretted that Henry's point of honour prevented him from telling the story till it had almost gone out of his mind; yet still it would have recurred had he not been so much engaged with Lucilla and her ladders; but as he felt no interest whatever himself in Miss Sandys, he was not aware that any one else could feel more, and therefore never drew Marten out to speak of her. Marten had only been at Woodville five days, and in that time he fancied that he had made such a progress in the lady's esteem, that he could hardly calculate what five more would effect; and becoming anxious to know what Henry thought of what was passing, though resolved not as yet to open his mouth to him, he said to him, when they happened to be alone just before dinner on this day,

“ Well, Henry, you have not told me how you like Lady Anne ?”

“ Lady Anne !” replied Henry, “ say nothing about her.”

“ Why not ?” asked Marten.

“ I like old people to be old people,” replied Henry. “ I do not like false hair and feathers for old ladies.”

“ But her daughter ?” added Marten.

“ Her daughter !” repeated Henry ; “ I wish you would not ask me anything about these people. I never look at them when I can help it.”

“ And wherefore ?” asked Marten.

“ They are not my sort of people,” replied Henry. “ I like Lord and Lady H——, but as to Lady Anne and Miss Sandys I do not understand them.”

The next day was Sunday, and there was a fall of snow in the afternoon. Marten being in Mr. Dalben’s room, the old gentleman spoke to him very seriously respecting Miss Sandys. “ I do not ask you whether you really like her, Marten,” he said, “ nor how far she encourages you ; but of one thing I would admonish you : she is a woman wholly without religion. As to other points of her character I have nothing to say ; in these lesser matters every man must please himself. But where a man selects a lady who is wholly careless of religion, he lays for himself a foundation of unhappiness which I dread to think of as affecting you.

“ Before marriage a man has no assurance that such a woman will be faithful to him ; that she will not turn from him for anything she may

judge better: and who can calculate what the effect of want of principle may be after marriage?"

"Is it not possible, sir," replied Marten, "if Miss Sandys really loves me, that I might be the means of converting her, in case we came together?"

"A dangerous, a very dangerous experiment, Marten," replied Mr. Dalben, "even under the false idea that the ministry of man ever has, or ever can, change the heart, but before you act on this idea, permit me to ask you how you have influenced each other since you became acquainted? Have you prevailed on her to adopt a single serious principle, or has she not rather inclined you to withdraw from the improving readings and conversations which we have had in the drawing-room every evening since I have been here? But I will not say another word, my dear Marten," continued Mr. Dalben; "may the Almighty guide and direct you as he has hitherto done; and of this I am assured, that you will be happy in the end, through Christ your Redeemer, whether your present desires be granted or denied."

Mr. Dalben then gave Marten his hand, and the young man withdrew silent and full of thought.

As the family were sitting after dinner, a question of Henry's led Lord H—— to speak of the owner of those fine woods which were seen beyond his property on the side of the valley so often spoken of. The place, he said, was one of the oldest in the country; he told its name, but we shall call it Elmington. Lord H——

also told the name of the family, for which we will substitute that of Howard.

“Mr. Howard,” continued Lord H——, “is a Papist, as his ancestors have been from time immemorial; he was himself educated at Rome, and there married an Italian lady of very high family. I was a boy when he brought this lady home; and though she is still living, and with the exception of one or more journeys to Italy has always lived in the neighbourhood, I have never seen her. She never goes out, and never receives any visits from neighbours, but the house, they say, is always filled with people of their own persuasion. They have a private chapel, and a confessor, or chaplain, who is a very gentlemanlike man, of a certain age, and a great naturalist. There is an only son, who is educated abroad, and several daughters. The place, I am told,” continued Lord H——, “is well worth seeing, and contains some very fine paintings both in glass and oil; the house itself is Elizabethan, though probably not so old as Elizabeth, but is so embosomed in woods, and so far from any high road, that even the outside of it can only be seen by a person actually going through the woods for the purpose.”

“I like to hear of such places as these,” said Henry.

“And I,” remarked Marten, “would like, above all things, to get acquainted with the family.”

The conversation then turned upon Popery, but as the ladies withdrew at the same time, in compliment to them we conclude our chapter.

CHAPTER VII.

A third move, better planned than the two former.

“MR. DALBEN,” said Lord H——, “if you were required to say what Popery is, how would you answer the question?”

“In a very few words, my lord,” replied the old gentleman. “I should say that Popery is the substitution of the ministry of man in the church for that of God, in which substitution, prerogatives are assumed by the minister, and supposed to belong to him by the people, which alone appertain to the Divinity.

“Your definition is very comprehensive, sir,” said Lord H——.

“The spirit of Popery,” replied Mr. Dalben, “is as wide as the habitable parts of the earth, and as incurable as the depravity of man’s nature, being, in fact, a part thereof, and is everywhere of the same spirit under every visible form of worship, not excepting those by us called

‘dissenters,’ though variously modified and exhibited, according to the circumstances of the persons who are influenced thereby.”

“In other words, then,” replied Lord H——, “you consider the spirit of Popery to be merely that spirit, or that depraved feeling, by which one man invests another with prerogatives which only belong to God, and by which the individual so invested in his fellows’ opinions, either supposes that he actually possesses such prerogatives, or claims presumptuously so to do.”

“Exactly so,” said Mr. Dalben; “such is Popery; such is the root from which all the errors of all visible polities calling themselves Christian proceed; such is the root of bitterness from which all the enormities of the Roman Catholic system have originated; and such is the principle which probably will, in the end, and at no very distant time, produce a total spiritual, death-like sleep, in all visible ecclesiastical polities on earth.”

“But, sir,” said Marten, “I am somewhat confused by what you say; do you not, in speaking of what you assert to be the universal spirit of Popery, make any exceptions in behalf of the reformed churches?”

“The reformed churches, Marten,” replied Mr. Dalben, “are generally better in principle than in practice: for example, the articles of our church are extremely fine in spirit,—for what can be more beautiful than our 6th article, which saith ‘Holy Scripture containeth all things necessary to salvation: so that whatsoever is not read therein, nor may be proved thereby, is not

to be required of any man, that it should be believed as an article of the Faith ;' but fine as this principle is, in what way has it been acted upon, I ask, since the Reformation ?”

Mr. Dalben paused a moment, and as no one answered, he thus resumed : “ If, for example,” he said, “ the code of laws written by the Emperor Justinian, had been adopted in this kingdom three hundred years ago, and was asserted to contain all that was necessary for the legislators of the state to know, and if, at the same time, many copies of this code had been in the possession of government in the original tongue, and some others rendered into old French, and again others from that French into English, and if a college or courts had been established for giving instructions in this code ; would the professors, think you, have contented themselves by merely teaching the translations of the code, and thus propagating, from generation to generation, every error which may have crept into the foreign versions ?”

“ I see what you are about, sir,” said Marten ; “ but our colleges do not profess to prepare men for orders.”

“ If not,” replied Mr. Dalben, “ there is a grievous deficiency somewhere, because, as I have remarked before, it is necessary for a man to spend certain most important years of his life at the university before he is ordained ; and if those years are not to be employed in the study of his profession, he is far more unfairly dealt by than a man of any other profession, because such sacrifice of time is not required of

any other man ; that is, a degree in Oxford or Cambridge is not made a *sine quâ non* in any other learned profession."

"But a man may study divinity in Oxford," said Marten ; "indeed it is required of every man that he should do so, and it was ignorance on this very subject which ruined poor Bonville."

"Dear Marten," replied Mr. Dalben, "we have entered upon a subject which I would rather not pursue at present ; we were speaking of Popery, and I have asserted that the spirit of Popery belongs to human nature, that it is more or less influential in all churches, whether allied to the government of the country or otherwise, and that it dwells in every unregenerate breast, being inseparable from every form of worship, conducted by man in the flesh."

"Really, my friend," said Lord H——, "you startle me by your broad assertion ; but permit me to ask you, how do those figures in prophecy which represent the visible church, tally with this your general description thereof ?"

"The visible church," replied Mr. Dalben, "is shown forth in so many figures in scripture that it is impossible to consider them all at this time."

"The ten virgins, then, for instance," said Lord H——, "five of whom were wise and five foolish."

"Showing," said Mr. Dalben, "the mixed nature of the visible church, that it containeth of the holy seed as well as that of another de-

scription ; but observe of these, whilst the bridegroom tarried they all slumbered and slept, and their lamps went out."

"Very true," said Lord H——; "let us then take the seven churches in the Revelation; of course you suppose these to mean the universal visible church."

"I do," said Mr. Dalben, "the universal visible church, that is, the whole body of Christian professors, from the period of our Lord's ascension until his second coming; and I apprehend that under these figures of the seven churches we shall not find much whereon to build our boastings."

"Well then," said Lord H——, "let us take the witnesses; whom do you suppose these to be?"

"I take them to be the Jewish and the Gentile churches," replied Mr. Dalben, "the one, the Jewish church, having borne her testimony in dogged stubbornness, and under shame and spitting in the eastern world, the other, the Gentile church, which has borne the same dark testimony in the west,—the one being nearly allied, if not appertaining, to the Mussulman Anti-Christ, who never denies the authority of Scripture, and asserts his descent from Abraham, acknowledging even the triumphant Saviour, the Saviour of the Jews, as the descendant of Abraham,—the other, including the western Anti-christ, who has indeed preserved the New Testament, although as a book shut up."

"Really," said Lord H——, "you are putting things in a new light, Mr. Dalben, and causing me to examine my pre-conceived ideas respect-

ing these same witnesses ; help me out, Marten, tell me how our imaginations have hitherto represented these worthies, as fine old men, arrayed in sackcloth, meek and lowly, yet steadfast as rocks, being destitute, afflicted, tormented, of whom the world was not worthy. I know that these figures are generally applied to the Waldenses and Albigenses, but I must confess that I have long given up this idea as being inconsistent with the first principles of prophetic interpretation, for no prophecy has a private interpretation."

Mr. Dalben had taken a small Bible from his pocket, and had directed Henry to read the eleventh chapter of the Revelations as far as the twelfth verse, which being done, Lord H—— said, "I confess myself perplexed, and must own that the characters of these witnesses are very different from my previous conceptions of them, and that if they have the power to persecute, and the will also, as appears from the fifth verse, to shut up heaven, that it rain not in the days of their prophecy, they are far more like the great and powerful rulers of the Antichristian hierarchies, than the obscure inhabitants of the valleys of Piedmont ; but what means the emblem supplied by the sackcloth which these wear?"

"When I reply," said Mr. Dalben, "that this sackcloth was woven of hair, you will understand it, my lord, and so will Marten and Henry."

"Works, uncle, works," replied Henry, "works, wrought and woven together, like forms and ceremonies and duties, may it not be, sir?"

but excuse me, uncle," he added, addressing Mr. Dalben, "you seem to me to see some things, I think, rather differently to what you did a short time ago."

"Perhaps I may, my boy," replied the old gentleman; "indeed I think I do. I do not sleep as I did—I often lie awake for hours; though, thank God, not in pain; and during these quiet seasons, I think that I have been enabled to see some things clearer than I formerly did. I see more and more of the littleness and deficiency of man, of the general perversion of man's ministry, of the tendency of the teacher to exalt himself, and of the people to look to the minister as a sort of mediator between themselves and God. This feeling in the reformed churches is apparently (though, I much fear, not really) greatly modified from that of the Roman Catholic church, for although the pretensions of Protestant ministers are not apparently so gross as those of the Roman Catholic, yet a very improper language is often used by them of themselves, and of them by others, as if the immortal souls of creatures made by God depended for their preservation on the labours of their fellow creatures; and when blessed by conversions in their congregations, as if these gifts of life and light were in some degree connected with their efforts,—as if, in fact, they held in their own hands such healing influences as belong only to God."

"But," said Marten, "may not this persuasion be beneficial in leading ministers to exertions which otherwise they might not make?"

“It is as likely to issue in total despair when failures are observed,” replied Mr. Dalben. “A false principle may induce a present effort, but it never can supply permanent strength; it must fail, sooner or later. And again, all the way which one man takes or leads another in an erroneous path, amounts to worse than nothing; for be it observed, that every step in the way of error must be retrodden, and sooner or later all who are to enter the kingdom of Christ, must be brought first to see that man is nothing, and secondly, that God is all in all, which,” added Mr. Dalben, “is, I believe, the sum of all wisdom; and until this lesson is acquired we are, I think I may say, more or less under the spirit of Popery, attributing, in a lesser or greater degree, such prerogatives to the visible church as appertain only to the Father and Head of the invisible church.”

Lord H—— then fearing that Mr. Dalben might be fatigued if he spoke more, made a move to join the ladies in the drawing-room.

Whilst the servants were bringing in the tea, Marten and Henry had contrived to join their favorite companions. Lucilla was looking over a fine collection of bible prints, which Lady H—— always had out for her on a Sunday evening.

“Please to tell me, sir,” said she to Henry, “about these pictures: is not this Rebecca riding on a camel, and is not that her nurse riding on another camel, and is not that Isaac’s tent? Will you please to tell me of what a tent is the emblem?”

Henry was surprised, and said, “Who taught you about emblems, Miss Lucilla?”

“ My aunt always teaches me when we read the Bible ; we often sit near the window, and she makes me learn the meaning of everything we see from thence : she calls this view from the window my pretty book, and I am to teach Robert when he is old enough.”

“ Has Lady H—— taught you anything about the millennium ? ” asked Henry.

“ Oh ! yes ! yes ! ” replied the little girl, giving a spring, “ and do you know, Master Henry, that I can’t help comparing the park, in my mind, with what the world will be at that happy time, when our Lord will reign on earth ; and whenever I see trees, and flowers, and brooks, and bright clouds, and the rising and setting sun—for we cannot look at the sun in the middle of the day—then I think of the millennium, and of the shepherd King, and of holy, happy children, and of my papa and mamma.” The little girl’s voice faltered as she uttered the last word, and then speaking again, she asked, “ Is it very long, Master Henry, since your papa and mamma died ? ”

Henry told her that his parents had long been dead, but that Mr. Dalben had never let him feel their loss.

“ You don’t remember them, then,” she said, her sweet face becoming scarlet red, “ and therefore you don’t cry when you talk of them ; ” and she looked earnestly up to him for a moment, and then burst into tears.

Henry was very much touched : he took her little hand in his, and said, “ Miss Lucilla, I always think of my father and mother as living with our blessed Saviour, in a place where they

see the King in his beauty, in the land which is very far off; I do not think about them as if they could be alive again and with me. When we leave off thinking of those we love, as if they could be still on earth, and are made able to think of them as redeemed and sinless spirits in glory, then our sorrow on their accounts turns to gladness."

"Please to say that again, Master Milner," said the little lady. Henry repeated this sentiment in other words, till he perceived, by the kindling eye of the fair child, that she understood him; by this time he had one dimpled hand in each of his, and she had got off her chair, and was looking intently up to him. "I know what you mean," at length she said, "and I will try—I will try to think of mamma and papa in glory with our Saviour."

"And thus," said Henry, "look on them in faith."

"Is that faith?" returned the little lady thoughtfully—"yes, the Bible says faith is the evidence of things not seen."

The conversation was here broken off by a call to the tea-table; and as Henry walked along the large room, the thought occurred to him, that it would have been most sweet to him had it pleased God to have given him a sister.

The evening was concluded by scripture reading and prayers; all the household being collected.

There had been a fall of snow during the Sunday, but the snow had not lain, and the Monday morning was bright and clear. Henry having mentioned at breakfast that he was in

want of some specimens of rock work and certain mosses for his *pas d'échelles*, Lord H—— informed him, that he would find all he could require of that kind in the valley called Tempe, beyond the lake, adding, “And as you young men have had little exercise since you have been here, permit me to recommend an exploring party: you must take with you a basket and a hammer;—shall I order one of the servants to attend you?”

“And we will take Maurice, sir,” said Henry.

“Oh! my friend Maurice,” replied Lord H——, “I had totally forgotten Paddy; why does he not appear in the dining-room behind his master’s chair.”

“Because,” said Henry, “my uncle has requested that he may be kept out of sight: we made too much of him in London, and he forgot himself several times; he is not yet quite prepared to be introduced at a side-table; he cannot command his countenance, and look like a face of wood when anything mirthful is going forward.”

“Then,” said Lady H—— smiling, “we can by no means pronounce him, as yet, presentable.”

As soon as the repast was concluded, Marten and Henry, with Maurice and a servant of Lord H——’s by way of a guide, set out on their excursion; and passing through the shrubbery, they soon reached the point where the valley opened, and the stream which poured from thence began to expand itself; there, looking up, Marten and Henry beheld the Tempe, not in its whole extent, but to such a distance that the

objects at the farther end could scarcely be defined,—the aërial tint which is one of the especial beauties of our northern landscapes, being particularly strong that morning. The dell was enclosed on each side by rocky heights, which, from the analogy of the broken points, bore the evidence of some ancient disruption, a disruption probably effected by water. In many places these rocks were almost precipitous down to the channel of the brook, and again they retreated, leaving a considerable extent of fine green sward on the banks. On the boldest of the heights, a height which had admitted of the growth of many evergreens, amongst which the cypress, the laurel, and laurestinus were the most prominent, stood a temple which the late Lord H—— had erected, of classic form and proportions, and in perfect keeping as to the order of architecture which had been adopted. In this beautiful valley there was in the summer season a magnificent exhibition of the most beautiful plants of the soil, from the saxifrages, mosses and lichens, on the rocks, to the broad flags and flowering rushes which bathed their roots in the running waters; and birds of various plumage also haunted these solitudes, and probably many other living things, so that this was a paradise prepared for the naturalist; and to add to the scene, the valley ascended from the lake at Woodville, not regularly or by an easy course, but irregularly, and as it were by steps, so that in some places the waters poured over beds of rock, with a loud impetuous rush, dashing their foaming spray to a considerable distance on either side, then settling down in a

calmer course, until another fall threw them again into agitation.

Henry and Marten admired and exclaimed as they walked on; but whilst all his early associations led the former to refer these beautiful works of God, in this present creation, to the promises of a still increased period of their glory, at the restoration of all things, they wrought other longings and desires in the heart of his companion, for Marten was led by them to feel how delightful it would be to possess a place as beautiful and as magnificent as this. Having proceeded a long way, still ascending, and finding, as they ascended, that the valley became more dark from the influence of the woods on the higher regions, which there began to be mixed with various kinds of pine and other evergreens of this description, they were reminded of that beautiful passage in the *Æneid*, lib. i. 165.

“tum sylvis scena coruscis

Desuper, horrentique atrum nemus imminet umbrâ.”

Soon afterwards they suddenly came to where a rustic and not inelegant paling and gate seemed to say, “Go no further.”

“*Hoc impedimentum quid valeat?*” exclaimed Marten; on which Lord H——’s servant, who had caught the word *impedimentum*, and understood its purport, stepped forward and informed the young gentleman, that to this point his lord’s property extended, and no further, and that all beyond belonged to Mr. Howard;

“but,” added he, “I have brought the key of the gate, by my lord’s direction—for we have a key, and so also has Mr. Howard, though none of the family ever use it, as I believe, unless it may be the priest; but our people say that he is often strolling and peering about here, and creeps into houses too, where he has no call, amongst my lord’s tenants.”

“This is lamentable,” said Marten, “that Lord H——’s property should be thus trenched upon so closely in this quarter; I should not rest, if I were him, till I had persuaded Mr. Howard to sell or exchange the upper portion of the glen.”

“And what for?” said Henry; “has not Lord H—— the liberty of walking in Mr. Howard’s part of it as often as he will?”

Marten looked unutterable things at Henry, adding, “Really, Milner, you are an odd fellow, a regular *ignoramus* as touching all things of this world. I believe that you never will understand the general feelings of society in many respects. But what say you? as we must not split the rocks in Mr. Howard’s grounds, shall we set Maurice and our friend James to work, to collect what you want, whilst we go on through the gate?” This matter being settled, and the servants directed how to go to work, Henry and Marten went on. The young men had hardly advanced a hundred paces beyond the boundary between the two domains, before they became aware that a totally different spirit prevailed in the region into which they had now entered, to that which presided in the lower part of the valley.

That portion which had been laid out by the late Lord H—— was not only classical, but was so well kept, that it was light and airy, and free in all seasons from the unwholesome vapours which proceed from decayed vegetation; whilst the other was dark as the celebrated Vallon Obscure in the neighbourhood of Nice. The trees in many instances were not above the head, and the dead leaves, which had here and there been drifted by the winds into heaps, when pressed by the foot, gave way, the water oozing from beneath them, and rising up above the soles of the shoes. But Marten and Henry pushed on, though not without making their comments; till, taking another turn, they came to a place where the sides of the valley retreated and formed a sort of bow, of which the brook might be said to be the chord. Deep, dark, thick, and tangled masses of vegetation covered the sides of this semicircle in every point but one, where a bold, black, ragged promontory of rock projected forward, having on its summit, which appeared to be inaccessible from below, a circular building, of the rude gothic order, with narrow slits of windows, and a castellated roof. This rock at the base was apparently excavated into a kind of hermitage, the front being built up in the same rude fashion as the tower above, having two windows with stone mullions, furnished with panes of stained glass: in the centre between these windows was a door studded with bosses of iron, and in a niche over this door was a figure, which seemed fresher than the other ornaments of the place, representing the Virgin Mary, with a

crown of twelve stars on her head, and the moon under her feet.

“Ave Maria!” said Marten, smiling, “so the Queen of Heaven is again venturing to show her head amongst us.”

“We shall have more of this sort of thing by-and-bye,” replied Henry; “there is more than the spirit of Popery, I imagine, here, Marten; I apprehend that there is something also in this place of the reality,—look through yonder opening of the pines, on the height above—what is that I see?”

“A stone cross,” returned Marten, “and as the sun strikes upon it from an opening of the branches, it looks fine:—certainly there is something imposing in these symbols of this mysterious power—something grand in these dark shades and this sombre edifice.”

“Mr. Dalben,” replied Henry, “says that it is (humanly speaking) to such imposing figures as these, that the papal power has owed its long and lasting influence over the hearts of unregenerate men, having other means whereby to work upon the feelings of those who have been prepared to be influenced by religious motives; and,” continued Henry, “when I looked just now at the fine temple below, the same idea respecting the effect of imagery upon the eye came to my mind, in reference to heathen superstitions. I have no doubt that there was a great deal in the forms and ceremonies of the old idolatries of Greece and Rome, which was very captivating.”

“Oh!” said Marten, “as to heathenism, I cannot fancy how any man of common sense

should ever be induced to worship a marble or stone image."

"And why not," returned Henry, "when so many people prefer the style of the Grecian face, to that of the Italian Madonna?"

"What do you mean by that?" said Marten, turning quickly round upon his companion, yet not without regretting that he had done so, inasmuch as Henry's countenance, when he looked at it, had no other than its usual quiet though animated expression, and if he had smiled when he spoke, that smile had passed away. The young men were still loitering in the open space in the front of the singular tower and hermitage, having come to the conclusion that the superior building was a chapel, and that the approach thereunto was by stairs cut in the rock from the hermitage below, when suddenly the door of the lower chamber was opened, and a gentleman of middle age, and of noble, though foreign physiognomy, dressed in black, with great yet simple dignity, stepped forward, and having closed and locked the door behind him, was passing away up the dingle, when his eye fell upon the figures of Marten and Henry. Respectful bows immediately passed on either side, and Marten advancing, accounted for the appearance of himself and his friend in that place, by their being visitors at Woodville.

The stranger not only remarked that every friend of Lord H—— had the privilege of course of visiting the heart of the glen belonging to Mr. Howard, but also added, that he should consider it as a great honour to be permitted to accompany the young gentlemen

in the farther progress of their walk. They thanked him for his courtesy, and the three turned together to pursue the glen to its termination; and for some time the beauties of the place, which as they proceeded became more wild and solemn, afforded subject for their discourse, while the manner in which the stranger treated this subject exhibited his mind and imagination in so fine a form, and afforded so many opportunities for easy reference to some of the most exquisite poetical descriptions of the beauties of nature, both from ancient and also from modern authors, that his companions were greatly captivated by his conversation, and became anxious to know if he really were the person they supposed him to be. He did not, however, leave them very long in suspense, but presently took occasion to inform them that he was Mr. Howard's chaplain,—that he had accompanied Mrs. Howard from Italy when she married, being then quite a boy, and that he had been twice with her in Italy, since he first came to England,—that his name was Carlo Rolandi, but that he was generally known by an English version of his surname, to which the title of father was commonly added.

In reply to this acknowledgment, Marten could do no other than inform his new acquaintance of the names of the persons with whom he was conversing, adding that he and Henry had been schoolfellows, and were at that present time both of the University of Oxford, and guests at Woodville Hall; and being further questioned by the priest he acknowledged that they both intended to become ministers of

the Established Church of England. There was a certain something,—a sort of cloud, or somewhat more subtle and evanescent than the shadow of a cloud, which passed over the fine features of the Italian, as Marten pronounced his last sentence; but whatever it was, it was gone in a moment, and the conversation immediately fell back upon the beautiful works of nature, with which the party were encompassed. The father Roland informed his companions, that he spent hours every day in these solitudes, and that he had in the course of time made himself familiar, not only with the birds, and the vegetables, but also with the insects, and even reptiles of the place, and on Marten telling him what had been their especial object for visiting the glen that morning, he said very obligingly, “Had I known your wishes before, I could have supplied you with some exceedingly beautiful specimens of rock work, but it is not now too late; permit me only to lead you to one particular point of view, and then we will return to my little museum, the place from whence you saw me issue.”

The politeness of the stranger was met with equal courtesy by the young men, and the chaplain immediately turning aside into a narrow and steep path amid the woods, brought his companions, with a little expense of breath and muscular exertion, to a high open point or tumulus, (for the eminence to which they mounted seemed to bear some appearance of having been finished by art,) from whence was a wide extent of view in all directions. On one side below them, the lake, the mansion, and the park of

Woodville were laid out as in a map, and in the blue and misty distance certain heights which Henry recognized as his beloved Malvern. On another, a perfect mass of woods presented itself to the eye, from the centre of which arose various clusters of old fantastically twisted chimneys, and one or two turrets, gables, and clock-houses; these, of course, were understood to belong to Mr. Howard's mansion. On the third and fourth sides the country was for the most part wide and flat, its principal object being a small town situated on an eminence and possessing a church the fine spire of which was, as the priest informed the young men, remarkable for being seen at a great distance. Of this town more will be said hereafter; but as we do not choose to give its real name, and as it stood, yea, and still stands, on a somewhat elevated table land, it is our pleasure to adopt for it the name of Spirehill; and as we never introduce person or place with so much form to our readers as we have done this town of Spirehill, without an express object, we bid him prepare to hear something thereof again in the sequel. A wide turnpike road, which ran along the height from this town, as far as the eye could reach, might also be traced, and at the point of the road nearest to where the party stood, was an inn of respectable appearance and the few houses forming the village of Elminton, which was the name of Mr. Howard's place. Several gentlemen's seats were also visible from these heights, and among others certain woods and plantations belonging to Mr. Clayton.

When Henry and Marten had made them-

selves acquainted with the bearings of the country from the lofty place of observation to which they had been led, they returned by the glen, but not till Marten had dropped a few broad hints respecting a longing desire which he felt to see the pictures at Elminton,—hints which he supposed had fallen to the ground, or been scattered to the winds like the leaves of the Sybil.

No one possibly could have made himself more agreeable than did the chaplain during their return to the hermitage; as Marten afterwards said, the conversation of this travelled and accomplished foreigner was quite an intellectual feast, and though a dash of a provincial accent is utterly abominable in a gentleman when speaking his mother-tongue, the small tincture of the Italian accent which mingled with his elegant speech, only added to its beauty and interest. But being arrived at the door of the hermitage, whilst the priest was opening it, having the process of unlocking to go through, the figure of Maurice, whose nether man was all beplastered with mud, was seen rapidly approaching from the lower part of the glen. His voice preceded him just in the same proportion or measure which agrees with the comparative velocity of sounds and of matter,—the one being always more rapid than the other, even when the impetus given to the heavier body is as great as possible; and this voice or sound which preceded the rapidly approaching body, was so hoarse, so vulgar, so discordant, and so familiar, that the sensitive nerves of Marten, but lately tuned to their

utmost tension by the mellifluous sentences of the Italian, were so utterly discomposed, that his blood rushed up to his very brow, and he was ready almost to stamp in his anger. But Maurice came on, exclaiming, "Where have you bin, Master Milner? Where now have you bin, Master Henry? I have bin up and down this hour looking you; the servant's dinner-bell rang down at Woodville a long time sin, and Jem, he ran back as soon as he had cut the stones, for he said says he—" There Maurice stopped, for hitherto he had been running forward, jabbering all the time, his elocution becoming more and more rapid as his progress became slower, and drawing up and gazing at the objects before him, he uttered an ejaculation in his mother-tongue, not understood either by Henry or Marten, his eye being fixed and set, as it were, on the figure above the door of the hermitage.

Now, if the historian of these remarkable adventures possessed the power of the pencil, as he is said to possess that of the pen, he would, forthwith, present his reader with a representation of this scene:—the place, a dark and ancient wood; the background, the tower and hermitage; the wily Jesuit, for such indeed was the Father Carlo Rolandi, standing with his hand upon the lock of the half-opened door; Henry and Marten a little in advance of him, all three looking intently on the startled figure of the young Irishman,—and all should be represented in the moment of silence which followed the sudden and unaccountable fascination of Maurice: and spell-bound the boy stood for

another and another instant, and though looking beyond his master, yet still seeming to be conscious that his master's eye was upon him. In the mean time, the complexion of the youth had gradually varied from scarlet red to deadly pale. Then followed a quick motion of the hand before the breast, together with a most singular expression of countenance, and sudden tide of blood to the cheeks and brow, which Henry no sooner observed, than he turned with a rapid instinct to where the eyes of the boy were directed, and there he saw the priest quietly and calmly standing by the door, nor did the latter appear to flinch in the least under the searching and eagle glance of Henry's eye. As to Marten, it seemed that he had discovered nothing but what was vulgar and rude in Maurice's behaviour, nor would he afterwards give any encouragement to Henry's expressions of a doubt of some by-play. But, to return, as they were keeping the father waiting at the door, they hesitated no longer to follow him, and were interested not only in the singularity of the apartment but by its furniture and appurtenances. It was a high, ceiled chamber, furnished with shelves, a table, and several rush chairs, and a chimney and dogs for burning wood : on each side of the chimney were strong doors, which were said to contain presses for various natural curiosities, minerals, and specimens of geology ; a few dried plants, and other matters of the same kind, lay scattered about on the shelves.

The priest spoke of the many peaceful hours which he had spent in this place, convers-

ing with his God, and studying the works of his God; and it was very evident that he had been actually engaged that morning in some work of this kind. He gave Henry some very beautiful fragments of rock, who, though he felt himself much obliged, was embarrassed at receiving even this small favour, and yet he knew not wherefore he was thus embarrassed, for Marten seemed to be quite at his ease.

It was at length necessary to take leave. Marten was engaged to play a few hits of backgammon with Miss Sandys before dinner, and Henry longed to show his specimens to Lucilla. The polite Italian accompanied them to the boundary line between the two estates, and there the new acquaintances parted with many ceremonies; the young men returned to Woodville, and Maurice following them more quietly than was customary with that indiscreet individual, when proceeding in the wake of any personage more dignified than himself.

CHAPTER VIII.

Who's afraid?

THERE was a large, and far from intellectual party at Woodville this day at dinner, and Henry slipped away after dinner to arrange his rock-work in the upper room where Lucilla lived with a governess, whom Lady H—— had provided for her and little Robert. Lucilla did not always go down when there was a large party; and as the model, or whatever else my reader may choose to call it, was nearly finished, Henry got permission to devote this evening to it. The little Baronet, although his face was still red, was up and with his governess, and Henry thought him a very quiet, simple, pleasing child, and so fond of his sister that it seemed a pleasure to him only to look at her. The party below sat up late, and Henry went to bed early; but in the morning, Marten told him that it had been planned that they were to have one of Lord H——'s carriages after breakfast, and that Lady Anne and Miss Sandys would accompany them to take an airing. They were to go first, through Woodville park, and round by Elminton, and then leaving Spirehill on the left,

to return by the other side of the park, and thus, in about ten miles, they would pass through many beautiful parts of the neighbouring country.

“But,” said Henry, “I would much rather walk those ten miles.”

“And wherefore?” asked Marten.

“The ladies!” replied Henry, “why does not Lady H—— go, and why does she not take Lucilla?”

“Lucilla!” repeated Marten; “truly, Milner, if you retain these childish tastes you will be abominably quizzed by the men at Oxford. If the understanding were not to grow with the growth, what a pack of pap-eating fools we should all be; you may well say, *Adhuc non pueritia in nobis, sed, quod gravius est, puerilitas remanet.*

“Very true,” replied Henry, “but then the question should be, what things are childish, and what are not so? and may there not be old children as well as young ones? and then there is this difference, Marten, that a young child may improve, whilst there is but little hope for an old one.”

“Don’t prose, Henry,” answered Marten; “if you prose and are sententious at Oxford, you will be dubbed a bore before you have been there forty-eight hours.”

“What must I be then, Marten?” asked Henry, “for it seems I must neither be like a child, nor an old man; I must neither prose nor lisp; but tell me, how do you define the word ‘bore?’”

“Define?” said Marten, “there again! at Oxford, we hate a fellow who defines. There’s

Ladbrook, the most inveterate definer on the face of the earth; he can scarcely hear a word but he must be for defining it, for tracing it to its root, and finding out its derivations, and its uses and abuses."

"Well, then," said Henry, "I am not to define, and I am not to prose, and I am not to be like a child, what must I be, Marten?" The other made no answer, and there the discussion dropped.

As soon as the breakfast was over, the barouche drove up to the door, with two outriders, and the two ladies having taken their seats, Marten and Henry placed themselves opposite to them, and away bowled the equipage. The morning was clear and bright, and all nature wore a smiling aspect; Henry was all life, and Marten thoughtful, but to what his thoughts tended does not appear. He was, however, very attentive to the young lady who sat opposite to him, and as she acknowledged herself to be timid to a weakness with her uncle's horses, so much more spirited than their own, it was necessary for him to console and assure her, and to entreat her to make herself easy. Lady Anne in the mean time talked much and rapidly; her favourite theme was her son, and what he intended to do when in possession of his title and estates, but it seemed to be of little consequence to her whether any one listened or otherwise; she had mounted her hobby and was riding away with such self-complacency, that she stood in small need of popular applause.

Thus the party proceeded, passing through the park and along its northern boundary on the

public road, until being arrived at a place where two ways met, and where a finger-post pointed on the right hand to Elminton and Spire-hill, the postilion turned his horses and immediately began to ascend through woods on both sides. This ascent, which, in fact, was parallel with the dingle visited by Marten and Henry the day before, rendered it necessary that the motion of the carriage should be somewhat slower, and as the scenery through which it passed was very pleasing and various, from the many pretty thatched cottages, scattered here and there under the trees, where healthy groups of children were seen sporting before the doors, Miss Sandys bethought herself of talking sentimentally upon the occasion, and not without her wonted lisp expatiated on the happiness of a cottage life, the sweet simplicity of the village maiden, and the charms of pastoral scenery. It is undoubtedly very pretty and pathetic to talk of rural felicity and simple habits in a barouche lined with silk, but Marten was actually so deceived by these common-places of the young lady, as to imagine that they indicated an unambitious mind and a pure heart; still it must be observed, that he was so situated, just then, as to see the Grecian contour in its best point of view.

As they ascended, the woods became more dense and sombre; they had passed the domain of Woodville, and had now entered that of Elminton, but they could not obtain a view of the house on account of a very thick grove of pine which lay between the road and the building. Having at length reached the ut-

most height, the straight road which Henry and Marten had seen the day before from the tumulus was before them, a fine bowling macadamized road, and when the light vehicle entered thereupon, they turned immediately from Spirehill, which lay about a quarter of a mile further on, and rolled away directly towards the west. Scarcely, however, had the gallant steeds taken this direction, before those within the carriage were aware that there was some sort of (to them unaccountable) gathering of many people on the sides of the way into which they had turned. There were women and children and big boys lining the road on both sides, some within the road, but more behind the gates and stiles which opened upon it; some being altogether in the rudest working dresses, and others exhibiting a more respectable appearance. Children's voices too, were heard crying when they saw the barouche, "Here they be, here they be, sure enough;" to which others answered, "No, no, they comes the wrong way, and when they does come, they will come on four legs and not on wheels."

"What can this mean?" said Marten; "for what are these blackguards gathered here?"

"I trust," said Miss Sandys, "that they will not frighten the horses—Ma! Mr. Marten, what can this mean?"

"Don't be alarmed, Miss Sandys," replied Marten, "I beg, I entreat;" and he called to the people, and in no very gentle tone ordered them to keep out of the way.

But on went the equipage, and as it advanced the groups in the road became more

numerous and more loud. As the barouche flew by the people, some saluted them with shouts and huzzas; others cried, "What brings you here, the wrong way, just now, to spoil sport with your fine liveries and your traps?—turn into the Howard Arms just anent, or some on you'll rue it, with a vengeance to you."

"What does this mean? What can this mean?" said Lady Anne; and Miss Sandys laid her fair hand on Marten's, (should not we have said lily hand?) and Miss Sandys laid her lily hand on Marten's and spoke faintly and talked of nerves and timidities; and Marten reddened, and called the people blackguards.

But the Howard Arms now appeared at the distance, perhaps, of half a quarter of a mile on the left side of the road, and there it was evident that the gathering of the people was much greater than in other parts of the highway; at the same time several horsemen and uncouth vans and other odd carriages came into sight, galloping, trotting, jumbling, and rattling as hard and as fast as they could, and all in the direction of Spirehill, and as they passed the barouche, all hailing the persons belonging thereunto in different keys and tones and jargons, but all these addresses, in their different ways, being in the admonitory key.

"You had best make your way to the public," said one who galloped by on a donkey, laden with paniers, on the left of the barouche. "Turn your horses round, lad," said another who was spurring away to the right, on some curiously accoutred quadruped. "For aught we know," cried a third, "they may be with us in

no time." "Turn about, lad, and run up to Spirehill," shouted a fourth, who was driving a cart full of women and children. Then came hootings, and cryings, and warnings, and threatenings; and at length the hubbub became so great and so confused, that the servants, who could not stop to speak to their superiors within the barouche, whipped forward, and the next minute had turned into the yard of the Howard Arms, which yard was already littered with carriages.

No sooner had the horses come to a stand, when the master of the house coming up to the barouche, was asked what all this bustle might be; the following information was given in reply—that there was a steeple chase, to start from the Thatched House Tavern, and to run to Spirehill, a distance, in all, of six miles; that the Thatched House was an inn on the property belonging to Squire Clayton, and that three gentlemen were to ride, amongst whom was the young squire himself; that although the thing had been kept as quiet as possible, yet that it had gotten wind, and that the whole country was up. Mine host also added, that his own house was full of gentry who had come there to see the chase, there being no convenience for such as they to see the parties coming in to Spirehill, and that amongst these gentry were the two Miss Claytons.

"O la!" exclaimed Miss Sandys. "La! ma, I must get out and see Susan and Jane Clayton; you know that I was at school with them at dear Mrs. Beauvoir's, at Laurel Grove, where they were finished: we must get out."

Lord H——'s servants agreed also that it would be better to put up the horses awhile; and as every one liked the idea of seeing the chase, the party alighted, and were conducted by the landlord to a large upper apartment, where were assembled the most distinguished of the guests, amongst whom the principal persons were the two Miss Claytons, Miss Bell Hargrave, and our old friend Miss Wellings.

The two Miss Claytons were girls of superior growth, being near six feet without their shoes, exceedingly like their brother in features, but of course very elegant, having been finished at Laurel Grove, which, in its way, was equally excellent with Clent Green. As soon as Miss Sandys entered the room, there was a pathetic and highly theatrical rush of the schoolfellows, into each others arms, whilst Miss Wellings clapped Henry on the back, and nodded at Marten; and Lady Anne having discovered a breathing though still figure which evidently appertained to Lord F——, extended on a sofa at the end of the room, devoted all her powers to his service.

In a few minutes, accordingly, all in the room were arranged in several groups: Miss Sandys was seated at one window between her two friends, these last, by their whisperings, having admonished Marten that it was not polite to stand too near them.

Henry had taken a second of the three windows, where he was presently joined by Miss Wellings, and Miss Bell had protruded her head out of another window, talking to some young gentleman who sat on horseback.

And now how difficult is the task of the

historian, where four distinct conversations are going on at one and the same time, in the same room! How is he to record them all without violating the established rules of composition, or without confounding the unity of time? Suppose then, by way of experiment, we give a little of each conversation as it occurred in the various parts of the room?

“No, you do not say so,” said Miss Sandys; “Lord F—— could not have intended to have played me such a trick. Did Miss Wellings assure you that her brother said, that Lord F—— boasted that he had crammed me with lies, and that all that story about the rich old cousin in the north is an invention?”

“My dear Lord F——,” said Lady Anne, “you cannot imagine how we have regretted your absence; and you have been indisposed, you say—a cold I suppose. Matilda has been far from well; nervous and low spirited, but this fine weather——”

“I am as vexed as the very deuce,” said Miss Bell from the window; “I should not have been a bit afraid, and the mare would have carried me as safe as a cradle, but ma would not hear of it, and my brother said it would not do: warn’t that monstrous vexatious, for what’s the difference between running a steeple chase and following the hounds?”

“You have a noble spirit, Miss Bell,” said the young man from below.

“It was that thoughtless fellow Lord F——,” said Miss Wellings, “who first proposed it, and laid down ten guineas, and as much as twenty more were subscribed immediately; it was

before I came down into the country, or Roger Clayton should not have ridden. As to my brother, I have no influence with him; I have done advising him; he must take his swing. I should not be sorry if they got soundly bruised to make them remember their folly; I wish them no worse. Mrs. Clayton begged me to come with her girls, or I should not have been here. I begin to be quite wearied with these follies, and poor Mrs. Clayton is half heart-broken, yet she has not half the cause for sorrow that my mother has." Miss Wellings then sighed, and surprised Henry by several expressions which she used, and which made him hope that she was very far from being the light character which her brother was; and indeed when he remembered what the stranger had said of her at the inn, he was the less surprised. One hint, however, which Miss Wellings gave him before they separated, startled him greatly; it was to this effect: "Guard your friend Marten, Henry, against that Miss Sandys. I have reason to believe that she has no heart, and that she is under a mistake respecting Marten; some one has filled her with the idea that he has great expectations."

"That person is Lord F——," said Henry, suddenly remembering the conversation heard through the pannels. "I see it all, how dull I have been not to see it before."

"Mark," said Miss Wellings, without making any reference to what Henry had last said, "mark what is going on there;" and she directed Henry's eyes to Marten, who was again advancing to the window filled by Mrs. Beau-

voir's pupils, and had ventured, notwithstanding the fixed gazes of the two Miss Claytons, to address Miss Sandys, and to ask her whether she would like any refreshment.

"No, sir," she replied, with such an expression of lofty, aristocratic hauteur as absolutely made the young man start back; however, recovering himself immediately, he addressed the lady again, and received in reply another freezing look, but no verbal answer; on the contrary, she began again to whisper in the ear of her companions, not deigning to bestow any further notice whatever on the young man, wreaking on him, though guiltless, her deep chagrin in the loss of a great establishment which she had connected in her mind with one whose manners and person pleased and interested her as much as she could be interested.

"There," said Miss Wellings, whispering to Henry, "Susan and Bell have told the cold-hearted girl of the trick that has been played on her; they told Frank that they would if they could see her; and now mark her airs; she will save you the trouble of cautioning your friend. See how he stands and looks at her: what scorn is in his face!" and the young lady laughed, adding, "I will be bound for it he will match her coldness. I am mistaken if he has a spirit to be played with by any woman; but, Henry, don't let out that I have told you anything of this silly business."

Marten now approached his friend, and taking him by the arm, proposed that they should walk on to Spirehill.

Henry made no objection, and having taken

a kind leave of Miss Wellings, they were going out of the room, when Lord F——, observing their motions, sprang up and followed them.

On the stairs Lord F—— said, "Thank you, my good fellows, for helping me to an excuse for leaving that bore of a lady of quality; she had got me at an advantage, and she is only one degree less insufferable than her daughter."

"Her daughter!" said Henry.

"Aye," replied Lord F——, "the fair Matilda, who would sell her soul for a title and ten thousand a year."

"She has been very civil to me," replied Henry, "though I have neither possessions nor expectancies."

"To you!" said Lord F——, in some surprise; "attentive to you, you astonish me. How have you found her, Marten?"

"Oh! very polite," said Marten, "but of course I have had no more intercourse with her than is necessary when residing under the same roof." This assertion was made in Marten's most cool and lofty style.

Lord F—— seemed to be slightly disconcerted, as this was not what he had expected; however, he soon recovered his easy manner, and said, "I know that neither mother nor daughter would namby-pamby me, if they had not their eyes upon my coronet."

"O Lord F——," said Henry, "what a bad opinion you must have of them!"

"Not at all," replied the young Lord; "I think no worse of them than I do of myself and of most other people: has not every one a right to better his condition if he can? and I am of

opinion that the reason which the countryman gave for choosing an ugly woman, possessing two cows, rather than a pretty one with only one cow, was a very good one."

"And what might that have been?" asked Henry.

"Why, that there is not one woman on earth worth a cow," answered the gallant young nobleman.

As Marten passed through the court, seeing one of Lord H——'s servants, he informed him that he was going to Spirehill, begging him not to wait for his return, but to take the ladies home, whenever they wished it. The man bowed, but Henry whispered to Marten, "Will not they think you rude?"

"They may think what they please of me," replied the young man, "but I do not wish to constrain you; stay with them if you like, or return to them,—I walk back to Woodville."

Henry perfectly comprehended all this, and Lord F—— smiled, though he wished not Marten to see that he did so.

But having passed the gateway of the inn, our three heroes were involved in a most busy scene. There were fewer persons indeed loitering about the inn, but many more pushing right forward towards Spirehill, and the crowd was continually augmented by persons who came tumbling over the hedges and gates on each side; amongst these, to the no small amazement of Henry, who should there be but Maurice, together with two or three young grooms and helpers of Lord H——'s establishment. How these had scented out the chase, was unaccount-

able to Henry; but this much did appear to him, that he could not blame Maurice for being where his young master was, unless he was there without permission: however, as he thought he understood the boy's character, he called him to him, and said, "Maurice, how came you here?"

"Why master," replied Maurice, "I was in the stableyard down at Woodville, and Tom and Dick comes along."

"Tom and Dick!" repeated Henry.

"Yes, master," said Maurice, "them there young men, as helps in the stable, and so says they, 'Maurice run for your life, there's a steeple chase up at Spirehill, and we shall be too late; and now do you see, sir, it would have been an impossible thing to have gone in to ask master's leave, for Tom and Dick had run half a mile, before they told me whither they were going; and so, sir, Master Milner, if you will just be so good as to tell your uncle how it was, why then sir, it will be doing me an uncommon kindness.'"

"Well, Maurice," replied Henry, "I will do you this turn, but only on one condition, that you keep at least within my sight, or in reach of my call, whilst we are in this crowd."

"What can be more easy than that, master?" replied Maurice. "Sure enough I know that I am always best when I am anigh you, sir." There was a time when Maurice would have felt the truth of what he had just said, but that time was gone with him, and his once beloved young master's presence was already become a pain and restraint to him.

“If you know that you are always well and happy with me,” replied Henry, “wherefore have you some thoughts, which you would not wish me to examine into, Maurice?” and he looked fixedly upon him. Henry did not like the expression of the boy’s countenance at the moment he gave him this steadfast look; but this was no time for studying countenances: they were arrived at the outskirts of the town, and saw before them many little flags of various colours floating over the goal. The church was not within the town, but on a slight eminence to the left of it, so that it might be approached either through the principal street, along the turnpike road, or as a bird would fly if coming strait from the Thatched House, over certain fields which with a leap would bring the rider directly to the road near to the church gates: there were therefore three ways, and there were three riders. By the agreement, as Lord F—— said, no one was allowed to keep the turnpike road all the way; indeed it was permitted only for a few hundred yards at a time, to any of the riders, nor did any one present know which way the different parties would come in.

“We will not enter the town,” said Lord F——, “we will go on by the turnpike road, and we have no time to loiter.”

“No that you hasn’t,” cried Maurice, from behind Henry, “for as sure as I lives, there is one on um not far behind; for if my ears tell truth, there be four legs not far off, beating the ground quicker than my tongue can cry, potatoes! potatoes! potatoes! and here her

comes, by the mass, and her has Mr. Clayton's colours."

Before Henry had time to order Maurice to be silent, no less a person than Jack Reese, in the Clayton livery, came flying forward on one of Mr. Roger's hunters, and crying out in all the dignity of office, "To the right, to the left—stand away—stand off, good people—clear away, clear away, or you will be run down." The road was cleared in an instant, some running up the street, and others flying on to get within the railings of the churchyard, our three young gentlemen and Maurice, having, by vaulting over this same paling, obtained the very best place for seeing the show. The station not only commanded the street, but the high road, and the point where a line drawn directly over the fields from the Thatched House to the goal, to wit the churchyard gate, would cut the turnpike road. They had hardly obtained this station, when the distant sound of many voices, like the roar of winds far off, apprized every one to look out, and various and exciting were the ejaculations which proceeded from the many within the railings. Those ejaculations and cries presently gave way to a still more impressive silence, during which an attentive ear might distinguish a sort of measured beating, which seemed at first as of four hoofs only, then of more, and then the sounds became louder and more and more distinct; at length, one horseman appeared at the bottom of the long street, and the next instant, another upon the high road, and in the same breath, as it were, a third appeared over the hedge.

"Sam Hargrave," exclaimed Lord F——, looking down the street, "and Wellings there on the road—he'll have it dead—and Clayton too thundering over the field. A bet, five sovereigns, Marten, which will you take, Wellings or Clayton?"

Marten shook his head.

"There goes," cried Lord F——, "that's capital! there goes! Wellings will have it—Sam is losing on him—the stones are against him—five to one, Marten, Wellings or Clayton—it will be a dead thing, if Clayton's horse only takes the leap well, and afore Wellings is up—eh! my boys, now's the pull! that's well, Roger, only take the hedge well,—there goes! five to one for Clayton."

"He'll have it, he'll have it," cried Maurice, in as high excitement as my lord himself, the scene having brought the young footman to a perfect equality with the young nobleman.

And now came the crisis; Clayton, straining the powers of his horse to the utmost, to take the spring before Wellings came up to the line; and Wellings, on his part, pressing with his utmost skill, and to the utmost extent of the capabilities of the beautiful mare which he rode, and which, in fact, was the property of Miss Bell Hargrave, to cross the line before Clayton took the spring—neither the one nor the other apprehending the jeopardy in which their lives were placed at the moment. But Henry and Marten saw it, and even Lord F—— exclaimed, "It's a near thing! by George, if they come in contact they will be shattered to atoms."

Now it so fell out, that dame Fortune, the same whom men court and rail at with one breath, as it were, was holding her scales with such an even hand at this particular moment, that it would have been impossible for the most knowing person, for an instant or more, to have decided in favour either of Wellings or of Clayton; and so steady was the hand of the goddess, that she brought the competitors together at a moment so critical, that had Clayton been a second later at the hedge, he would infallibly have come in actual collision with Wellings. What the consequences would have been no one can decide, but probably the destruction of all four, viz. of the horses and their riders; but as Mr. Roger, when arrived near the hedge, went slap at it—neck or nothing—instead of actually coming in contact with Wellings's mare, the place in which he alighted was a few yards from her head, on which, as well she might,—for the plunge was as sudden as tremendous,—she swerved, reared, and after several vehement efforts to recover herself, pitched her rider off her back, and the ill-starred youth, after having performed a caracole in the air—*nolens volens*—was safely and happily lodged in a very convenient and opportune bed—a certain green ditch or duck pond,—which lay under the blind wall of a house at the edge of the road. The body thus forcibly propelled from the back of the mare, was immersed at once over head and ears in the thick nauseous puddle, which, however, from its soft and slimy properties, was probably as easy a bed as could

receive an object thus violently transferred from one place to another.

“*Sic transit gloria mundi!*” exclaimed Lord F——, with a wild burst of laughter; whilst Maurice exclaimed in delight, (for he had not forgotten the use his grandmother had made of her ten commandments on his face,) “The jewel, I reckon the ’lasses tub was preferable to yon duck pond; he is worse off now than a hornet in a honey-pot.”

But neither Henry nor Marten noticed these exclamations; Marten knew not the depth of the duck pond, and he apprehended that if Wellings should have been stunned by his fall, he might be suffocated even if there were only two feet of slime therein; and at the same time, Henry saw that Clayton’s horse was become totally unmanageable, and instead of turning with his rider to the goal, was rearing and kicking, near where he had taken the leap. Marten and Henry therefore both sprang over the churchyard paling, and whilst Marten had flown to Wellings’ assistance, Henry was watching Mr. Clayton’s movements in order to be ready to render instant assistance, and yet fearing to enrage the animal more, by attempting to seize his bridle, when the creature, furiously rearing and plunging, threw his rider. Unhappily the foot of the young man remained in the stirrup, and the body was dragged along the road for several paces by the affrighted animal before Henry could come up to them, though he shot after them as an arrow from a bow. All this had happened, viz. these double disasters to Wellings and Clayton, in far less

time than the most rapid pen could write them ; and before Marten had reached the edge of the ditch, Henry was in pursuit of Clayton's horse. Providentially it was so ordered, that the horse somewhat slackened the pace with which he had first moved after throwing his rider, giving Henry the opportunity to come round in his face, when by a sudden jerk he caught the reins, at the same time, though not immediately conscious of it, giving his arm a violent sprain.

Maurice had followed his master, and came up just at this moment, and with a presence of mind hardly to be expected, cut the straps of the stirrups with his clasp knife, whilst Henry still held the horse, using his utmost strength for the purpose ; but Mr. Clayton's foot being at liberty, he let the bridle go, on which the horse dashed on upon the road, whilst he with the young Irishman hastened to ascertain what might be the condition of Clayton. He had fallen near the side of the road, and Henry first became sensible, when endeavouring with Maurice to draw him still nearer towards the bank, that one of his own arms was almost disabled ; however, with the aid of Maurice, having moved poor Roger out of the way of wheels and turned him on his back, he was shocked at the appearance of his countenance : his face, where not covered with dust and blood, was pale as death itself, and as he was perfectly insensible and neither moved nor uttered a sound, Henry thought no other than that he was dead.

The extent of the accident had not been seen

by the crowd; indeed there were few persons amongst these who had been so situated as to be able to see it, and as Samuel Hargrave had reached the goal immediately after it had occurred, it may be reasonably supposed, that the attention of the mass had been otherwise occupied.

As to Lord F——, he had seen what others had not seen, but, for the honour of his heart—for he was not altogether without a heart—he was by no means aware of the extent of the accident which had befallen Clayton; he was also much amused with what was going on in and about the duck pond, and thus, from one cause or another, some minutes had elapsed before any one came to the assistance of Henry besides Maurice; during which painful interval, the air rang with the shouts and cries of the giddy multitude, congratulating the conqueror. In the mean time Henry had ascertained with thankfulness that Clayton was not dead; he had muttered one or two words, but so inwardly, that Henry who began to feel himself very stiff, had ordered Maurice to put his ear near to his mouth to catch the sound.

“What does he say?” asked Henry.

“He wants a drink, he says he’s dry,” replied the boy, “and he calls on his friend, that is Wellings, I reckon.”

Clayton then spoke so that Henry could hear him without stooping. “I am faint, Wellings,” he said, “oh! I am faint.”

“He calls on one who can’t help him just now,” said Maurice, “and if he be dry, I reckon that’s more than his friend is; but shall I get

him a drop from the public nigh handy, master?"

But Lord F—— came up at this moment to Henry's relief, and seemed to be shocked when he found the condition of Clayton; and now Henry was almost as perplexed by the numbers of the assistants and advisers, as he had been with the few a moment before. However, feeling himself getting very uneasy from the pain in his arm, though at such a time he could not think of mentioning this minor trouble, he requested Lord F—— to take the management of Clayton, and it was soon arranged that the poor young man should be taken up and conveyed to a house not far distant, which happened to be a small public house, and there being laid on a bed, in an upper room, the Spirehill surgeon, Mr. James, was sent for. And thus terminated the steeple chase, but as the events which depended on this same steeple chase are as yet by no means all enumerated, the historian is under the necessity of deferring the relation of them to another chapter.

CHAPTER IX.

High, Low, Jack, and the Game.

THE house into which the outward man or body of Mr. Clayton was conveyed—for it never could be ascertained whether he were or were not conscious of what was being done with him, or whether his mind accompanied the efforts of those who were transferring his person from the bare earth to the bed in an upper room of the inn, as, although the eyes of the crest-fallen hero were wide open during the process, he lent no assistance whatever to his bearers, nor gave the smallest hint either of acquiescence or of the contrary in what was being done with him:—this inn, however, as we were saying, was little better than a common pot-house, though it had two decent rooms, with a bow window to that which was below, tacked on to the end of the older portion of the building. From the wall of this new building proceeded a beam, from which swung a flaming Saracen's Head, by which the house was named. It was to the

upper of these new rooms that this same body which appertained to Mr. Roger Clayton was conveyed, although the difficulty of bearing such a length of limb up the narrow winding stair was by no means small; at length, however, the weight was received upon a feather-bed, the head being deposited on a pillow, and as soon as the men who had endured this labour were gone out to receive a reward which Henry had asked the hostess to give them, Mr. Roger uttered a deep groan, fetched a long breath, and exclaimed, "What are ye all about? how did it happen? was it me that was spilt?—how was it, Eh, F——?"

"Recollect yourself, Clayton," said Lord F——. "Don't you remember taking a flying leap over the hedge, and knocking poor Wellings to the antipodes? By-the-bye, you should have seen him, Milner, when Marten fished him out of the green ditch; nor was the rescue effected altogether without risk to the exquisite's own person; but if ever you have happened to see an old bronze Neptune left to corrode in a tank where no sun comes, all covered with green mould and frog-spawn, you have just the figure of Wellings as he was rising, by the help of Marten's strong hand, from the filthy ooze, all lathered and bespattered with the refuse of the town ditch:—it was anything but Venus rising from the froth of the sea." But Henry was holding a cup of cold water to the lips of Clayton, whilst Maurice raised the head of the sufferer, and did not attend to what Lord F—— was saying; however, his Lordship went on: "Marten fished in the duck-pond, with a

stick which some old man handed to him, for some moments before he could find Wellings' paw, and then when Wellings had griped the wood, the exquisite gave it a pull. I verily thought I should have expired on the spot, for Wellings' hands were slimy—faugh! all green slime—and so he lost hold of the stick and fell back into the slough, and the exquisite had to fish for him again; and some vulgar wag amongst the lookers-on cried out, 'Don't stop stirring, sir, till the pudding's done;' and another added, 'I reckon it won't be worth much when it is done.' It was the best thing that I ever witnessed in my life; but what ails you, Milner," added the young nobleman, "you look very pale; sit down on this bed; I trust that you are not hurt." But before Henry could answer, Mr. James, accompanied by his nephew, who was his assistant, entered, saying, "I shall truly rejoice if this case is not more important than the one which I have just left; some one ran to me half an hour since to say that a young gentleman was half drowned, and expecting a case of suspension of animation at least, I and my nephew ran as if life had depended on our activity, and as if every moment were big with fate, and when we came to the place, we found nothing requisite but a second immersion, with an application of a certain saponaceous compound, often found effectual in many cases in which the mischief is decidedly only external."

"You have been with Mr. Wellings, sir?" said Lord F——.

"I have, my Lord," replied Mr. James. "I

am happy to tell you that no harm, I trust, is done which soap and brush may not set right ; and now, gentlemen, if you will withdraw, we will presently bring our report of this case, and I hope this bulletin may be as favourable as the former one."

Lord F—— and Henry immediately descended to the parlour below, and Lord F—— said that he only waited for Mr. James' report before he returned to the Howard Arms, not doubting but that the ladies there had heard that Mr. Wellings was drowned in the town ditch, and Mr. Clayton kicked to death by his horses' hoofs.

"If such report has reached them," said Henry, "the sisters of the parties will probably be here immediately."

"It may be so," returned Lord F—— ; "but I know Clayton's sisters ; they have affections, it is true, but like those of Matilda Sandys, they are, I believe, very much under the influence of their own interests—apropos, Milner, has not Miss Sandys manifested some symptoms of a desire to patronize Marten?"

"Indeed," replied Henry, "I am just now in so much pain, that I cannot answer you."

"Oh ! by-the-bye," cried Lord F——, "what a careless fellow I am ; take a seat, my man ;" and ringing the bell, he called for some warm negus, with which Maurice appeared a minute afterwards, full of alarm about his master. "And how came it," said the Irishman, "that I never should have thought any more about your strain, master, though you complained on it when we was both in the road with Mr. Clayton?" manifesting more of his old affectionate

manner than Henry had seen in him for some weeks past.

Immediately after this there was such a gathering of persons of some consequence at the Saracen's Head, as had perhaps never before occurred in the place. Thrice happy and fortunate is the host or hostess of a little inn, when a serious accident happens in the neighbourhood of the house. What was the Talbot, the Green Dragon, and the Howard Arms this day to the Saracen's Head? Although the Talbot had received the conquering Samuel when he returned through the principal street of Spirehill, amid the cheers of the populace; and although the Dragon had afforded refuge to the shivering and slimy Wellings, when Marten had succeeded in extricating him from the duck-weed; and finally, though the Howard Arms had been chosen as a stand for various fair ladies from whence to see the sport, yet, what was the honour of all these to that of the Saracen's Head, where all the parties from the various above-mentioned stations were drawn together at one time, all having been summoned by idle and alarming reports, built on facts, but awfully exaggerated? The persons, however, who entered the parlour of the Saracen's Head, were the two Miss Claytons, Miss Wellings, and Miss Bell Hargrave, who all came in Mr. Clayton's coach from the Howard Arms; and the two younger Hargraves followed by Jack Reese, from the Talbot. Jack Reese had been promoted to the situation of Mr. Roger's groom, and he was come to inquire primarily after the horse, and secondarily after his master, though he never could quite ex-

plain how it had happened, that he had been out of the way so long. Finally, Marten made his appearance from the Green Dragon, to which he had accompanied the crest-fallen Wellings; though, as is reported, he had declined the honour of assisting his slippery steps by the offer of his arm.

“How is Clayton?” asked Marten, anxiously, as he entered the room.

“Is Wellings washed yet?” asked my Lord; but every one spoke at once, everybody asked questions, and no answers were given, and the scene was all anxiety and confusion till Mr. James appeared.

“What’s all this?” said the surgeon; “I beg, I entreat that not one of you will go up to the patient.”

“We are not thinking of any such folly, Mr. James,” replied Miss Wellings; “but you will allow us to have some anxiety; surely a man’s sister may care for him. I know that no hurt has been done to my brother—he has only got just as much as is good for him; but this affair of Roger Clayton is more serious.”

“I don’t see that, Miss Wellings,” said Miss Bell; “if you don’t feel for Frank, there are others that do.”

“But, what do you say of Mr. Clayton?” asked Miss Wellings. “Is there much mischief done?”

“None, that I can yet ascertain,” replied Mr. James; “there is not a bone broken, though the bruises are severe; all I fear for is the head—he is extremely confused—he can hardly express himself to be understood.”

"If that is all," said Mr. Samuel, who, notwithstanding the catastrophes of his comrades, was in high glee; "if that is all you may be easy. You fear because you don't know him as well as we do; if you mean that he is puzzled and conglomerated in his talk, he is never much otherwise."

"Young gentleman," replied Mr. James, "I have known Mr. Roger from a child, and I know also that his head is not now as it usually is. I, therefore, must insist upon it, that no person goes into his room without the permission of my nephew. Mr. Clayton has once or twice mentioned Mr. Milner's name, and has asked to see him; and I have told my nephew that if he is extremely anxious to see any person in particular, that person shall be introduced for a few minutes; but I would rather he should see no one. I shall presently send a woman, on whom I can depend, to watch by him, and my nephew will stay till I return; for I am going immediately to Lord H——, and I propose taking this young gentleman, Mr. Clayton's preserver, with me; for, I do not hesitate to say, that Mr. Milner has been the means of saving Mr. Roger's life. A hint having been given me that he is not come off without injury, I shall, therefore, after examining him, take him with me to Woodville."

Marten now, for the first time, thought that Henry had been hurt, and then it was that the strong affection of his heart for his friend made itself manifest. The young ladies too expressed much concern, especially Miss Wellings, who, when Marten, Henry, and Mr. James went out,

in order that the latter might examine Henry's arm, called in Maurice to explain how the accident had occurred, and how his master had, by his bravery and exertion, saved Mr. Clayton's life.

On Miss Wellings whispering in the ear of Miss Clayton, the young lady took out a sovereign and presented it to the Irishman, who, when he had examined it, turning it on both sides, said,

“Be this for master? I don't think her looks for any reward, her did it of pure good will.”

But whether Maurice spoke this in pure simplicity, or in that character of a half-fool, which he could assume when it pleased him so to do, those who knew him best would not easily have decided.

“Hear him! hear him!” exclaimed Samuel, “hear him! Is the boy a simpleton?”

The ladies took more pains than may-be was needful to set Mr. Maurice right with respect to the destination of the gold in question, and another piece was added by Miss Susan Clayton, but the next minute the Irishman being called out, Miss Wellings said, addressing the Hargraves,

“You have been accustomed—you young gents—to call Henry Milner a Methodist, a Miss Molly, and a milksop, and to say that he has been coddled up by the old square toes, like a boarding-school miss; but I should like to see any one of you attempt to stop a runaway horse, or play the man more nobly than he did this day. Ay! my lord—you may laugh, and

say that religion makes cowards of young men, but I say that no man's courage was ever yet diminished by confidence in his God."

"Why, Miss Wellings," exclaimed Lord F——, "how long have you become a preacher?"

"If I am one I may thank you in part for it, my lord," she replied; "for yours and my brother's light talk, and yours especially, ever since I had the honour of knowing you, has led me to think; and perhaps the very first serious thought that I ever had, was on that day on which we met on Malvern Hill."

"I am sure, then," said Mr. Samuel, "I wish that you never had met there; for, in that case, we should have been preserved from many a heavy preachment—"

"And saved from the regret which you must now feel, at having brought such an affliction on poor Mr. and Mrs. Clayton after the earnest intreaties which I made to you to refrain from this foolish, and, I may add, sinful frolic, of the steeple chase."

"Foolish it may be," remarked Lord F——; "but wherefore sinful, Miss Wellings?"

"Because, my lord," she replied, "it was undertaken contrary to the wish of parents, and it endangers life, which is the gift of God, and is not our own to dispose of."

"I confess," said Lord F——, "that I am sorry that I ever promoted it; but Roger will do well, and then it will only be a matter of merriment to think of the various mischances of the day."

"A matter of merriment!" repeated Miss Wellings; "say rather a subject of gratitude."

The young ladies then proposed returning home immediately, fearing that some alarming intelligence might already have reached Mr. Clayton, senior, and as Lord F—— handed them into their carriage, Marten was helping Henry into Mr. James's gig, after Mr. James had done what was immediately necessary for his sprain. Lord F—— and the two Hargraves then walked off to Spirehill to look up the hero of the duck-pond, as Lord F—— had dubbed the ill-starred Wellings.

It had been arranged that Marten should remain at the Saracen's Head to keep guard over Mr. Clayton, and to prevent any of his young intimates from intruding upon him, and with Marten Maurice was left, it being settled that they were to stay where they were until the elder Mr. Clayton should arrive, as it was expected he might do in a few hours.

And now the historian is at a fault; must he necessarily follow his hero to Woodville, and see him laid on a sofa in Mr. Dalben's room, and fed with panada and tapioca; or may he not for once violate the established rules of composition—that is, of elegant and classical composition, playing truant a little, and staying awhile with Marten at Spirehill, to see the end of this memorable day at the Saracen's Head?

The best way to decide the case is this: let the reader who is a great stickler for the strict rules of composition, skip the few next pages, and proceed to the end of the chapter, where he will recover the true hero again, whilst those who are less particular in these matters may read straight forward.

It was already getting dusk, and Marten, whose business was not to sit in Mr. Clayton's room, but to prevent all others but the proper persons from entering it, thought that he should do well to ascertain if a bed might be had in the house; and being satisfied on this point, though he could only obtain a little chamber seven foot by five, he saw that his bed was supplied with clean linen, and then locked up the room, depositing the key in his pocket. In the mean time he had ordered his dinner. History hath not recorded the component parts of this repast; all that is said of it is, that it was ample and savory, and good of its kind; but as it was six o'clock before it was ready, Marten had already begun to experience the *milvinam appetentiam*, and was just about to place himself at a table on which sundry viands emitted the most savory and inviting odours, when suddenly there was a burst of many voices without, followed instantly by a rush into the room of four persons entering pell-mell, and suggesting to Marten the words, (which being so particularly applicable we have honoured with the place of motto to this chapter,) of High, Low, Jack, and the Game: the four persons answering to these being Lord F——, poor Wellings, who had fallen lower than he wished during the day—Jack, being no other than the celebrated Jack Reese, and his friend and associate, Sam Hargrave, the Game. It was beneath the dignity of Marten, however, to give utterance to the witticism which had intruded itself on his imagination, and we give him credit for not doing so, as

perhaps there is no minor temptation more powerful than that of uttering a piece of wit, when prudence requires that it should not be brought forward. But he was there to keep guard upon Clayton, and his present object was, if possible, to keep the noisy visitors quiet. The first words which Lord F—— said as he entered were,—

“Just in time, I see, or rather I smell: here is what is more inviting than your horse-pond, Wellings—more agreeable, no doubt, to the olfactory nerves. Marten, are we welcome?” added the young nobleman, seating himself at the same time near to the head of the table. “Now, pray say not no, as it will avail you naught, for we are all absolutely starving, having eaten cold beef at the Talbot till we are as hungry as hounds.”

“Speak for yourself, my lord,” said Wellings; “for, to confess the fact, a pound, more or less, of the spiced beef, has somewhat allayed my appetite, though I must own that I am considerably dry.”

“No one can question the truth of this assertion, Frank,” said my lord; “if you are not in a state of aridity I know not who should be, for have you not been drying yourself at the Green Dragon for the last three hours or more? By-the-bye, Wellings, as you don’t like the title of the Knight of the Duck Pond, you shall hear it no more; but you shall be the Green Man and Still, or still the Green Man. I refer to Marten to bear me witness, was he not as green as duck-weed when he arose from the pool? His motto shall henceforward be;

'*cingit viridanti tempora algæ*;' but, my good fellow, have you thanked Marten for the service he did you? Had he not assisted you, you would have been absolutely overwhelmed by your thick coming honours."

"I have said what Marten will think quite sufficient," replied Wellings somewhat sullenly; "I am obliged to him, and he knows that I am so, and that is enough, my lord."

"Pray, F——," said Marten, "do not say any more of what is past. I did nothing more for Wellings than he would have done for me, had I needed the same services."

"Well, well,—we will talk no more about the matter," said Lord F——. "The subject, I perceive, is an overwhelming one: and now let us see what have we here. Hargrave, tell Clayton's servant to wait,—that old fat landlady absolutely suffocates me. Give me a slice of mutton, and inquire without what wine we can have. By-the-bye, Wellings, I recommend to you a glass of hot brandy-and-water."

The young men, with the exception of Wellings, soon found themselves all fairly set to to consume the good things which Marten had ordered, without farther reference to the spiced beef. The ale was found good, and the brandy also, but the wine pronounced execrable, and, with the exception of Marten, so much of these two former liquors were taken, that every one began to be somewhat elevated. The dinner, however, was at length cleared away, but not the glasses, nor the spirit-case, when Marten was called out for a few minutes to speak with Mr. Clayton, who after a sleep of three hours

had asked for Milner, and then for Marten. As soon then as he had gone out, Wellings, drawing himself nearer the fire whilst sipping his third tumbler, said, "My lord, what say you to some oysters?"

"What say you," answered Lord F——, "to a cigar?"

"As to cigars," said Samuel Hargrave, "they may be had very good in Spirehill, and there is a very decent fishmonger's too. Jack Reese knows the places."

The bell was accordingly rung, and Maurice appeared.

"Where's Jack?" said Mr. Hargrave.

"He is gone down to look to the horse, sir; he says the young squire's horse morn't be neglected on no account."

"True," said Mr. Samuel; "does he say there is any ill come to him?" Some talk of horses then ensued, which it importeth not to repeat in this place, and Maurice was withdrawing when Mr. Hargrave said, "Stop, youngster, do you know your way about the town?"

"To be sure I do," replied Maurice, "every step of it."

Mr. Samuel then directed him to run to such a place, and bring back a box of cigars, for which he gave him the money.

"And at the same time," said Wellings, who being in a state of half-stupefaction had his eye fixed upon the fire; "at the same time let him bring the oysters."

"The fishmonger's," added Mr. Samuel, "is next door but two from the place where you will have the cigars. The name is Pinhorn."

"Greenhorn, did you say?" asked Maurice.

"Pinhorn, you fool," said Mr. Samuel.

"I minds, sir," replied Maurice.

Wellings threw down half-a-crown for the oysters, saying, "Two score, and you must bring back the change."

"Yes, sir," returned Maurice, "I'll see you shall have your dues;" and he instantly left the room.

Had Mr. Wellings seen the look given him by the young Irishman when he received the money, he would probably have selected some other person to do his errand, but the fact is, that at the instant he had totally forgotten the affair of my grandmother, being, as before hinted, just at that crisis somewhat under the influence of the third glass of water and brandy, which he had just taken at the Saracen's Head, not to speak of a few glasses of wine taken at the Talbot to wash down the spiced beef, and one or two gills of strong waters swallowed at the Green Dragon to drive the cold from his stomach.

So Maurice took himself off to execute his commissions, and whilst he is absent we will follow Marten into Mr. Clayton's chamber. He found the young man more easy than he could have expected, and as the ideas of the patient were nearly about as clear as usual, he was led to hope that no serious injury had been done to his head. Roger first began his discourse by begging Marten to thank Henry for what he had done for him, which he now seemed thoroughly to understand, hoping that he should soon be able to thank him in person; and then

he said something about reforming his life, and taking up and being a good Christian when he got well, adding, that Miss Wellings had told him what a fool he was to be guided by her brother, who only made game of him; and then he muttered something about quizzing, calling Wellings a confounded quiz, and suddenly turning from his own affairs to those of Marten, he added, "I want to tell you, my good fellow, that they are playing you off too; but don't let out that I told you. They have crammed that Miss Sandys with an account of your being in expectation of a large fortune, and, moreover, that there is a title in your family—and Miss Wellings says that there is neither wit nor wisdom in such pranks, and so, I thought when I heard you were in the house, that I would put you up to all this, for I have had enough of this fool's play, and I will let them know when I am up again that I can see through a mill-stone as well as any of them."

What Marten felt on hearing all this was never told by him to any one, therefore it is impossible for the historian to relate it; certain, however, it was, that when he came down again into the parlour there was a fixed gravity, and even sternness in his expression, and thus he was little prepared for the scene which ensued; for scarcely was he seated before Maurice entered, bringing in the cigars, an oyster-knife, some napkins, some slices of bread and butter, with vinegar, pepper, and all the apparatus for an oyster-feast.

"Where are the oysters?" said Mr. Wellings.

"I could not carry all together," replied

Maurice, "they are but on the dresser—you shall have them this moment."

Wellings turned from the fire to the table, and began to prepare for his feast by mixing up pepper and salt and vinegar with great nicety, and putting the ingredients, thus mingled, on one side, to be ready to sprinkle on each mouthful; the arrangement was hardly concluded before Maurice appeared with a large dish of oysters, which having set down, he retreated immediately to the door, where he stood with his hand on the lock. Mr. Wellings then settled himself in his chair, took the napkin in one hand, and with the finger and thumb of the other lifted up an oyster; but scarcely had he inserted the knife between the shells before the oyster opened and fell from his hand quite empty.

"By Jove!" he exclaimed; "if that arn't strange," and he put his hand into the dish and took up another oyster, but this second yielded to his hand even more speedily than the first—the two shells falling empty on his plate. We will not repeat the exclamation which escaped on this second surprise. For an instant he stood like one lost in amazement, whilst the young men around him began to open their eyes and mouths as if they scented a jest. At length, Wellings, who by this time had fully recognized Maurice, thundered out, "Young man! where did you get these oysters?"

"Ba'ant they good, sir?" asked the boy, having assumed for the occasion that expression of countenance, which to a stranger would have

conveyed the idea that he was little better than an actual idiot.

“Where did you get them, I say?” roared Wellings.

“In the town, sir—where I was sent. They assured me that they came strait out o’ the sea to this place. Try another, sir—try another.”

“You vagabond,” exclaimed Wellings—“I say, where did you get them?” and he rose all red with anger, and holding the knife in his hand.

“Where did I get them,” repeated Maurice, “why, from Granny’s, sir, and she would have no money for ’em, and so you’ll find the half-crown at the bottom of the dish,” and with that he bolted out of the room, and probably out of the house, justly concluding that there could be safety only for him in flight. No one present understood the scene, or could account for the rage of Wellings but Marten, who really feared that the young man in his passion, if he could get hold of Maurice, might do him some injury—he, therefore, rushed after him to the door, wrested the knife from his hand, and with the help of young Hargrave brought him back to his chair, muttering so low that Wellings only heard him—“If you will be quizzing and playing the fool, you must take what you get.”

“Why, Wellings,” cried Lord F——, “what’s all this? My man, how red you look in the gills; there is something good at the bottom of all this—here is diamond cut diamond, I apprehend. Eh, Wellings, is not it so? but what-

ever it is you know it, Marten—I see you do, by the solemnity of your physiognomy. By George!—we will have it.”

“Fork it out, Marten,” said Samuel Hargrave;—“fork out the joke—do, there is a good fellow.”

Marten felt that he was not on such terms with young Hargrave as to be thus addressed by him, and answered haughtily, “I must refer you, sir, to Mr. Wellings himself to explain the sort of misunderstanding which seems to exist between him and Mr. Dalben’s footman. I never interfere with these matters.” Marten then rang the bell, and ordered that some one should go immediately for two score of oysters, for which he gave the half-crown found in the dish, which had twice during that day suffered two extreme dangers, the first being that of corroding in the mud of the town ditch, and the second that of being thrown away amongst a heap of oyster shells.

It was eleven o’clock before the young men took their departure, at which hour Mr. James coming in drove them all out with the exception of Marten, whom he took up with him to the patient’s chamber. Marten remained here till the nurse had supped, and all arrangements were made for the night, when having seen all quiet, which was not effected till near one o’clock, he withdrew to the nest which he had secured, previously ascertaining that Maurice was asleep in the cock-loft. Being much fatigued, for the day had altogether been very harassing to him, he slept till called down at an early hour to Mr. and Mrs. Clayton, to whom he gave

up his charge, though not till after he had been thoroughly assured by the old couple that they never could forget what he and his friend, Henry Milner, had done for their son, Mr. Clayton saying, that he should take the earliest opportunity of thanking Henry in person.

What more passed between Mr. and Mrs. Clayton and Marten does not appear; neither what the young gentleman said to Maurice respecting the affair of the oysters;—nor is it known at what hour Marten left the Saracen's Head;—nor, if he and Maurice did actually leave that place after breakfast, what became of them until five o'clock, at which time they reached Woodville; but this, at least, is certain, that all the family were in the drawing-room, not excepting Henry Milner, who lay on a couch, to which he had been condemned for a few days by Mr. James, when Marten arrived, and hastened to make an entire change in his apparel, which he had never thoroughly fancied since the affair of the green ditch, as he felt that it still savoured too much of the air of the disturbed nuisance.

And now the various and quaintly-woven tissue of our narrative unrolls itself in other colours. Leaving behind the Saracen's Head, and all the attendant coarseness of the pot-house, it brings us again within the sphere of polished manners; and we are called upon to be present at the table of Lord H——, to which Marten had led Lady H——, and there being seated, he was required to tell what had happened after Henry had left him; also to give his version of what had occurred during the

earlier part of the previous day, Henry Milner not being present. The eyes of Mr. Dalben filled with tears when Marten, with all the animation of sincere friendship, gave an account of what Henry had done for Clayton; of other parts of the story, and of the events of the evening, he said little, the servants being present. Of Mr. Roger Clayton's private conversation with himself, he, of course, said nothing; and with respect to the affair of Maurice and the oysters, he kept that back till the servants had withdrawn. He was thus led to talk much, and there was a feeling in his mind which induced him to talk gaily—more so than was usual with him—and he had the satisfaction of perceiving that Miss Sandys was somewhat disconcerted by his apparent carelessness. He was aware that she had looked at him earnestly once or twice, but he carried his nonchalance well through, not only during that evening, but ever afterwards, for he was already half-persuaded that he had had an escape; and now that he was no longer blinded by self-love, he wondered how he could ever, even for a moment, have failed to observe the excessive emptiness and heartlessness of the young lady.

When the ladies returned to the drawing-room after dinner, they found Lucilla and little Robert attending upon Henry, or rather trying to amuse him, for he had dined at two o'clock. Lucilla had got what Robert called a picture-book, and as they turned over the leaves, the little boy explained the meaning of the pictures to Henry. This process was still carried on at one end of the room after the

ladies came in, and the group having attracted the eyes of Lady Anne, she said, "Your Lucilla is a sweet child, Lady H——, but permit me to say, that I think her too much of a child for her years; she has no more idea of coming into a room than Sir Robert has. I could tell you," added Lady Anne, "that I have seen a child of ten years old enter a drawing-room full of company, with as much self-possession as I could myself—no embarrassment—no flutter—no agitation. You know, of course, that the shake of the head which prevailed about twenty years ago is quite out, and the thing now is to look perfectly unmoved and calm."

"Like the Valkynes," said Lady H——, "so stern, and yet so passionless."

Lady Anne smiled; she knew not to whom her sister-in-law referred.

"And so," said Lady H——, "you say the pretty shake and timid start is exploded—gone with the fashion of which my father used to tell me as prevailing about the year ninety, when all the beaux and pretty fellows limped on one leg. This mock, however, (as he told me,) did not last long, as it presently descended from the metropolis to the country towns, and from thence to the villages, so that for a short period all the young men of any pretensions in England halted on the left leg."

"La! now, Lady H——, you are quizzing," said Miss Sandys.

"Not in the least," said Lady H——; "I am relating a simple fact."

"La, now!" again cried Miss Sandys.

"But, Lady H——," resumed Lady Anne,

tapping her sister-in-law lightly on the shoulder, "do restrain those charming spirits of yours only for a moment, and listen to what I have to say. Lucilla is a lovely girl—all sweetly natural, and so forth—but you cannot in the country give her that sort of education which will fit her to shine in the first circles; and I do assure you that I know not such a seminary as Mrs. Beauvoir's, at Laurel Grove. I do think that a few years there would complete our sweet Lucilla—bringing out all her fine qualities, and setting them forth to an advantage which no private governess can do. Now, my dear Matilda, do explain to your aunt some of Mrs. Beauvoir's excellent plans."

"La, ma!" said Miss Sandys.

"Amongst other charming arrangements, Lady H——," continued Lady Anne, "Mrs. Beauvoir has a *soirée* every week—every Tuesday, is it not, my dear?" addressing her daughter.

"Thursday, ma," replied Miss Sandys.

"Well, the day is unimportant," continued the mother; "but the plan is, that each young lady in her turn represents the entertainer on these occasions, and there is the frame of a carriage in the hall, into which those who are departing are to get in; this you will consider a matter of consequence, as there is nothing so shocking as an awkward way of getting in and out of a carriage. So, as I said, each young lady in her turn is the entertainer, with the exception only of the very little people, and thus each girl is prepared to receive visitors, to introduce persons to each other in good style,

and all that sort of thing which manifests good-breeding; but the line in which Mrs. Beauvoir excels all other mistresses, as my friend, Lady —— says, is the air which she gives her pupils. Much is done in this way by her tableaux—the sweetest things you ever saw, Lady H——, the very sweetest things; she has a public display of this kind every winter. What was your last, Matilda? My memory is so bad; I forget the master, but the subject was mythological,—something of the goddesses on Parnassus, and Matilda was the most prominent figure—she was the Dian, and between ourselves, she quite Eclipsed the Venus,—she was so still, so marble-like, so majestic; and there was such a pretty little Cupid hanging about his mother, though the little girl who represented him could not help smiling, which was a pity. But these tableaux, Lady H——, do give such command to the countenance—they are the finest exercise in the world; for, as Mrs. Beauvoir says, there is nothing on earth more low-bred than too much play of the muscles—not to speak of that horrid thing, a burst of laughter. The smiles of a young lady of quality should be entirely under command; even the eye should be subject to regulation. You may shake your head, my dear sister, but as I have often said to you, a laughing, dancing eye is a dangerous thing; it often betrays too much of the heart. Your pretty niece's eyes always smile before her lips, and even sometimes when those rosy lips are very politely primmed up; this should be corrected before she goes out into the world. As Mrs. Beauvoir

says, nothing so much distinguishes a woman of real birth from a *parvenue*, in these days, as an upright carriage, a firm step, and a settled, steadfast look—a look which is not drawn aside by every passing object, or which betrays an interest in what people, perhaps low people, are doing and saying about them. It is in these small matters, though perhaps I should not call them small, that I feel that you are liable to fail in the bringing up of Lucilla—not from any defects in yourself, dear Lady H——, but from the retirement to which she must, in a certain degree, be condemned at Woodville.”

“Nay, dear Lady Anne,” said Lady H——, “do not compliment me on my capabilities of giving a finish to a young lady, like that given by Mrs. Beauvoir; I feel assured, that if Lucilla is brought up by me, she will have none of the perfections given at Laurel Grove,—I have them not myself.”

“At our time of life,” replied Lady Anne, “these things are of less importance, as I tell my daughter; but I have remarked of Lucilla, as I before hinted, that she seems to take no account whatever of the station of the person on whom she bestows those smiles.”

“She is a child yet,” said Lady H——, “and ought not yet to be aware of the great caution necessary in the world. At present, I must confess that her courtesies are very indiscriminately bestowed, as it respects station in life.”

“Well, my dear sister, this cannot be right, and I hope you will think of Mrs. Beauvoir’s seminary for your sweet little *protégée*.”

Now, Henry Milner, though not wishing to listen, having heard the name of Lucilla, had been anxious to hear more; but it would be difficult to describe the violent anger which he felt when he heard Laurel House recommended. He was not well able to rise, but he begun to fidget, and Lady H—— coming up to him, he ventured to whisper to her, that he hoped she would not send Lucilla to be spoilt at Mrs. Beauvoir's. "O Lady H——," he said, "please not to let her be brought up according to the ways of the world."

"Not," said Lady H——, "whilst I have principle and power to prevent it; so make yourself content on that head, Henry."

It is not the intention of the writer to enlarge much upon the remainder of Mr. Dalben's visit to Lord H——. From the period of the steeple chase, Miss Sandys fell entirely into the back-ground; had she been troubled with such a thing as a heart, it might have been suspected that the high hand with which Marten carried his *nonchalance* gave her some pain, especially when, after the first day, his coldness evidently cost him no effort. It was not thought right for Henry to move much during the remainder of his stay at Lord H——'s, and accordingly, little Robert, who was recovering his infantine beauty rapidly after the chicken-pox, thought it a matter of duty, as it was no doubt one of pleasure, to try to amuse him. Hence he brought down into the drawing-room many of his toys, and sat on the carpet by Henry playing with them. Lucilla, of course, was often with her brother, and thus

the friendship between these three continued to increase from day to day. In the meantime, Henry knew not what to make of Marten, whose manner, though always kind, seemed to carry with it an unaccountable reservedness, for he was often absent for hours in a morning, and never volunteered any account of these excursions. Henry, however, was pleased to hear him say that he should be glad when the time came for their return into Worcestershire, which proved that he had not entirely lost his taste for simple life.

A visit from old Mr. Clayton, to thank Henry in person, which he did in the handsomest manner, bringing at the same time a good account of his son, was the only matter worthy of record which occurred before Mr. Dalben and the young men left Woodville; still, happy as Henry ever had been at home, when he took leave of his noble friends, and especially of Lucilla and Robert, he found it very hard to restrain his tears, and often during that day, the wish occurred, "O that I had a sister!"

CHAPTER X.

Another turn of the wheel.

IT was five o'clock in the evening when the carriage which conveyed Mr. Dalben, Henry, and Marten within, and Maurice without, rolled in at the gate of the old house in Worcestershire, which gate Thomas, who had stood waiting there ever since the rumbling of the wheels had been heard, with Lion at his side, opened with an alacrity which said, "You are all welcome." As the chaise passed in, Maurice nodded to his fellow-servant from the dickey on which he was mounted, with an air which spoke as plainly as that with which Thomas had opened the gate, and which said, "I am not the same boy who left this place a few weeks since; I have seen more of life than you have, Mr. Thomas." At the hall-door, Edgar Bonville sprang out to greet the travellers, with a warmth and a glee which was exceedingly agreeable. Mrs. Kitty was also standing on the steps to welcome her mas-

ter, and behind her, in bright perspective, for a lamp was already lighted in the hall, was the figure of Ladbrook, arrayed much in the usual costume of a German student—that is, in a dusty and somewhat tarnished frock-coat, a neckcloth so loose as to display no small portion of his scraggy throat, a beard of more than one day's growth, and a more than handsome proportion of long unmanageable hair. Under each arm he held a large and somewhat rugged folio, and in each hand a smaller volume, which last also bore tokens of much service. Being thus laden, he could not, of course, come forward to assist in helping Mr. Dalben from the carriage, nor had he a hand to offer; but he opened his mouth, showed his teeth, chuckled inwardly, and with a full, loud emphasis, thus addressed Mr. Dalben—“*Salvum te rediisse gaudeo.*”

“Go and unload, Ladbrook,” said Edgar, “and, for a variety, speak a little English, I beseech you, this evening.”

And as the pedant turned up the stairs, the travellers followed Edgar into the well-known study, where was a table laid for five persons, and a blazing fire, before which Lily slept on a rug, with a kitten nearly half as big as herself. Mr. Dalben being deposited on his sofa in the pleasant consciousness of being once again at home, (although he had left friends most dear to his heart,) Edgar broke out in expressions of delight, first fetching a deep groan, as if to relieve his chest, and then saying, “O that superlative bore—that musty folio;—by-the-bye, Marten, did Balaam's ass

“speak Latin?” This question was spoken in a tone not for Mr. Dalben to hear.

Mrs. Kitty now entered, bearing a covered dish of considerable dimensions, which, having set on the table, she was wheeling out again, when Mr. Dalben stopped her to inquire after her health, which he always made a point of doing with some ceremony after an absence.

“I am tolerable well, I thank you, sir,” she replied, “only for the rheumatis; and it’s not so easy for me to run to and fro as formerly; but now Maurice is come back, I shall have less running.”

“Why does he not assist you now, then, Kitty?” said Mr. Dalben.

“And that was what I was just a-saying to him, sir; but he is warming himself, and telling Thomas all about his travels, and the wonders he has seen; and when I just asked him to help me with the dishes, he said, says he—”

“Never mind what he said, Kitty,” replied Mr. Dalben; “tell him, when he has warmed himself, that he is to assist you.”

“Humph!” said Mrs. Kitty, as she went out at the door; and what more she added is lost to posterity, as her words were spent on the empty air of the hall.

“I hope Kitty has used you well, Edgar?” said Mr. Dalben.

“I have fared the better,” answered Edgar, “from her horror of Mr. Ladbroke; who is guilty of every possible enormity in the eyes of the worthy dame which a man can commit; the most atrocious of which is, his enormous

appetite. Mrs. Kitty says, that it is a moral impossible for any fortune to stand it: and so," added Edgar, "I advised her to make a jorum of thick peas-soup every day, by way of a damper; and I have been in excellent favour ever since I thought of this expedient."

More dishes now arrived, Maurice giving his assistance; and when all was duly arranged, and Mr. Ladbroke had made his appearance, the whole party sate down to table, Edgar, by Mr. Dalben's request, having taken the head.

"There is something very pleasant," said Henry, "in sitting down amongst friends in this way, after a long, cold drive."

"And there is something particularly congenial to me," added Marten, "in this house, this room, the fields and woods in the neighbourhood, and all that belongs to this place."

Henry and Mr. Dalben both looked up at Marten in some surprise, as they thought that he had a decided taste for the great, and that he would, therefore, regret the magnificence which he had so lately quitted.

"You are surprised to hear me speak to this effect, Henry," replied Marten, "but I am glad to be here again, and yet I hardly know wherefore, but I feel a sort of relief. It is not always possible, however, to explain one's feelings," added he, "nor do I think it always wise to analyse them. I believe that one reason why children are so happy is that they never ask themselves the question whether they are happy or otherwise."

"That is, as you say, they never analyse their feelings," replied Mr. Dalben, "so long

as they are permitted to retain the simplicity of childhood, and whilst their confidence in their elders is unshaken; and this is the part of the childlike character which is recommended to us in Scripture, which never belongs to the man of the world, and which, though soon destroyed in infancy by a worldly education, is restored in regeneration; with this difference only, that whereas the confidence of the child rested on an earthly parent, that of the babe in Christ depends upon an heavenly one. And then, again, we who believe, come, perhaps, in old age, to the state of mind in which we set out—that is, that we are again enabled to enjoy any comfort, in the full assurance that we have an all-powerful Friend, who has provided all that is necessary for our future well-being.”

“According to you then, my dear sir,” said Marten, “we are to be content with present comforts, and not be anxious respecting our future concerns in life; on this principle how then is the world to go on? If, for example, every person were to be satisfied with a cottage, and a roasted potatoe, and a coat manufactured by his wife from the scatterings of the flocks, we should soon all sink back into barbarism, even could a sufficient living be made out to keep body and soul together.”

Mr. Dalben deferred his answer to this question, which he stated as being one of great profundity, to another time, and lighter subjects were introduced. Henry and Marten related the history of the steeple chase to Edgar, and he in return gave an account of an invasion he had suffered from the Hargraves, Wellings,

and Clayton, a few days previous to the said chase.

“*Irruptio erat,*” said Ladbroke, these being the first words he had uttered since the commencement of the repast.

“Of the enemy,” said Edgar.

“*Inimicorum,*” spouted Ladbroke.

“On horses,” added Edgar.

“*Domitores equorum,*” subjoined Ladbroke.

“One at a time, if you please,” remarked Marten, “or we shall never arrive at the end of the story.”

“*Obticeo,*” said the pedant, and Bonville thus proceeded. “It was,” said he, “on a Monday, or mayhap a Tuesday morning.”

“Or some other day of the seven,” remarked Henry.

“On a Monday or a Tuesday,” continued Edgar, “that Thomas, being in the garden in front of the house, came rattling to the bow-window where I was repeating my lesson, like a good boy, after my tutor, to apprise me that a lot of young blades, as he called them, were approaching the house, and were now, he feared, at the hall door. What was I to do? I could not escape by the parlour-door, and I was anxious not to be seen, surmising who they might be. I therefore flew into the closet, barricaded myself in, shut the shutters, and apprized Ladbroke not to betray me.”

“I needed not such admonition,” said the tutor, “*oportebat et opus erat hoc fieri.*”

“Well,” said Marten, impatiently, “go on, Bonville.”

“ Scarcely,” said Edgar, “ had I barricaded myself, than I heard the sweet and dulcet tones of Mrs. Kitty’s voice, ‘ I tell ye, gentlemen,’ said she, ‘ that Mr. Edgar is not to be seen on no account, seeing, as he says himself, that his time is precarious, and he has none to throw away.’ ”

“ ‘ His time cannot be more precarious than ours, good woman,’ replied a voice, which I knew to be Wellings’, and which I perceived at the same time to be very near my place of concealment; and then I heard him address Mr. Ladbroke, in his usual familiar tone, asking him where Bonville was to be found.

“ Now, thought I, if Ladbroke will charge the enemy in Latin or in Greek, it will scatter them better than the whole force of the English vocabulary, however applied; for Clayton, I well knew, could never stand a Latin missile, much less a broadside, and probably the Hargraves are not more fond it.”

“ Not to speak of the Greek fire,” said Marten; “ but proceed.”

“ As I had hoped, so it proved, he came out full-mouthed.”

“ *Clarè loqui,*” said Ladbroke, laughing, “ *ore rotundo,* though I knew not the weakness of the enemy.”

“ And whilst he bowled away at them in front,” continued Edgar, “ Mrs. Kitty kept up a fire in their rear, which was no less annoying. Those behind Wellings were the two younger Hargraves and Roger Clayton; and the object of this visit was, as Clayton very civilly told Mrs. Kitty, to invite me for a few days to his father’s house, in order that I might be present at this same steeple-chase.

“‘And so, mistress,’ said Clayton, ‘if we cannot see Mr. Bonville, will you deliver our message?’

“‘I shall do no such thing,’ replied the courteous dame, ‘for he is here for his studies, and he is onsteady enough, without you or any one’s meddling with him; but what is it you mean by a steeple-chase?’

“Then followed, as I could hear from my retreat, a most harmonious and agreeable dialogue between Mrs. Kitty and Wellings.”

“A well matched pair,” said Marten; “for I would rather meet a bear robbed of her whelps, than Mrs. Kitty in her wrath.”

“‘You wish to know what a steeple-chase is, Mrs. Kitty,’ said Wellings,” continued Edgar.

“How did he know her name?” asked Marten.

“Not to know Mrs. Kitty,” replied Edgar, “would be to acknowledge oneself unknown; moreover, was not her name of a most savoury odour at Clent Green?”—But to go on with Wellings’ address to her. ‘A steeple-chase is a chase run against a steeple, that is a chase, with a steeple, after a steeple, before a steeple.’

“‘Tush!’ exclaimed the housekeeper; ‘what be you young gentlemen thinking on, that you should pretend to cram one with such onpossible stuff?—I tell you—be you who you will—you ban’t nothing more nor less than a romance.’

“‘That you ban’t a romance!’ replied Wellings; ‘who ever heard such a word from a woman’s mouth? What is it you call onpossible?’

“ ‘Why, that a steeple should run a chaise,’ answered the indignant housekeeper, for she was choking with ire, as I could ascertain by the tones of her voice.

“ ‘Onpossible!’ replied Wellings; ‘why should not a steeple run as well as a church walk?’

“ ‘Bless us!’ said Mrs. Kitty, ‘if you ban’t enough to drive a body off their minds; who ever in thiz varsal world heard of a church walking?’

“ ‘Do you ever read your Bible, Mrs. Kitty?’ asked Wellings; ‘if you did, you would know that a certain church walked down to the water’s edge with St. Paul, when he was about to embark to go upon the sea.’

“ ‘Now,’ said Mrs. Kitty, ‘if that ar’n’t downright wickedness, to bring the Scripture to bear witness to such *clish me clavers*.’”

“ That Wellings,” remarked Marten, “is an impudent fellow, just fit for a barrister. But how did this matter end?”

“ The worthies soon took themselves beyond my hearing,” replied Edgar, “after I had heard Mrs. Kitty’s finishing word; and I heard no more of them till the papers informed us that the chaise had actually taken place.”

“ You did well not to see them,” said Mr. Dalben; “but I wish that Kitty had a little more of the *suaviter in modo*.”

“ Especially,” said Marten, “as so many can attest her *fortiter in re*.”

“ Well!” exclaimed Edgar; “if I am not well crammed with Latin it will not be the fault of the present company. It is well that metamorphoses are not now in fashion, otherwise I

should certainly be converted into a *Corderii colloquia.*"

The servants, who had been dismissed during the dinner, in order to give freedom to the discourse, were then called in; the things were removed, and the party, as it was late, gathered round the fire to discuss their adventures; and a little after ten, every person in the house was asleep, with the exception of Mr. Ladbroke, who, to the utter discomfiture of Mrs. Kitty, burnt out a mould candle every night in his own room after the family were gone to bed. But, as she told her sister, Mrs. Green, "If master will have his house filled with a pack of young men, he must not be astonished at any strange doings there may be in it. Howsomdever, she could not but say, he had a right to please himself."

And now after this first evening everything fell into its usual orderly routine in Mr. Dalben's house. The young men met at breakfast, after which they studied till two o'clock; they then dined, and were in the open air as long as they could see. At six they drank tea, then studied again till eight o'clock, and generally finished the evening with some improving conversation, in which Mr. Dalben often took the lead. During one of these conversations, the subject which was slightly alluded to on the first evening of the arrival of the party from Woodville, was again brought forward, Marten repeating his question, What would be the consequences if the principle of ambition were taken from every human mind, admitting the term ambition in its common accepted sense?

“ Before I answer this question,” said Mr. Dalben, “ I must suggest an inquiry, supposing myself to be ignorant of the reply which I am assured that you will give me. Are the members of society, under the present dispensation—that is, the individuals of whom the nations of this earth are composed, men in the flesh—thinking and acting according to carnal principles, and living under the influence of sense and passion? or are they persons to whom the principle of life has been imparted through the indwelling of the Spirit? Your answer of course will be, that society is composed, at this present time, of carnal persons, the regenerate, whether they be few or many, being hidden ones, and necessarily scattered as members without a head; and also, from the nature of their condition, as still connected with the sinful flesh, less wise in their generations than the children of this world; therefore, inasmuch as the mass of men are living according to the flesh, this mass must be regulated by such powers as may be brought to bear and act upon its feelings, its fears, its affections, and its desires—its dread of present shame,—its fear of the penalties of the laws—its natural affection for wife, children, &c.—and its desires of earthly honours and possessions; nor would any good be effected by removing all earthly stimuli, unless a better principle could be inspired in the mass of mankind.”

“ Then, sir,” said Marten, “ you suppose that the world is even now regulated by a carnal principle?”

“ I do, Marten,” replied Mr. Dalben; “ I

think I see it more and more every day ; and I also think that it is the will of God it should have been so, and should continue so to be until the second coming of our Lord, at which time he will take the government of the whole earth into his hands."

"It is true then, what I have heard," said Mr. Ladbroke, "that you, most worthy sir, maintain that most singular, and, in my opinion, unorthodox doctrine, of the personal reign of Christ on earth ; for, as Eusebius says, when speaking of the five books of Papias, Bishop of Hierapolis, in Phrygia, entitled, *Λόγων Κυριακῶν ἐξηγησις*—"

"Why, Mr. Ladbroke," said Edgar, as if he had suddenly made the discovery, "your face is besprinkled from chin to brow with an infinite multitude of very small drops of ink !"

"*Mehercule !*" replied Ladbroke ; "perchance I did this when I ejected the ink from my pen in the chamber above."

"Well, then, do go, I beseech you," said Edgar, "and endeavour to efface these multifarious blemishes ;—do, my good fellow !"

"*Operam dabo !*" replied the young man, quitting the room, amid the smiles, by him unobserved, of all whom he left behind him, not even excepting Mr. Dalben, who, after this interruption, went quietly on with his discourse, saying that—"for some years he had been wholly unable to discern in prophecy any thing beyond the kingdom of the personal reign of Christ, called the Sabbatical Millennium ; but that certain views still more remote, had of late

seemed to open to him, though at present he declined speaking more of them."

Marten then said, "What, sir, do you consider to be the object of the Almighty in allowing the world to continue for so many ages in its present state of pain, suffering, and crime? I trust," added the young man, "that I do not put this inquiry in a spirit of infidelity, but merely in order to obtain as much satisfaction as can be given on such a subject."

"I am led to think," replied Mr. Dalben, "that the object of the divine government at this present time is not so much to prevent the commission of evil as to lead man, (who is still the work of the Creator, although he has corrupted himself,) by long and varied experience, to admit, at some future period of his existence, if not during the present dispensation, that he can never effect any good by any exercise of his own free will; I would be understood to say any permanent good, either in the state of the world in general, or of souls in particular. It is, however, very certain that no one will learn this lesson as long as he is under the influence of carnal principles, although in the ages of light which are to come, the past experiences of men on earth may be brought forward as additional proofs of the nothingness of the creature, and the all-sufficiency of the Creator."

"But," said Marten, "were not the four thousand years before Christ, the first two being without law, and the second two under the law, sufficient for such trial of man's folly and criminality?"

“ I presume not so,” replied Mr. Dalben ; “ first, because it did not please God to put an end to transgression at the time Christianity was first preached on earth, and secondly, from reasons quite discernible even to my apprehension ; for let us consider—supposing that such influence had been given to Christianity after the ascension of Christ our Lord as should have greatly effected the well-being of nations,—that wars had then ceased,—that violence had been no more heard on the earth,—that the rulers of the visible church had conducted themselves according to the simplicity which is in Christ, and that kindness, hospitality, and decency had generally prevailed, might there not have been room for boasting ? and might not men have said, if our race did evil formerly, was it not from ignorance ? See now, then, what we are become under the guidance of Christian rulers, and under the teaching of Christian ministers ; such boastings can never now be made.”

“ But, Mr. Dalben,” said Marten, “ if God had the power of preventing so much evil as has been committed even since the manifestation of Christ in the flesh, is it not in some degree making him the author of evil, when we assert that it has been his choice and pleasure not to use that power ? ”

“ The question which now occurs,” replied Mr. Dalben, “ is this,—What is evil ? ”

“ A hard question, indeed,” returned Marten.

“ I think that I have been led to see,” replied Mr. Dalben, “ that whereas God alone is good, so evil is no other than the effort of a

created intellectual being to use the powers with which he has been endowed in independence of his Creator, and to take upon himself a responsibility to which no creature, however endowed, is or ever can be equal—this I take to have been the sin of our first parents.”

“ But,” returned Marten, “ must not there have already existed an evil principle in the creature, before he could have desired to make such independent use of the powers lent to him in creation ? ”

“ There may be, and assuredly is,” replied Mr. Dalben, “ a certain degree of imperfection in all created things, (for there is one only perfect being,) and the creature can be preserved from falling, only by being, as it were, shut up in the Divinity, (I know not what other expression to use,) and thus prevented from falling away. This feeling Henry must often have experienced whilst, as a little child, constantly depending on me; having me always with him, he was, as it were, shut out from evil by my presence.

“ We can imagine a creature so shut up,” continued Mr. Dalben, “ in the fruition of the glory and happiness included in this idea, and being thus preserved without ever having personal experience of that departure from his Creator, which is evil in the abstract; and we may again conceive another creature who is not admitted to this union with his Creator till after having had this personal experience; and we may also suppose that those who have thus known evil, and have been redeemed from it, may be quite

equal, if not superior, in the scale of love, of intellect, and of happiness, to those who have never known the contrast. Hence may we not conceive it possible that the Almighty may have permitted the sin of our first parents, and this temporary triumph of the malice of Satan, in order that his divine purposes of love to the human race might be made more manifest; and that it may have suited the divine purposes to have given so much free will to certain individuals of his creatures as should have allowed them to try the experiment of a considerable exercise of their derived faculties? Let us now consider what Adam undertook when tempted by the serpent to eat the fruit of the tree of knowledge of good and evil; did he did not seek to be as God, knowing good and evil? He thereby instantly incurred the penalty of spiritual death, or a cutting off of his spiritual union with God, of which natural death was the remote consequence; and thus reduced himself and his descendants to a situation from which no power of theirs could extricate them?"

"But," said Henry Milner, "from which our Saviour *has* extricated us——"

"By becoming man, and in his human nature satisfying the divine justice," said Mr. Dalben, "thus undoing all the mischief which Adam did; 'for as in Adam all die, so in Christ shall all be made alive.'"

"Christ has thus done much—very, very much," said Marten. "God forbid that I should dispute that point; but certainly he has not set the human race where they were before

Adam sinned;— he has not removed the depravity of our nature, nor our liability to pain, nor set us free from temporal death.”

“ No,” replied Mr. Dalben, “ not yet; for as we are born in Adam, we must die in him, the terms of the covenant being with those who are born and die in Adam; terms, to which, however painful, and in some sense degrading, Christ himself submitted.”

“ I see this,” replied Marten, “ but there is one point which puzzles me: if it has not pleased God to use his power to the hindrance of sin, and if he has allowed generations after generations of men to live in the constant commission thereof, and to die in ignorance; and if multitudes of these are so fixed in death that they are never to be restored, how is it that all who die in Adam are to live in Christ? How is it made out that as sin hath reigned unto death, even so must grace reign more abundantly, through righteousness, unto eternal life, by Jesus Christ our Lord?”

“ My dear Marten,” said Mr. Dalben, “ Scripture is open to you, and to all here present; study for yourselves, pray that you may be led by the Lord the Spirit, to give the Scriptures the full credit which you would give to the letter of a friend.”

“ I hope that I am inclined so to do,” said Marten.

“ I used to think so of myself,” replied Mr. Dalben: “ but I have lately been led to perceive that during the whole course of my life, I scarcely ever read a portion of the Scriptures, especially of the Epistles, and those parts par-

ticularly which speak of the work of salvation by Christ, without some mental reservation or qualification, or a predisposition to interpret them my own way. Of this offence I was not made aware till very lately; and since I have been made more willing to receive the pure word of Scripture, I am perfectly amazed at the light which has shone upon my mind, especially on the vast subject of the work of salvation."

But in this place, certain loud and objuratory tones, evidently arising from a female throat or windpipe, suddenly burst upon the ear, disturbing the quiet of the party sitting round the fire, exciting the so often-mentioned nervous titillation in the throat of Mr. Dalben, and causing all the young men to start on their feet, and stand ready to rush forth when the next shrill tone should seem to make it their duty, as it was their pleasure so to do.

"Mrs. Kitty and Ladbroke, no doubt," said Edgar, "many have been the skirmishes aforesaid, between these incompatibles. Hark again!" And Marten crying out "*Celero quâ buccina signum dira dedit,*" rushed into the hall, being followed by Henry and Bonville, where they were instantly apprised that they had not misjudged the names and persons of the disputants. The field of battle was the first landing of the staircase, and the parties were standing on steps one above the other, in such a way as to produce the best possible effect. The principal figure was Mrs. Kitty, and as she was the most distinguished of the group, she stood in

the best relief. In her hand, she held a dip candle in a brass candlestick, which she moved rapidly about, evidently to prevent Mr. Ladbroke, who stood behind her, from seizing it,—*flammanitia lumina torquet*. A few steps below the position occupied by Mrs. Kitty stood Maurice, as happy and as entirely in his element as Tom Bliss at a cock-fight, and hardly restraining himself from joining in the scuffle; whilst Mr. Ladbroke, in the back ground, all pale with passion, was most undignifiedly endeavouring to seize the object of discord, viz. the candlestick, containing the flaming dip, from the hands of the furious housekeeper.

“What, Ladbroke!” cried Marten, “contending with a woman—*quantum mutatus ab illo Hectore!*”

But Mr. Ladbroke was too much excited either to see or to hear anything or any person but Mrs. Kitty; *Redde candelabrum, filia Satani,* he exclaimed.

“I shall do no such thing, Mr. Ladbroke,” replied the dame. “It don’t signify talking, you sha’n’t be trusted with no more candle till I have incensed master; we shall all be burnt alive in our beds, some day or another.”

“*Mulier es—audacter juras,*” exclaimed the pedant.

Mrs. Kitty was preparing her answer, when seeing the young gentlemen at the bottom of the stairs, she spared her first enemy, to commence an attack upon the new arrivals, and thus she delivered herself:—“You may wonder, perhaps, you gentlemen there,” she said,

"and be ready to blame me, but I knows I am right, for all what you may think."

"Surely, Mrs. Kitty, we may have our own thoughts without offending you," said Henry, "and if we think that you are taking great liberties with Mr. Ladbroke, we certainly have some cause for so doing."

"Liberties, truly!" she answered; "it was no time for standing to pay compliments, when the house was afire;" then suddenly changing her tone to one, if possible, of more deadly ire, and addressing Maurice, "Aye! aye!" she added, "you may laugh, and look as if you would as much as say it is not the truth; but, gentlemen, you shall hear, for it is no shame to me, though it may be to some as stands nigh."

"Give Mr. Ladbroke the candle first, Mrs. Kitty," said Henry, "and then we will hear you."

"What!" retorted the housekeeper, "give him the candle, for him to burn the house over our heads?"

"Woman," exclaimed the incensed pedant "thou art insolent."

"I was going up stairs," continued Mrs. Kitty, resolved to be heard, "and I sees a light flaming under the door, and I calls and no one answers, and in I goes, and there he was as sound as a top, and this here candle had fallen out of the socket, and was all among the litter and the books, and another moment and we should all have been burnt in our beds; and so I whips up the candle, and he rouses and after me, and there he stands to deny it if he dare."

"I slept not," said Mr. Ladbrook.

"Enough, Kitty, enough," exclaimed Henry, "give Mr. Ladbrook the candle, and walk down."

"And so that be all the thanks I am to have for saving the house," retorted the dame; "but Master shall hear on't, I promise ye."

By this time, Mr. Ladbrook had returned to his room, whither Edgar, who was really uneasy at the circumstance, as he had been the means of bringing him to the house, followed him immediately, and obtained a promise from him that he would not only be more careful, but would not sit up after the family were gone to bed. This affair, however, made Mr. Dalben somewhat nervous for a few days; and the remark which he made was, that as no human precaution can guard a household on all sides, there was as much reason to look to Providence in the smallest matters as in the greatest affairs of life. He also thanked Mrs. Kitty for her watchful care; taking the opportunity at the same time to beg her to seek a power from above, to enable her to overcome the increasing warmth of her temper. She, indeed, made no answer to her master which was by any means disrespectful, but on her return to her own place, she told Sally that she did not know what her master meant, for her temper was as good as another's; adding, that the last fault which ought to be found with her was for any defect on the score of temper. So much for man's knowledge of, and insight into, his own qualifications or defects. But this skirmish with Mr. Ladbrook being over, all things

settled down again in their usual routine ; and so peacefully, and we trust improvingly, did the time pass, that the period arrived for the removal of the young gentlemen to Oxford, before it appeared to Marten or Henry that they had been in Worcestershire one month.

CHAPTER XI.

The catastrophe of the Tea-kettle.

It is not the intention of the historian to satisfy the reader on one especial point, viz. to what college Henry Milner belonged—the fact may be easily ascertained by a person examining the university books; but whilst so many individuals are in existence who were Henry's contemporaries at Oxford, care must be used lest offence may be given where none is intended. At the same time we give to any person, whether of high or low degree, who either now appertains to the great university, or might be supposed to have appertained thereunto at the time Henry Milner was actually there or might have been there, free permission to take offence at any passage which may seem to hit him in a tender place; and if such individual will have the kindness to make his disapprobation known in any public paper, the writer of these memoirs will acknowledge the obligation, in the assurance that nothing whatever so much increases the sale of a work as a well-penned censure from an eminent and distinguished character. But although it is not intended to point out the

name of Henry's college, yet it must not be left in doubt who amongst his former companions were with him in that college. If he were associated there with the one of all his young companions whom he loved best, he had with him also the one he would last have chosen: the first being Marten, the second Wellings. Lord F——, too, was of the same college: but as Henry had never been at school with him, he was the less affected by his presence, or rather, expected so to be. Lord F——, Marten, and Wellings had passed their little go, and Marten had taken his so quietly, that scarcely any of his friends not in Oxford knew when it had taken place. It had occurred at the end of the former year. Lord F—— and Bonville were nearly of the same standing; but Lord F—— had put off going up for the last examination, merely from carelessness; his intention, however, was to do so before the next Christmas vacation, but he took the matter coolly; he was a nobleman, and as he was by no means deficient, he was pretty well assured that all would pass off *secundis avibus*.

Of Henry's other young friends, Edgar and Edward Mansfield were together, Mr. Ladbrook was at his hall, and poor Clayton not come up, being still in a somewhat bruised and battered condition. Wellings' time, it should be remarked, would be run out at the same crisis as that of Marten; hence it was so arranged, that as the one was associated with the other in his progress through Clent Green, so also were they to be companions during their passage through the university. Now to pass over the journey,

and the uneasy feelings with which Henry left Mr. Dalben, of whose increasing infirmities he could not be unconscious; also not to enter upon the various ceremonials which must necessarily take place at the inauguration of all freshmen; it is our pleasure to shut ourselves up in Henry's rooms a little before the hour of commons, with our hero himself, who had just put off his gown and cap, and his friend Marten, whilst the latter initiated Henry more into the politics of the college than he had ever done before. But first, it must be observed, that Henry's rooms were on the ground-floor, looking into the street, it being a private rule of the manager of these matters to allot apartments so situated to men whose steadiness might be best depended upon. Marten's rooms were at another end of the quadrangle, and the young men had agreed to take their breakfast alternately with each other. Lord F——'s rooms answered to Henry's on the other side of the gate, it being understood, that although not a serious man, he was above any such low tricks as might bring disrepute on his college. Wellings' rooms also were not very remote, but they opened on the quadrangle. But to return to what passed between Marten and Henry. "To say nothing of our big wigs," said Marten, "our *principes*, our *magistri*, our proctors, &c. &c.; our tutors, our graduates, and other dons; the *noli me tangeres* of the Alma Mater, I must tell you that we have three parties amongst ourselves, as well as certain odd fellows who cannot be classified,—certain animals so wrapped up in the thick atmosphere

of their own dullness, that it is lost labour even to attempt to quiz them."

"Ay!" said Henry, "are you condescending to quote Wellings, Marten? for I think it was that worthy who said at Clent Green that there was no fun in quizzing one who was unconscious of the affront."

"I beg," said Marten, "that you will not put Wellings' sentiments in my mouth; but to go on with my classifications, which are thus denominated amongst us,—the gentlemen, the snobs, and the saints. It is very amusing, Milner, to see how instinctively every freshman falls into his proper class, and herds with his own kind—*gregatim conveniunt*."

"Of course, then," said Henry, "you congregate with the gentlemen, and Wellings with the snobs."

"I am sorry to say," replied Marten, "that sometimes Wellings intrudes his vulgar phiz amongst us; he sticks as close to F—— as a burr to a man's coat. Wherefore F—— should bear with him as he does I cannot conceive, unless, as I have heard, old Wellings makes himself useful to the young lord, when he wants to raise a little more money than his father allows him,—but this is no affair of ours. However, certain it is, that although Wellings herds with his kind in private, in public he is always with F——, and the impudent fellow, in consequence, is full in my view every day at commons."

"But," said Henry, "in which of your three flocks am I to cry, ba?"

"Does not your instinct assist you to answer

that question yourself?" returned Marten, "as it does most animals in their choice of companions."

"Well, then, I think," replied Henry, "I feel myself somewhat attracted towards your third class."

"What!" exclaimed Marten, "the saints! But this is the very point on which I wish to caution you: you have seen enough of the low slang of the raffish set, I conceive, to avoid such as these; but you do not know, you have never seen, the sort of men which form the party called saints—men who make no distinctions, and are as vehement against a man who reads a novel, or looks on at a steeple-chase, or dances a rigadon, as against an ungentlemanly fellow, who lies, and swears, and gets habitually intoxicated,—a parcel of dull, self-righteous persons, who know as little of true religion in their way, as Wellings does in his. I tell you, Harry, if you fall amongst these, you will be abridged of every innocent pleasure; you will have all your spiritual views of religion, such as Mr. Dalben has given you, totally destroyed; your manners will be rendered restrained and formal, and you will certainly fall under the displeasure of the heads of the college, who are pretty well aware of the secret contempt in which their habits and principles are held by this party, for in setting up and maintaining their own private opinions, they uproot all respect for established authorities, holding them to be altogether corrupt."

"But if their opinions are kept to themselves," said Henry, "how then can they be known?"

"When men will not do as others do," replied Marten, "do they not show their disapproval of those things done by others?"

"Certainly," replied Henry; "but according to this principle, we must accommodate ourselves to every fashion of this world, however wrong, lest we should give offence by non-conformity."

"Remember the adage, When at Rome, do as they do at Rome," replied Marten.

"Or not go to Rome," returned Henry; "but if I am forced to go to Rome, must I kiss the pope's toe?"

"You have got the habit, Milner," said Marten, "of carrying every discussion too far; who asked you to kiss the pope's toe? But there is a difference between a ceremony so nauseous as that to which you have alluded, and appearing in the presence of a superior with a dogged disrespect, and a manifestation of a determination not to accommodate in unimportant matters; however, you must now act for yourself. Remember that I have told you what these men are, called saints, and it is no fault of mine if you choose to herd with them."

"My uncle advised me," replied Henry, "to avoid all hasty intimacies."

"Your uncle is a man of sense," rejoined Marten.

"To what party does Lord F—— belong?" asked Henry.

"To the gentlemen, of course," replied Marten, somewhat highly.

"But," replied Henry, "though we may suppose that he has his motives for bearing

with Wellings' low life, I cannot comprehend Wellings' motives for bearing so much as he does with F——'s quizzings. You say, Marten, that he quizzed him without mercy when you were with them both at Spirehill, and took what you called great liberties with him on that occasion."

"Such liberties," replied Marten, "that no lord on earth should ever take with me; but when you have seen a little more of the world, Milner, you will be able to conceive that such a man as Wellings may find it his interest to be associated with a nobleman, although there may be nothing to be directly gained from him. You will soon see, also, Henry, that some of our digs have no objection to parade the street with a gold tassel. I have seen Green Spectacles, for instance, strutting down High Street with no small complacency, between F—— and another gold tassel, who left us before last long vacation."

"Who do you mean by Green Spectacles?" asked Henry.

"Who should I mean," said Marten, "but one of our tutors, Frank Russell? He passed us this morning in the Quad—a man about thirty, with light hair, and a lady's complexion, with an enormous pair of green spectacles;—as I said, his name is Russell, and he is, I think, connected with the Stultissima."

"What, Bonville's mother?" said Henry.

"Ipsissima," replied Marten; "and if he can any way get appointed the examining master at the fortunate crisis when Edgar is examined, it will be well for our poor friend,

as such a circumstance will give him courage, and I shall most truly rejoice in any good which may accrue to him, for he is a good fellow, and no snob."

At the usual hour, Henry made his appearance in the hall under the wing of Marten, who begged that he would sit by him, and took occasion to introduce him to several of the young men immediately about him: but although Henry heard the names as Marten pronounced them hastily, yet they made no impression on his memory, and the perfect novelty of the scene—the various new ideas suggested by the gothic character of the vast hall—the lofty windows—the solemn aspects of those who sate at the head of the room—the intentness with which many eyed the plates from various joints which were served up to them—and the murmur of voices around him, so paralysed him for a few moments, that he almost forgot to eat. But having, as it were, got the whole scene by heart, and made up his mind that all this was no more than a sort of phantasmagoria, through which he must needs pass in his journey towards a happy and a real home, his ideas speedily settled themselves into their usually calm and quiet train, and, as Marten would have said, "Richard was himself again." Where a pious and intelligent teacher, such as Mr. Dalben, has been enabled to impress this truth on the mind of his pupil, that this world is an unreal, because a passing and ever-fading scene, and that an individual never truly begins to live till he has quitted this place, where all things perish in the use—

we repeat, where the teacher has been enabled to impress this truth on the mind of his pupil, and where future scenes have been revealed as objects of desire, he has provided the best possible guard for youth against present enticements; for there are feelings in human nature which induce a perpetual craving after something not already possessed, and for this reason, that the present world does not supply those things which are adequate to supply the wants experienced. A beast, when filled, and warm, and free from actual pain, can rest, though not asleep, and has all that its nature requires; but not so man—he is ever wanting more, and he wants more because capable of more enjoyment than the present state of being can supply: he has faculties which no created things can fully exercise—a soul, a mind, and a spirit, which, when not resting in God, are forced and torn as it were from their natural position. Yet, it is a part of the curse brought on his children by Adam, that they are not sensible of their wretched condition, that they suffer these longings for happiness without the instinct which should lead them to seek the only source of real enjoyment,—the knowledge of God, and a restoration to the divine favour. Hence, whilst groping in the dark they weary themselves to find that happiness which no created object can supply; and hence the new and ever-changing efforts, made by generation after generation, to obtain an order of things by which the cravings of individuals and of society may be satisfied; and hence, in these last days, the various changes and innovations, the

shaking of old authorities, the multiplication of laws, the infinite variety of dogmas and of opinions, the tumults, the threatenings, the systematizing, and the confounding of systems, with which we are encompassed, and of which the root is infidelity, and the branches self-sufficiency, and of which the end can be no other than a total disruption of all civil compacts. But when the reason of a young man, like that of Henry Milner, is convinced, we do not say by what process, (though assuredly the work is a divine one,) there cannot be great enjoyment on this earth under the present dispensation, and all he can desire, and more than he can desire, as being then suitable to his feelings, will be added unto him in a future state of being, not on account of his own works or deservings, but through, and by, the Redeemer of the world: however he may be drawn away through human infirmity and the strength of passion, often to do that which is wrong, yet, assuredly, the conviction of the truth must remain within him, to weaken his temptations, to soften his disappointments, and to reconcile him to all present sufferings.

But, whilst we are digressing to matters which will not be interesting to all readers, we are forgetting the present business, which is one of no small importance. It happened that the situation which Henry occupied was between Marten, who sate at his left hand, and a Mr. Darfield. This Mr. Darfield was a leader of the party termed the saints, and several of his friends were about him. Mr. Darfield had come forward to meet Marten as he entered the

hall, and had privately solicited him to introduce him to Henry, which he had done accordingly, but with no very good grace. Nearly opposite to Henry, though somewhat nearer the head of the table, sat Lord F——, and by him Wellings—the latter was directly in a line with Marten. Some minutes had elapsed before the eyes of Wellings met those of Henry; when they did so, the former bowed with mock ceremony, and congratulated his old school-fellow on being one of them in the hall, “and especially on being so situated—so close to all that was good,” proceeding to spout something, which, however, he did not apply to any one in particular, about the *beati*, the *sanctificati*, the *purissimi*, the *piissimi*, and something still more dark, and apparently inapplicable, respecting the flocking together of birds of the same feather.

When Henry perceived that there was either no point in Wellings’ harangue, or not such a one as he wished to make manifest to those about him, he turned from him, and addressed Mr. Darfield, who sat at his right hand, asking him some unimportant question. This led to farther discourse, and Mr. Darfield said that he had known of his being matriculated, that he had looked forward to his coming, and that he hoped soon to have the pleasure of calling upon him.

“You did not think of how much consequence you were, Milner, did you?” said Wellings, putting in his word where it was not wanted. “You were talked of and expected, it seems, by the most *select* society in the college;”

and the young man laid a considerable emphasis on the word 'select.'

Henry scarcely heeded this interruption, which he justly thought impertinent, and continued to converse in a lower tone with Darfield, who appeared to him a sensible and pleasing young man, although there was a gloom in his manner and the tones of his voice which he did not quite relish, being himself very cheerful.

"Wellings is an old acquaintance of yours, Milner?" said Darfield.

"I was at school with him," replied Henry.

"Of course you were not intimate with him?" asked the other.

Henry shook his head, thus expressing a negative.

"It would have disappointed me, had I heard you were so," returned Darfield. "We have flattered ourselves that we should have a friend in you, Milner, when you entered the college;" then adding with considerable pathos of manner, and, indeed, we may say, with a certain sadness, which Henry set down to the constant recurrence of petty persecutions to which he had no doubt that this party was exposed, "We are as a few sheep in the wilderness. Our number is very small, and the reproach which is cast upon us would be insupportable, were we not upheld in a way which the world cannot understand."

A young man who sat on the other side of Darfield, and was his most intimate friend, said, speaking very low, "Wherefore do you always indulge yourself in these complaints? There is

no fire and fagot now—no stakes and furze-bushes ready to be kindled ; and if the laughter of wild and thoughtless young men is not unselfdom excited against us, yet these empty sounds, these echoes of the halls and cloisters, are mere nothings, if we could but bring ourselves to think them so.”

“ We cannot think them mere nothings,” replied Darfield, “ when they are the actual evidences of malice against the Most High, and against those who desire to serve him. Consider, Emery, what is the end of this species of madness, but eternal sorrow. We cannot think it a light thing that men should scoff ; nor are the sufferings light which these scoffers inflict.”

Whilst Mr. Darfield was still speaking, which he did in a slow and solemn accent, adding much more than will be recorded here, and by no means sparing those who sat at the head of the table, Henry perceived that several young men who belonged to what Marten called “ the gentleman’s party,” were looking intently upon the speaker ; and it was also apparent that Wellings, who, without pretensions, had intruded himself amongst them, was trying, though probably in vain, to catch the meaning of what he was saying.

“ Well, Darfield,” at length he said, “ why are not all of us to profit by your discourse ? What is the text ? I beseech you, lift up your voice, man, and cry ; give us a screed of doctrine,—a pear to eat with our cheese.”

“ The text,” said Marten, drily, “ I can tell you, Wellings—it was something relative to the fat bulls of Bashan.”

Wellings turned black as thunder, and this jest thoroughly counteracted any small remainder of gratitude which there might be in the mind of the young man relative to Marten's conduct in the affair of the duck-pond: however, it suited his purpose not to notice the allusion. The dinner was by this time concluded, and shortly afterwards the young men dispersed—alone, or in twos and threes, each individual, as Marten remarked, herding with his own kind. Henry and Marten went together to call upon Edgar Bonville; after which they were to take a walk, and then to return to tea in Marten's rooms,—where not only Edgar but Edward Mansfield arrived in time to partake of what Marten had provided. It is neither requisite, nor expedient, to repeat all that passed during this evening's recreation. Young people, without an elder, seldom converse consecutively, *i. e.* in regular questions and answers, remarks and comments upon remarks, as we elders do—much less do they make a point, in their gay and thoughtless moments, of modulating their voices, or speaking only one or two at a time; and young men, especially, often go so far in rallying one another as to excite alarm in grave aunts or mothers, lest they should fall out seriously; and it has been said, that in some of the rooms in certain colleges these young animals, usually called men, play like kittens with each other, sometimes to the no small detriment and derangement of various articles of furniture, as may be proved by the appearance of such furniture after having passed through one or more hands.

Now that which happened this evening in Marten's rooms may perhaps be thought little worthy of record by the graver critics—if such there are—amongst our readers who object to anything like a row. We beg them to proceed to the next chapter, where they will find certain passages more suitable to their tastes; and supposing these more serious readers to have closed the book in this place, in order to open it in another, we will proceed in our own way to the end of the chapter.

Marten had a tea-kettle—a brass tea-kettle,—a bright brass tea-kettle; and it was full of water and on the fire. The lid being close pressed down, the steam came out at the spout. Marten also used certain little neat faggots, and this day, as, when the scout brought in the kettle, there were no manifestations of the water within being in a boiling state, he, that is, Marten, took of these faggots, and placed them on the coals under the kettle. As the faggots kindled, the kettle began to sing; and then, as the faggots blazed, to hiss, and bubble, and steam. But, alas! what support is more frail than a burning faggot? Suddenly and without warning, all that had hitherto supported the kettle gave way, and the brazen vessel, with its boiling contents, rolled into the centre of the area formed by the young gentlemen's legs, a circumstance which, had it occurred to the wise men of Gotham, would have answered every purpose of the countryman's pitch-fork, for each person gathered up his own limbs at one and the same instant, with that truly selfish instinct with which every one takes care of that which

appertaineth to himself, and at the same moment all four were perched, each on his own chair, though not so quickly but that Edward Mansfield had time to blow out the candles. Marten, however, not seeing this manœuvre, exclaimed, "How is that? how were the candles extinguished?"

"By the kettle, to be sure," replied Edgar.

"By the water from the kettle," added Henry.

"By the fool who put the kettle on the faggot," exclaimed Mansfield.

"Or by the fire which burnt the faggot, that upheld the kettle," added Marten. "But," continued he, laughing at the very idea of the boiling torrent getting to the hole in the floor; "wo be to the heads below—wo be to Griffith and his friend Wellings, for I saw Wellings go into Griffith's rooms as I came through. And as I expected so it is," continued Marten, "they have got it—hear you not the clatter below? Hurrah! now for a row. Oak! oak! for your life, Bonville—to the door—to the door!"

A rush was then made from the chairs to the door, all in the dark, for the flame of the fire was as totally extinguished as that of the candles, one of the young men in the confusion kicking the subverted kettle to the other end of the room. However, the door being found, Marten locked and bolted it, and whilst Henry and Edgar set their backs to it, Marten and Mansfield raised chairs over their heads, and held them against the higher pannels.

“And now,” he said, “be still, say not a word, the enemy approaches.”

“They come up quietly,” said Mansfield; “they are studying a surprise.”

“There is more than one,” said Edgar, “I hear by the steps.”

“Now for it,” said Marten, “hold on.” And scarcely had he spoken before there came a tremendous shout, with a burst against the door, firmly resisted from within.

“Again!” cried a voice, known to be Wellings’, “we’ll make the old timbers start—by Jupiter, they shall go.”

“Hold on,” whispered Marten. And again the old boards creaked and groaned, yet still maintained the unyielding character of heart of oak.

“Now again!” cried Wellings, from without: whilst Marten, speaking low, said, “Bulls and bears, we defy you,” and the rush was met with more than even force by the defenders.

At length, the invaders desisted from their fruitless violence, to try whether they could not provoke a sally. And after Wellings had used a few of his most choice expressions, selected for the purpose of particularly irritating Marten’s lofty spirit, as for instance, “You think it polite and gentlemanlike, John Marten, to rain dirty water on the head of a fellow student,” &c. &c., to which no answer whatever was given from within, Griffith took up the matter, and with a certain twang which made it evident that he had come from over the Severn, began to expostulate,—stating his grievance, and telling Mar-

ten that if he did not apologize he would make the matter public. And he talked of complaining to the higher powers, and making it appear that Marten could behave as unlike a gentleman as any other man, notwithstanding his pretensions.

“Speak to him, Milner, and see what you can make of him,” whispered Marten.

“What am I to say?” asked Henry.

“What you please,” said Marten.

“Tell him,” said Edward Mansfield, “that we have been fishing; and having had the room filled with water, are sorry to find that the floor is not water-proof.”

“We are very sorry, gentlemen,” said Henry, as soon as the silence without permitted him to be heard; “but we were trying an experiment.”

“That won’t do,” replied Wellings, “Griffith wont put up with such liberties; for what did you pour water down the crack? Account for that, you within, there.”

“We were trying to make a fish-pond of the room,” said Henry, “we were going to divert ourselves with the quiet and discreet amusement of angling. We were not aware that the floor was not water-proof.”

“Fishing, angling!” repeated Wellings, “if I were to fish for fools I should be in some danger of hooking you, Milner.”

“Then,” said Mansfield, “there would be a chance of a fool at each end of the line.”

“Ah! what! ho!” cried Wellings, “are you there, Mansfield—and who else? Is Marten within? You may tell him, however, that

Mr. Griffith is not going to pass over this matter."

"What matter?" asked Mansfield.

"This deluge of water," answered Griffith; "I cannot think of passing over this business of the dirty water."

"How should you," replied Mansfield, "inasmuch as the water passed over you? which is a very different thing from your passing over the water."

"Come, come," said Marten, impatiently, "since I suppose that you have done rowing, you shall come in and see how it all happened. There was no rudeness intended—it was an accident, we scorn practical jests—no gentleman ever uses them. Stand away, Henry and Edgar, and let those without walk in."

The door was immediately opened, the scout summoned, the candles relighted, the floor, or rather rug, subjected to the process of drying, and Marten, having expressed his sorrow at the accident, told the invaders with no small loftiness of manner, that they should have heard the whole some time before if they had come in a more gentleman-like manner,—thus by his apology making more ill-will than the catastrophe of the kettle would have wrought, had it never been explained.

When the enemy were withdrawn, those who were left sat down quietly, and spent a pleasant evening, though Marten was once a little ruffled by Edward Mansfield, who hinted, though very gently, that he wished his friend would spare his expressions of contempt for low-bred and ungentlemanly manners in others. The

slight shade of resentment which this remark produced, soon, however, passed away, and never did Marten make himself more agreeable than during the rest of the time which the young men spent together.

CHAPTER XII.

Serious perplexities.

HAVING now given the particulars of one day in Oxford, we will suppose that others have passed, unproductive to the freshman of any very important events. Henry gave certain fixed hours to study, and in the meantime his acquaintance with Darfield and Emery was improved. Lord F—— also called upon him, and Wellings once or twice strolled into his rooms. He formed two or three more acquaintances, and was on general good terms with all the undergraduates of the college who fell in his way. He was, however, much with Marten. These young men often read together, especially when the noises in Mr. Griffith's apartments were more than usually disturbing; but as Henry's rooms were always quiet, (the rooms above him being occupied by Mr. Russell, one of the tutors,) Marten thought it best, as he had a refuge, not to take notice of these annoyances. Hence the young men were more together

than perhaps they might otherwise have been; and as man is a social animal and must have a companion, it was a benefit to both of them.

It may be asserted as an axiom, that ambition is an inherent quality in all human establishments—whether it be an established secular government, an established army, a dissenting chapel, a national church, a college, a school, or what not. In all establishments protected by the government of a country, this principle develops itself more openly, because more creditably, and with the sanction of superiors; but, perhaps, of all earthly establishments, those in which ambition has most influence are such as have originated from, or are in any way tinged with, the great Antichristian Roman hierarchy. It was in the dark ages, when Popery was triumphant, that the old English universities were first established. To these ages they owe some of their finest buildings, and to the fashions of those times the forms and outlines of nearly all of them. To the predominance of the Latin hierarchy a great part of the names and forms of our universities may still be referred; and it would be well if nought but names and forms were left to mark the maternity of our colleges. But whilst in these now reformed places of education, the ancient Old Testament Scriptures are still left closed up, as it were, under a triple veil—the one of Greek, the other of Latin, the third of English, all three of which must be overcome before the student has either leisure or desire to examine them in the original Hebrew—and therefore

whilst so much of Latin is required of youth as to leave but the exhausted dregs of the intellect to rest upon the pure word of God, how can we say that even our colleges have come out pure from the influence of the great Latin Antichrist? But the day of the papal influence is not past. Man still upholds the ministry of man, and attributes the divine prerogatives of the Redeemer to that ministry, and, although in a specious and modified form, still asserts that he is capable of judging of the expedient and the profitable in the service of God. He asserts that he is to live by faith, and often draws near to God by acknowledging with his lips the words of God, whilst in practice he denies the simplest results which would naturally proceed from those inspired expressions. How have we flattered ourselves, because we acknowledge not the Pope of Rome—because we bow not before the image that can neither see, nor hear, nor walk—because the Bible has been translated and given to our people—because we have thrown aside multitudes of the grosser absurdities of the Roman Catholic church: how have we flattered ourselves, I repeat, that we are entirely set free from the spirit of Antichrist, and that we have ceased to put human glosses on the inspired text, though we still look rather to the interpretations of those who have gone before us, and are now walking with us in the visible church, than to the examination of the original version without reference to the renderings of man. But let us beware, ere it is too late—ere yet our tottering towers have fallen. Our strength as Protestants lies only in the truth;

and unless our church now arises and preaches Christ, as she never yet has done, perish she must, and confounded she will be in the dust.

But from whence have we wandered? We were speaking of Henry and Marten, and saying that their associating together was a mutual benefit; although in some particulars their opinions wholly differed. Henry, owing to the divine blessing shed on Mr. Dalben's mode of management and instruction, was persuaded that there was nothing in this world worthy of vehement desire, on this principle, that although there are many enjoyments in life, yet these enjoyments are what arise from common and every-day occurrences—from those small agreeablenesses, in fact, which present themselves in social life on innumerable occasions, and which, meeting with a mind at peace, blossom and shed their fragrance for their little day, and pass away to admit another succession of short-lived sweets, which also, in their turn, having performed their work, pass from all records but those of a grateful and pious mind. But Marten's feelings were not thus prepared for small enjoyments—his nobler mind, as the world would call it, was desiring greater things, and every circumstance of the place in which he resided seemed formed to direct these desires to one reigning object,—eminence in his proposed profession, the ministry. The means to obtain this eminence were, first, university honours. No author ever talked more of posthumous celebrity and an immortal name, than did Marten of a first class and a

double first, and of going up for honours, and of reading for honours, &c. &c. ; admonishing Henry to try for a first class, and calling him a fool when he said, "I shall do no such thing—I will try to get through this strait, called Oxford, as quietly as I can, and as quickly as I can, that I may have done with it, and have leisure to get back to the studies I like."

"Your Hebrew you mean, I presume," said Marten; "but don't you see, Henry, that the studies you are pursuing here are what will prepare you to profit by your Hebrew."

"It may be so," replied Henry; "that is, after I have learnt one language I may learn another more easily, merely from the habit of exercising my mind;—but then consider, Marten, how many years I must lose in learning one difficult language in order that I may learn another with more facility. However," he added, "I have been thinking, Marten, that we are doing very well upon the principles of the Vicar of Bray to perfect ourselves in Latin."

"What of that Vicar of Bray?" asked Marten.

"Some old clergyman in the times of the Stuarts," replied Henry; "in whose mouth this sentence is placed, being a part of an old song,—

' For whatsoever king shall reign,
I'll still be Vicar of Bray, Sir.'

"Well," said Marten, "what has this to do with our discussion?"

"Why," returned Henry, "according to this principle of the Vicar of Bray, we ought to study Latin in order that when Popery is uppermost,

we may make a good figure, in the church which will at that time possess the loaves and fishes."

"What nonsense you talk!" said Marten.

"Some people," said Henry, "cover their meaning with seeming nonsense, and other people cover their no meaning with solemn sentences."

"Like that ass Darfield,"—replied Marten, "one of those who clothes his vapidity in long words and lengthy sentences."

"How fond you are of calling people asses!" remarked Henry.

"Because many people are asses," returned Marten. And then another subject was called, which originated in an invitation to a wine party.

"I think," said Henry, "that I must refuse this invitation, because I have never been used to wine—I don't like it, and I never mean to give what they call wine parties."

"Indeed!" replied Marten; "but you must give one at least during the term—you cannot avoid it—you must absolutely do it."

"On what penalty?" asked Henry.

"On the penalty of being called a mean, stingy fellow," returned the other.

"If I don't drink other people's wine," answered Henry, "other people cannot call me mean if I don't give wine in my turn."

"Then it is on a motive of economy," said Marten, somewhat loftily, "that you denounce wine parties;—if so—all is right."

"You know, Marten, that it is not," replied Henry.

"I thought I knew as much," returned the other.

“ The simple truth is this,” said Henry ; “ a very little wine seems to affect me from not being used to it : if I were to drink one or two glasses in company, I might be tempted to take more ; if I took more I might lose my self-command, and play the fool ; and so, upon the whole, I think it might be as well to let the wine business alone before it be meddled with.”

“ Well, do as you please, at the risk of being called a stingy, sneaking fellow,” said Marten.

“ Or, perhaps,” added Henry, “ a methodistical, puritanical, cat-lapping snob, as Wellings the other day called Darfield. Let me consider what more could be added in the way of censure. You know, Marten, before one decides on any contested point, one ought to weigh the odds on both sides, as Jack Reese would say ; but,” added the youth with more seriousness, “ Marten, say no more to me—I fear the effect of wine—even a row, such as we had in your rooms the other night, sets me up, so that I hardly know what I am doing. Do not press me to take wine in the company of persons of whom I am not quite sure. Pray do not, dear Marten, you know how much I listen to what you say.”

Marten could never resist a plea of this description—he could not stand kindness, and he loved and honoured Henry : he said not another word, and the invitation was accepted for him and declined for Henry. The same evening that Marten was to attend the wine party, Henry walked out alone. I have reasons for not saying in what direction, but it was out of the usual beat of the men, and it was a retired walk

between lanes, in view of a little country church, served by a person belonging to the university.

It was that season of the year in which new leaves and blossoms, and gentle breezes, and the bleatings of lambs, and other manifestations of spring suggest such thoughts as, according to the prepossession of the mind, either expand themselves into romantic visions of such protracted happiness as is inconsistent with the state of things on earth, or explain themselves as being harbingers of that period of promise when sin shall have no more dominion over creation.

How these objects operated on the mind of the young Oxonian need not be told; but Mr. Dalben, could he have known it, would have been fully satisfied with the effect just then of his theory of associations on the mind of his pupil. Henry was actually so completely withdrawn by all these lovely natural figures spread before him, in the fields and lanes through which he wandered, into the scenes of the glory of the days of the millennium, the object of his infant desires and hopes, that he was perfectly startled when a voice uttered his name from behind him. On turning, however, he was not sorry to see Darfield, who immediately joined him, and with whom he continued his walk.

“What, alone, Milner!” said Darfield.

Henry told him that Marten was engaged at a party.

“A wine party,” repeated Darfield, “and you, of course, as a religious man, condemn these parties.”

“No,” said Henry, “I don’t condemn them, though they don’t suit me. Marten is not hurt by them—he never takes too much wine——”

“But the principle of the thing,” replied Darfield—“the worldly nature of these associations—you certainly do not approve them?”

“Really,” replied Henry, “I hardly know what to say; if I begin to disapprove and find fault, where am I to end? I should be at war with the whole college, because everything therein is conducted according to principles entirely different to those in which I have been brought up; and they differ in this particular, that whilst I have been taught to consider the pleasure of God as the only rule of life, worldly expediency is, and probably must be, that of every visible establishment, from this circumstance, that the rulers of this world cannot look at the heart, and must be governed by appearances. I seem to be using somewhat cut and dried sentences,” added Henry, “but in fact and deed, I am repeating a passage from a letter of my uncle’s, lately received, on this very subject.”

“Your uncle, Milner, is an excellent man, I have heard,” replied Darfield; “but may not age have rendered him timid? He may not now have, or may never have had, the nerve to stand boldly out from the world—to endure its bitter taunts and ungodly scoffings. But suppose only that the prophets of old,—that the apostles in later days, that the reformers at a period still nearer our own,—that Luther and Rogers and Huss had said, if we begin to disapprove and find fault, where is all this to end? I say, if

these men had entertained this compromising spirit, there is not a fane now in Oxford which would not be still polluted by the idolatries of the mass, and other abominations of the Papal Antichristian Church; and more than this, Milner, I add, that unless a stand is now made in our senate, our pulpits, our universities, and our schools—in our public societies and private circles, we may apprehend that we shall be overwhelmed, not only with the recurrence of all the horrors of popery, but also, I fear, with the worse abominations of infidelity, blasphemy, and insubordination. For be assured, Milner, that this acquiescence with things as they are, for which you plead, and for which your uncle argues, is of the flesh, and will undoubtedly bring its own punishment, for they that seek their lives shall lose them.”

Henry had scarcely ever felt himself more perplexed than by this address; he had never, through all his experience, been urged by any young friend to more boldness and earnestness in the cause of religion. On the contrary, all his petty persecutions had proceeded from his having been deemed far too religious. Neither had the evil one failed to suggest to his mind, that in the stand which he had been enabled to make at Clent Green and in other places, against the corruptions of his companions, he had done very well; and therefore it was, no doubt, very good for him, as it was a humbling lesson, to find himself suddenly charged with coldness and care for his own ease. Nor could he altogether clear his mind from the imputation; and yet it did not appear to him

what he ought to do. In short, he was greatly perplexed, and remained silent for some time, though attentive to what Darfield was saying; and the latter, having probably said as much as he thought expedient at one time on the subject of christian boldness, began to converse upon religion in general, declaring himself to be an Arminian, and asking Henry whether he approved of the Arminian or Calvinistic doctrines. This question led Henry to say that he knew neither accurately. On which Darfield, taking out a pocket common place-book, read the Arminian Articles, generally called *remonstrat*, as delivered at the Synod of Dort.

1st. God from all eternity predestinated those to everlasting salvation, whom he foresaw would believe in Christ unto the end of their lives, and predestinated obstinate unbelievers unto everlasting punishment.

2nd. Jesus Christ died for the whole human race, and for every individual of it; but believers alone can reap benefit from it.

3rd. No man can produce faith in his own mind by his own free will, but it is necessary that man, who is by nature wicked and unfit for acting or thinking right, should be regenerated by the grace of the Holy Spirit, imparted by God for Christ's sake.

4th. This divine grace constitutes the source, the progress, the fulfilment of all that is good in man, but it is not irresistible in its operations.

5th. Believers, by the assistance of the Holy Spirit, are abundantly fitted for every good work; but whether it be possible for those to

fall away, and to perish finally, is not clear, and must be better inquired into by the Holy Scriptures."

"I do not comprehend all this," replied Henry; "it appears to me to be all confusion; but if you have with you the Calvinistic articles let me hear them."

Mr. Darfield then proceeding to his next page, read a summary of the Calvinist doctrines, as given in a counter-remonstrance to the Arminians, which was adopted in substance in the confession of faith of the assembly of divines, which met at Westminster, A. D. 1643, and which is now the articles of the Church of Scotland.

"God, from all eternity, did by the most wise and holy council of his own will, freely and unchangeably ordain whatsoever comes to pass. Yet so as thereby neither is God the author of sin, nor is violence offered to the will of the creatures, nor is the will or contingency of second causes taken away, but rather established. Although God knows whatsoever may or can come to pass upon all supposed conditions, yet hath he not decreed anything, because he foresaw it as future, or that which would come to pass upon such conditions.

"By the decrees of God, for the manifestation of his glory, some men and angels are predestinated unto everlasting life, and others are fore-ordained unto everlasting death."

"Well, well," exclaimed Henry, "there is quite enough of all this. I am like my uncle, I cannot bear men to meddle with the word of God, and to put what they find there, or think they find there, into their own words; for al-

though they may, and do pretend, no doubt, to take their articles and sermons from Scripture, yet, with very few exceptions, as my uncle has often said to me, they build their theories upon translations from translations; and I could point out to you in the Calvinistic articles one word often and often repeated, which has not a term answering to it, in its received acceptation with us, either in Greek or Hebrew."

"You mean the word eternal," replied Darfield; "I believe that no Greek scholar can dispute this assertion with you. Of Hebrew I am ignorant."

"But," said Henry, "I think you will find that there is no word in Hebrew answering to our ideas of eternity, or to that word as used in the Calvinistic articles."

"I have nothing to say in favour of Calvinism," answered Darfield. "I am not a Calvinist. I cannot receive the doctrine of assurance; I cannot believe that he who has once been a child of God is always such; I believe that a soul may be lost after having known the way of righteousness, and tasted the heavenly fruit; I believe that one who has once lived may die for ever, *in secula seculorum*; and I desire ever to retain this fear upon my mind, that I may thereby be excited to constant watchfulness."

"But," said Henry, "if you are always under fear, Darfield, how can you enjoy peace, and confidence in your Redeemer? How can you truly love one who, after having adopted you through the Lord the Spirit, is ready to cast you off on your ceasing to please him; although

you acknowledge that you are by nature incapable of acting according to the Divine will?"

"My Saviour is neither ready nor willing to cast me off," replied Mr. Darfield; "on the contrary, he is willing to go all lengths to save me. But if I will not be saved, if the Divine justice demands my destruction, who have I to blame but myself?"

"All that God does is right, I know," replied Henry, "and we are bound to believe that all he does, and ever will do, will be consistent with perfect mercy and perfect justice; but we ought to be very careful not to attribute to him a severity which is not founded on scripture, and then make to ourselves a merit in sitting under shadows of our own creation."

"Do you, or do you not believe that some souls are lost for ever?" said Darfield.

"It is a doctrine which I never questioned," replied Henry.

"Do you believe that any person," asked Darfield, "can turn and prepare himself to do the will of God through any natural efforts?"

"Certainly not," replied Henry.

"Do you believe that any unchanged, unregenerate soul can be admitted into glory?"

"Again I say, certainly not," answered Henry.

"You suppose, no doubt," resumed Darfield, "that many live and die in an unchanged state, without having received the gift of faith?"

"I must think so," said Henry.

"And you are assured that no change can pass in the soul after the term of natural death?" asked Darfield

“ I have been brought up to think so,” replied Henry, “ but your question startles me, and causes ideas to arise in my mind which are almost new to me.”

“ You have not reasoned on these subjects before,” said Mr. Darfield; “ may the thoughts now suggested be blessed to you. But permit me to ask another question: do you conceive that some have died in unbelief, after having believed themselves to have been true Christians?”

“ I fear that this has been so,” answered Henry; “ I fear that people have been deceived as to their state, though I hardly know how a man can be a hypocrite without being conscious of it; yet ‘ the heart of the natural man is deceitful above all things and desperately wicked.’ But this I must assert, that if a man ever has been made a child of God through regenerating grace, however he may be led astray after having experienced this change, he can never cease to be a child of God.”

“ There we differ,” said Darfield; “ I believe that one who has experienced a change of heart, may yet perish through his own fault; and hence what need of watchfulness, of prayer, of separation from the world, and of self-denial, to keep under the flesh;—see you not all this, Milner?”

“ I hardly know what I see or what I feel,” answered Henry, “ but this I know, that I am most thoroughly perplexed. Was I in a dream when I first came into these fields, and saw, as I thought, the emblems of divine love shed all around me, when I felt as assured—yes, more

assured of my Saviour's unchanging love, than I do of Mr. Dalben's; and felt also that this assurance was built up in my mind, not upon the consciousness of any strength, or inherent, or even possible good in myself, but on the merits of my Redeemer, who died for me whilst yet I was an enemy;—was I in a dream, Darfield, when I had these sweet thoughts? and must I lose them as long as life lasts, by admitting a doubt in my mind, lest after all I should be lost?"

"Bright and pleasing frames of mind are natural and frequent in youth, but they are not to be depended upon," answered Darfield: "you probably may not always enjoy them; it may not be good that you should do so."

"Oh!" thought Henry, "how I used to long for a young companion who was religious, and now that I have found one, I should be glad that I had never seen him."

The two young men were now come close upon the paling of the enclosure which encircled the little church. "Here," said Darfield, "I must take leave of you, Milner, but not till I entreat you to consider farther what I have said to you, though you will be compelled indeed to take up your cross, if you take up my opinions."

"No farther cross would be needful for me," said Henry; "nay, indeed, I can think of none more dreadful than to be thoroughly convinced that my own salvation depended upon myself, at least so far as that I might forfeit the hope of it by misconduct; because I feel quite certain that in such a case I must be lost, and that in

losing my hope I should lose my love, and without love how could I keep the divine commandments?"

"Milner, you deceive yourself," answered Darfield solemnly; "you are afraid of persecution, and hence you are making out to your own mind that your salvation is wholly independent of your own exertions. You say that you are not a Calvinist, nor an Arminian; but I must tell you that you are in a way to be an Antinomian,—one who asserts that a man may be saved, though living without reference to law or morality."

"Well," said Henry, "I suppose you must think what you will of me; perhaps you cannot think too little of my merits: but since you have been conversing with me, I have been led to think some new thoughts respecting the work of salvation; or rather I have been led to see the bearing of some obscure hints which have lately fallen from the lips of my uncle. But I will look again at the epistles of St. Paul, and perhaps see Mr. Dalben before I again enter on this subject with any one else."

"I hope you see," replied Mr. Darfield, "that you are not so secure, Milner, but that you may yet be lost through supineness and accommodation to the world; and if so, I ought to count it all joy that we have happened to meet this evening;" so saying, the young man turned into a house which was near at hand, and Henry, as he looked after him, felt that he could not by any means participate in the sentiment last expressed.

"It may be joy to him to hope that he has

succeeded in filling my mind with doubts, but had he succeeded (which I thank God he has not) it would be no joy to me."

Henry then returned to his college, resolving not to say a word of what had passed to any one till he saw his uncle.

CHAPTER XIII.

Elderly Ladies in the wrong place.

“ Who do you think is in Oxford, Milner ?” said Marten, when the two young men met again at breakfast.

“ How should I know ?” replied Henry.

“ Why, no one less,” replied Marten, “ than Bonville’s silly mother, though by-the-by F—— said that I am no longer to call her the *stultissima*, because he says it makes confusion, as she is come with a lady who is equally absurd with herself. This lady is an old dowager of quality, a fifteenth cousin of the Applebys, and if possible a worse bore than Mrs. Bonville herself. But there they both are at the inn.”

“ And when,” asked Henry, “ did this calamity occur ?”

“ Yesterday afternoon,” returned Marten, “ whilst you were out, a servant from the Angel summoned me to two ladies ; I thought

it possible they might be Lady Anne and Miss Sandys returning to town."

"And so you hastened to *the Angel*," said Henry quietly.

"I walked deliberately," answered Marten, "to the inn and up the stairs, and being ushered into a room above, there sat the two—

"Don't call names, Marten," said Henry.

"Women," added Marten; "the one being Bonville's silly mother, and the other an old wizzened ridiculous lady of quality, all bedizened with rings and brooches."

"And these," said Henry, "when others so different were expected."

"Don't be a fool, Milner," said Marten; "I suffered too much yesterday to be in the humour for more nonsense to-day: do you wish to hear what I have to say?"

"Certainly," replied Henry, "when ladies are in the case, to say nothing of the Angel, of course I would wish to hear."

"I went to the inn, then," continued Marten, "and up stairs, the waiter running before me; but scarcely had he opened the door where the nuisances were, than Mrs. Bonville flew across the room; all pretty impatience, as if I had got sugar-plums for her, and affected pathos, and called me her Edgar's friend; and asked if all were well with him; and even went to the extreme of taking my hand, and leading me thereby to her companion, before whom I was to bow, whilst she paid me compliments on the beauty of Oxford, the gracefulness of the University gowns, and all such matters as make up the prattle of old fools of this description.

And then, to my horror, what did they say but that they proposed spending a whole day at Oxford, to see the curiosities of the place, and to visit dear Edgar in his rooms, not scrupling to ask me to attend them—actually to parade them about the town—did you ever hear of anything so abominable—with one on each arm, I presume; think of it Milner: I was almost reduced to despair.”

“ Like Hercules between Pleasure and Virtue,” remarked Henry.

“ Pleasure !” repeated Marten tartly; “ and which of these women is to represent Pleasure ? But as I said, I was almost reduced to despair at the bare apprehension of such double horrors, for I could not suppose that any man was to be found who would take even one of them off my hands.”

“ What did you reply ?” said Henry; “ I hope you did not flatly say *nolo*.”

“ No,” replied Marten, “ but I said *nequeo*. I talked of duties which could not be neglected; leave which could not be gotten; obstacles which were insurmountable; lectures which must be attended, &c., &c.; and then I very quietly suggested that there were many men of my acquaintance who would be most happy, most glad, most delighted to do themselves the honour to accompany such ladies; and I failed not to mention F——, and Wellings, and Mansfield.”

“ And me,” said Henry, “ you mentioned me, did you not, Marten ? Now tell the truth like a man.”

“ You, Milner !” answered Marten; “ by-the-

bye, you have never yet seen the lions of Oxford."

"I would rather never see them, than see them with Mrs. Bonville," replied Henry; "if she calls me her beau I shall certainly cut and run: I do not dislike old women because they are old, indeed I think that they are often very pleasant; but when they are like Mrs. Bonville, I am always inclined to serve them as the trusty Trojan did the Queen of Carthage. I cannot bear a palavering old woman; I like old people to be old people."

The young men had scarcely finished breakfast, when Lord F——, who, I ought to have said, had paid every kind attention to Henry since he had been at College, came in, after having rapped at the door. "My errand is," he said, "to engage you, Milner, and Marten, to come to my rooms this evening to meet Lady Catherine Summerley and Mrs. Bonville,"—the young nobleman adding, that as Lady Catherine was a distant relation of his mother's, he had felt himself bound in honour to call upon her and invite her to his rooms for the evening; he also said, that he, with Mr. Russell, were going in a few hours to show them the lions, expressing a hope that Marten would join the party.

"You must excuse me, F——," said Marten solemnly, "I have no inclination to become a leader of apes; besides, I am particularly engaged this morning, but shall have great pleasure in attending the evening party."

"Very well," returned Lord F——, "we

shall be able to do without you ; but, Milner, you must and shall come, so be ready when I call for you."

" But what says Edgar at this invasion of his peace ?" asked Marten.

" He is much in your case, Marten," replied Lord F——, " he is most particularly engaged this morning ; he made out a good story to his mother last night concerning these engagements, for, poor fellow, however amusing Mrs. Bonville's absurdities may be to others, they cannot be particularly agreeable to her son."

" Edgar is improving," said Marten ; " I like the fellow very much, he is such a gentlemanly fellow, and so good-natured. But what brought these women to Oxford ?"

" Why, my quality cousin, it seems," said Lord F——, " was going from Bath to town, and as Mrs. Bonville had solicited a place in her travelling carriage, they agreed to remain one whole day at Oxford, as Lady Kitty had never seen more of Oxford than may be done in simply passing through it."

" The Gorgons !" exclaimed Marten, " the unclean and abominable animals ! to think of settling, if it be only for one day, in this place, just to fret and mortify poor Edgar, and to make every one else hate the very name of old woman."

" Really, Marten," said Lord F——, " you are expending more energies than the occasion requires ; after all, I believe that I am wiser than you are, for whilst you find vinegar and cayenne even in chalk, I often succeed in extracting sunbeams from cucumbers. I am determined to

derive some amusement even from these ladies : you shall see how gallant I will be, and we will have a royal evening of it. I have engaged Mansfield, and Wellings, and Ladbroke, and Edgar, and Griffith, and two or three more of them ; not omitting Russell, notwithstanding his plea of *infra dig.*, which I told him was wholly out of the question when ladies were in the case. But I must be off, and therefore as my sisters say, *au revoir*, or, as the bishop said to the queen, till we meet again may your majesty be—”

“ Stop,” exclaimed Marten, “ no more, for I know what is coming.”

“ *Scandalum magnatum,*” cried Lord F——, “ as if a bishop would swear in a queen’s presence. But again I say, *au revoir* ;” and the next minute the young man was gone.

At an hour appointed by the ladies, Lord F——, Mr. Russell, and Henry, repaired to the inn, where they found them waiting for their escort, and immediately afterwards the whole party might have been seen issuing forth in the following order ;—Lady Catherine leaning on her cousin’s arm, Mrs. Bonville on that of Mr. Russell, and Henry, to his secret satisfaction, walking alone, though he was by no means displeased, when, in the first quadrangle to which they entered, they were joined by Edward Mansfield, whom, it seems, Lord F—— had engaged to accompany them.

Now, inasmuch as the Oxford Guide may be supposed to be better able than the historian of this true and wonderful history, to describe the various curiosities of Alma Mater, we

shall say the less on these heads, but merely speak of what lies in our particular province. It seems that Lady Catherine had married an elderly man of large fortune, but of no rank, merely, as she said, on account of the superiority of his intellect, having always had a shade of the blue in her complexion. And now being a widow and very rich, she had double-dyed her complexion, and had in fact, during the last few seasons, come out in Bath as the patroness of a *belle assemblée* of *soi-disant* wits and small authors—her great riches and noble establishment enabling her to fill up her *dramatis personæ* by a chorus of flatterers, amongst whom Mrs. Bonville had procured herself to be enrolled. So successfully had this lady performed her part, that she was now enjoying her reward in a journey to town in a carriage and four. Now whether we consider pedantry or bluisism, for they are one and the same disease, with this difference only, that when a male is affected it is called pedantry, and when a female, bluisism—I repeat, when such a disease is in a constitution, whether it be of the chronic or acute kind, the patient ought very carefully to avoid such situations, such scenes, and such a state of the air, as he finds from experience and observation, is liable to produce a violent paroxysm of the disorder. In some particular forms of this disease there is nothing in art or nature more influential than an old building, or the smell of musty books. These should always be most carefully avoided by people who are liable to this affection, as it existed in the old form—in that form especially to which persons of

high, old, aristocratic blood have always been most liable. But enough of this, and perhaps too much; suffice it to say, that Lady Catherine had no sooner set her foot on the Oxford pavement than she began to give evidence of an approaching paroxysm of blivism, which thus exhibited itself before she had taken twenty steps—

“Is this then,” said she, in an elevated tone, “is this the old, the beautiful Oxoniana! the venerable, the majestic, the city which still lingers in ancient Gothic pomp, amongst the thousand upstart towns of our degraded realms?—and am I so far favoured as to walk her streets,—to visit her fanes,—to explore her seats, the retreat of the Muses—the last refuge of the spirit of classic lore?”

“Very true, Lady Catherine,” replied Lord F——, “this is Oxford, and here we are, and you may say—

‘To Oxford came I, whose companion
Is Minerva, well Platonian
From whose seat do stream most seemly
Aganippe, Hippocrene,
Each thing there’s the Muses’ minion,
The Horn at Queen’s speaks pure Athenian.’”

“Hudibrastic?” said Lady Catherine.

“By no means,” replied Lord F——.

“It is from the Latin,” repeated the lady, “and supposed, no doubt, to be ancient?”

“The author,” replied Lord F——, “was one Barnaby Harrington, commonly called Drunken Barnaby.”

“Do, I beseech you, give me the original

Latin," said the lady. "Not that I, as a female, would be supposed to understand Latin: I assure you, my lord, I am not a learned lady, by no means;—no, I am a poor ignorant creature—a mere female as to acquirements—but one also as to feelings. What I feel on beholding these monuments of olden times cannot be described. These Gothic towers transport me into the ages that are past—I seem to live in centuries gone by, and in truth, if ever I have entertained a regret, it was that I had not been born when all was grand, and Gothic, and mysterious, and dark, and magnificent."

"And I doubt not," said Lord F——, "that many of your acquaintance, Lady Catherine, have entertained the same wish for years which you have just expressed,—that it had been your fate to have been born some ages ago."

"I know no other than my late dear husband," replied Lady Catherine, "who ever fully sympathized with me in this my desire—my regret that I had not been brought into existence and first breathed the air of heaven in the heroic ages; but the excellent man was not only able to comprehend the sentiment, but entered fully into it."

"Indeed!" replied Lord F——, with a true-bred command of countenance; "you had then, I presume, taught him to feel, Lady Catherine."

"I flatter myself that I did teach him to feel," replied the lady with affected pathos; but at this moment they passed a gateway and entered a quadrangle, where they presently came to a stand, to gaze about them.

As to Mrs. Bonville, she would have preferred seeing a milliner's shop or well-arranged drawing-room, to all the Gothic halls or Grecian temples on earth; still, however, she had sufficient tact to try, at least, to praise that which was before her; in consequence of which, looking up most graciously in the face of her cousin, the tutor, she exclaimed—

“Truly, I cannot wonder at the celebrity of your University, and at the very fine spirit and vast superiority of all who belong to this beautiful seat of learning, when I see that your very buildings are classical—you have Greece and Rome ever before you; for instance, that noble gateway.”

“My dear cousin,” said Mr. Russell, seeing Lord F——’s eye on the lady; “the venerable structure now before you is altogether diverse from what a gate or archway would have been in Rome or Athens. We have indeed many specimens in Oxford of the Roman or Grecian architecture, of which the magnificent portico of our schools is an eminent specimen; but the edifices which are now before you belong to that style of building which first prevailed about the fourteenth century. Previously to that period, the sacred architecture of the Anglo-Normans, did not vary very greatly in its style and manner from that of the Anglo-Saxons, their sacred edifices having been plain, low, strong, and dark, as suiting the genius of the people.”

“There,” said Lord F——, whispering to Henry; “he is actually started to give a lecture upon architecture, and unless I find a remedy, here we shall be until from Saxon,

Norman, Gothic, Saracen, Tuscan, Corinthian, and Composite, he has fallen into the bathos of the Hottentot craal and the Indian wigwam; and here we shall be till sun-set, unless we manage a diversion. What shall we do? I will take a run across this glass-plot, and then observe if his sense of decorum and horror of rules infringed does not break the thread of his discourse. But here comes Mansfield; do you take his arm, and walk out from hence, whilst I follow with my amiable dowager, leaving the slow coach to come after us, bringing the weight of his heavy wits and long words, or, as I tell you, we are here for the day."

"What," said Henry, as he walked out with Mansfield, "makes college-men so very dry and heavy as many of them are?"

"Because," replied Mansfield, "there are no females here to interrupt them, and we undergraduates, who are not yet stereotyped into college habits, dare not take the liberty of hinting to a tutor that he is getting somewhat prosy or so: besides, we cannot do it so well as ladies do, for they have a particular tact, an especial knack of making a man understand when he is getting dry, even sometimes without speaking one word."

"You think, then," said Henry, "that society is much pleasanter when it is mixed? I have seen very little of ladies—I hardly know their ways."

"I believe," said Mansfield, "that we are all best as God ordered it should be, that is, mixed up in families young and old, men and women together; and though the respective

members of families may sometimes differ a little, yet I believe that it has been an especial work of Satan to remodel society in this respect, either by forbidding to marry, or by making it so difficult to keep a wife, that few men dare think of it till they are growing grey."

Nothing worthy of farther observation occurred during the remaining progress of the party through the colleges and public halls, &c. At a certain hour the young men returned to their rooms, and the tutor accompanied the ladies to the inn, where he dined with them, and at a time of the afternoon which, in the gay world, would be accounted unfashionable, these same ladies were conducted by Mr. Russell to Lord F——'s room, where the table was set out with tea, coffee, cakes, cream, and sweetmeats.

Mr. Russell had by this time talked himself high into the favour of Lady Catherine; and Mrs. Bonville, being proud of her cousin, had talked herself very highly into her own favour. In short, the whole three came into Lord F——'s rooms in very good spirits, and there they found a phalanx of beaux, (as Mrs. Bonville called the young men,) for there were present Marten, Henry, Wellings, Griffith, Mansfield, and others, not to speak of Edgar, who had dutifully escorted his mother from the inn. Ladbrook also was there, having been invited much upon the same principle as that upon which Sampson had been summoned to the temple of Dagon; and there they all stood ready to do the civil, though scarcely able to restrain their merriment, when the tutor appeared, handing in the upright figure of Lady Catherine, whose light

flowing drapery and auburn ringlets, according so ill with the deeply-faded complexion and outline of her advanced age, seemed to demand anything of the young gentlemen but the reverence due to years.

There was amongst many of these youths, however, a sort of delicacy of feeling which prevented them from attempting to play off Mrs. Bonville in the presence of her son, especially as Edgar could not conceal his embarrassment; for, if there is one mortification greater than another, it is that of being compelled to witness the absurdities of a very near relation in the presence of companions, whose respect, perchance, we may have made great sacrifices to obtain. But the notable lady wanted no pretended applause or affected attentions to assist her in the developement of her vanity and levity of spirit; for she was father and mother, and food and raiment, and all things else to her own self-sufficiency, being wholly exempt from that tact which assists an individual to judge in any degree correctly of the impression which he produces in society.

When the ceremony of introduction was over, for Lord F—— introduced each of his young friends by name to the ladies, the whole party seated themselves at the table. Lord F—— was between Scylla and Charybdis, the younger men having succeeded, though with no small effort, in tutoring their features to a solemn gravity, though there was not one of them who would have dared to have interchanged a single glance with another. But whilst some of these were in the extremest peril of spoiling their manners by

giving way to such bursts of laughter as no polite occasion could be pleaded for, the Sampson, though unwittingly (for, good honest man, he had no such intentions) afforded vast relief by opening a safety valve, through which no small quantity of the hitherto compressed steam was permitted to pour itself out. And this was the occasion:—Mrs. Bonville having just heard from Lord F—— that the gentleman at the end of the table had been Edgar's tutor, had thought it necessary to address him particularly, and in the abundance of her self-conceit to compliment him on the character he possessed for deep learning and profound classical erudition.

Now Mr. Ladbroke was far from what is called a bashful man, nevertheless he was an awkward, unready man, and wholly unaware that a bow, with perhaps one or two half-uttered sentences, may always be considered a sufficient acknowledgment for a set compliment, especially when such compliment is bestowed by an elderly lady on a young gentleman. However, as we before said, Mr. Ladbroke, being unacquainted with this *usage du monde*, was as much taken aback by the unmeaning words of the lady, as if, instead of a polite speech, she had plied him with a box on the ear. In consequence, after sundry contortions and grimaces, he so far recovered himself as to become aware that a civility of this kind required some sort of acknowledgment, and it occurred to him that he ought to tender such a reply to the fair complimenter, as, being well turned and seasoned with Attic salt, might not only preserve but advance the good opinion of his abilities and scholarship

expressed by the lady. But, unfortunately, as the opening of his mouth prepared every one present to expect a burst of oratory, the big words, not being yet arranged in due form by the master mind, still lingered gurgling in the passage, whilst every muscle of the scholar's throat was working, as was visible from the loose and careless manner in which the cravat was twisted round.

“Speak it in Latin, Ladbroke,” said Lord F——.

“Or Greek,” subjoined Marten.—“Or Hebrew,” said Mansfield. But the happy moment was passed—neither Latin, Greek, nor English, could have been heard for the first five minutes, so vast was the roar of the steam which rushed through the many valves which the unfortunate pedant had opened; or, to speak without metaphor, no opportunity was given for the oration of Ladbroke on account of the long-protracted cachinnations of those who had laboured for some minutes past with their suppressed gaiety of heart. At length the tutor giving Lord F—— a hint, there was a sort of reining in, or calling to order, which Lady Catherine observing, said—

“Nay, Mr. Russell, let them laugh; what is more beautiful, more exhilarating, than the gaiety of youth? Nay for that matter, even when the first bloom is passed, a hearty laugh is as cold water to the parched lips, and as the breeze of the sweet south, awakening the breath of the sleeping blossoms.”

“My dear lady,” said Mr. Russell, looking round with alarm, lest this breeze from her ladyship's lips should again unclothe the valve which

he had shut with so much difficulty; he was, however, pleased to see that the young men were using their utmost self-command to preserve the character of gentlemen, which is so generally remarkable in the members of the great universities, although he was perfectly aware that a very few more sentences uttered with the same air by Lady Catherine, would infallibly produce another, and perhaps more uncomfortable explosion than the first had been.

All this was apprehended as well by Lord F—— as Mr. Russell, and as more laughter was not thought expedient just then, what better could be done than to set the merry party to eat?

The table was covered with everything which might legitimately be brought forward with the tea equipage. Lord F—— therefore acted the attentive host, tendering the good things which he had provided with all ceremony; and as most of the young men had had long walks since their dinner, there was little delay in answering the call. So prodigious was the ensuing disappearance of French bread, and Sally Lunns and Brown Georges, that it would have been difficult to have said who amongst them would have gained the prize, had they all been deavouring for a wager.

In the mean time Lady Catherine and her ally, Mrs. Bonville, were namby-pambying Mr. Russell, he, good man, not at all supposing that they could have any object or objects for so doing. Now although he perfectly knew that both of these were certainly below par, as to the usual intellectual powers of the female sex,—

which, no one can question, are greatly inferior to those of the men—*vide* Eton Grammar; and though himself by no means deficient in the powers of mind, an excellent scholar, and a person of high respectability, yet it was very evident that the nonsense of these women excited within him a sort of placidity, not to use a stronger word, which caused him to talk more than usual of himself. Cervantes, in his *Don Quixote*, makes a very valuable remark on the effect of flattery, even from fools and madmen, upon sensible persons. Mr. Russell knew what these ladies were, and probably he despised them heartily, and yet their flatteries fell not innocuously upon his mind, especially when they touched the point where that mind was most vulnerable;—for be it known, O reader! that it was a weakness of Mr. Russell, as it has been that of many another, to desire to have his name handed down to posterity as a writer of poetry. He had obtained several prizes in the university for his Latin verses. Within the last few months he had been trying his hand, or rather I should say, his head, in English; he was for the thousandth time, perhaps it may be said, attempting to put the odes of Horace into English verse, and he had within the last week succeeded, to his very great satisfaction, in rendering one of these in a very superior way. It seems that after dinner he had read that ode in its translated form to the ladies, and in consequence had been most highly applauded. Lady Catherine had begged it for her album, and Mrs. Bonville had assumed the extatic, and now they were entreating the tutor to read it again, and he was as-

suming the modest author, whilst the chorus, as I chose to call them, were marking every word that passed, and making their saucy comments.

Now it may be asked, wherefore are younger people in general severer judges of those who are their elders and superiors, than older persons are of young ones?

The answer is a simple one: because older persons remember the trials of youth, but young ones have never experienced those of the age to which they have not attained. But at length the fragments of the repast were removed, and chess-boards and backgammon-boards were substituted for the cups and plates, Mr. Wellings at the same time coming more forward, Lord F—— having previously engaged him to assist in amusing his guests. At the same time one restraint upon the progress of fun was removed from the minds of the most delicate of the party by the retreat of Bonville, who pleaded an indispensable engagement for his withdrawing. This young man was at this time wishing to do well, and was desirous not to be put out of his train by this unexpected and ill-timed visit of his mother; but no sooner was he gone, and several of the men engaged with the games, than Wellings drew up to Mrs. Bonville, and began to speak low in her ear.

He commenced with congratulating her on the present steadiness and exemplary conduct of her son.

“He will do now, madam,” he whispered; “he wanted nothing before but steadiness—nothing whatever.”

“ This is just what I thought,” replied the lady ; “ he is confessedly a youth of talents, think you not so, Mr. Wellings ? ”

“ *In-con-tes-ta-bly*,” replied the other, “ *in-dis-pu-ta-bly* ; there can be no argument upon the subject.”

“ I have been advising him,” said the mother, “ to read for honours : if he can get a first or second class the little affair of last winter will never be more thought of. Don’t you coincide with my opinion, Mr. Wellings ? ”

“ *Un-doubt-edly—un-com-pro-mis-ingly*,” answered the young man, feeling that one hard word would answer just as well as another with the lady in question.

“ Well,” said Mrs. Bonville, “ I shall see my son in the morning, and I shall press this matter upon his attention.”

And then the conversation took another turn, and Mrs. Bonville spoke of the Hargraves and her cousin Dalben, and called him an odd man, and asked how young Milner got on at college ; and Wellings said, not what he thought, but what he judged fittest for the occasion ; and after awhile he ventured a few jests, at which the lady laughed, making up her mind at the same time, that there was not in the room a more agreeable man than young Mr. Wellings. Soon after which Wellings left the room, though not till he had whispered to her to get Mr. Russell to read his charming ode to the company.

Mr. Wellings being gone out, Mrs. Bonville, in compliance with the last hinted wish of the young man, drew near to Mr. Russell,

and began to lay it on again thick about this same composition, adding, " We know it is in your pocket, cousin Russell, and we will have it; come now, no blushes, no affectation of authorship; the composition is beautiful, and you cannot but feel that it is so."

The tutor smiled and showed his teeth, which were very white, and he stepped back, but the lady advanced; and though he refused her request, she had the wit to know that the refusal was repeated in a less decided tone. And here, if not irrelevant, the author would remark that there are no men so liable to be influenced by silly women, as those who associate least with women, and entertain a general contempt for female talents; and from this simple reason, that in despising their enemies they leave themselves unguarded, and are often made a prey when least apprehending any danger: hence it is found by experience, that more men, and even men of sense, are influenced by vain and foolish women, than by those of more wisdom and ability. But leaving it to such of our readers as may choose, to dispute these assertions, we proceed to say that as late hours are not permitted in the colleges, Mr. Wellings had not been out of the room ten minutes, when decanters, containing wine of different descriptions, glasses, fruits of various kinds, with biscuits and sandwiches, were introduced; soon after which appeared Mr. Wellings himself, to whom Lord F—— said, " Do, my good fellow, I beseech you, see that every one is served; and whilst you are so doing, Mr. Russell will read his ode."

The tutor, who was hanging in doubt respect-

ing certain ideas of *infra dig.*, which he could not reconcile with his little vanity of authorship, (by which feeling many a greater mind than his has been seduced,) was standing with the manuscript in his hand in a state of irresolution, the ladies, in the mean time, one on each side of him, exhorting, beseeching, complimenting, and flattering, every eye being upon them, and many secretly enjoying a scene by which they had the happiness to feel, that wisdom did not always and at all times cloak herself under the gown of a master of arts.

Just at this crisis, as we said before, in came Wellings, who immediately began to busy himself with the decanters and glasses, first presenting a glass of Madeira to Lady Catherine, and another to Mrs. Bonville; then offering one to Mr. Russell, he said, that he hoped he would no longer delay the recital which every one so anxiously desired. Mr. Russell was a man who never permitted himself to take more than a certain very moderate modicum of wine, although not, like Henry, afraid of a glass or two; he therefore took what Wellings offered, drank it off, set down the glass, and then valiantly prepared himself to read his ode, standing up, as he happened to be, on the right hand of the table. But Mrs. Bonville and the other lady insisted that he should not read but recite his verses, and every one coinciding in this request, the tutor set himself in the attitude of a speaker, still holding in his hand the roll or sheet which contained the manuscript. "Give me the manuscript, dear sir," said Wellings, "that I may prompt you should your

memory fail ; or rather," he added, as he received it from Mr. Russell, "suppose I hand it to you, Milner ; you often used to play prompter, I remember, at Clent Green, and were the best we had." Thus all being ready, and being vehemently urged by the ladies, Mr. Russell began to repeat his verses, doing them great justice by his mode of delivery ; and as the verses were really good, doing his genius no discredit in the recital.

But scarcely had he concluded, amid loud and somewhat noisy applause, led by Lord F——, before Ladbroke addressed him, requiring him to account for what he asserted to be a false rendering of a certain expression used in the original.

Mr. Russell had been pressed by Wellings to take another glass of Madeira after his exertion ; and it was evident by the flush in his cheeks, and the lighting up of his eye, that he was under the influence of considerable excitement. To have his learning called in question at this moment of triumph, was therefore particularly provoking, especially by such a dull thing, such a worm-eaten Goth as Ladbroke, and he defended himself with warmth against the charge, thus stirring up the Sampson to more vehement exertions, to establish the correctness of his critical objection, to the infinite enjoyment of most persons present. In the mean time, Wellings continued to ply the glasses, thus, as it were, throwing oil into the flame, and we can hardly say how this scene might have ended, if Mr. Russell had forgotten himself as much as Ladbroke had done ; for the Sampson was in

high play, straining every nerve to annihilate the classical fame of the tutor. But Mr. Russell, though for a moment he had rather perhaps departed from discretion, was a prudent and worthy man; and hence recollecting himself, he suddenly broke off the argument, to admonish the ladies that the gates would shortly be shut, and that it behoved them to withdraw. All were silent in a moment; every one present seemed to recover the command of his gentlemanly manners, from which, in fact, no one had yet deviated any farther, than by too great loudness of voice, and perhaps too much laughter. The ladies, then, having been thanked for their condescension, were handed to the gate of the college by Lord F—— and Mr. Russell, Henry, Marten, Wellings, and Griffith, following them; Wellings having taken Griffith by the arm, and drawing him with him, making him a companion of his own forwardness, for Wellings had no more pretensions to follow the ladies, than had any of the other men whom they had left behind them in Lord F——'s rooms.

But "ah! eheu! heu!" for it was a matter as worthy as many others, which often call forth these exclamations; "Ah! eheu! heu!" when the ladies in their blondes and gauzes reached the gate, so heavy a rain was falling, that the pavement was all running down with wet.

"What is to be done now?" was the next inquiry.

"We must send for a coach," said Marten, and the order was immediately delivered to the

porter by some one present, in the words of *Chrononhotonthologos*: "Go call a coach, and let a coach be called; and he that calleth let him be the caller; and in his calling let him nothing call, but coach! coach! coach! Oh! for a coach, ye gods!"

"But are we to stand here shivering till the coach comes?" said Mr. Russell: "do, Milner, open your door and let us in; I am sorry to say that my head begins to ache very much."

"Does it?" muttered Wellings.

"What's that you are saying there?" asked Marten, who happened to be close to the hero of the duck-pond.

But Henry had opened his door, and the ladies were cheered with the sight of a good fire, and all that can be supposed to render the apartment of a bachelor comfortable; for Henry kept his room neat, and there was nothing even on the table but a small parcel, received before he had joined the evening party—a parcel from his uncle, which had contained a book. This book lay, together with the brown paper and string, as was before said, upon the table. Our particularity and exactness in this matter are merely to show how very neat Henry was, as it cannot be supposed that we can possibly have any other motive for mentioning such trifles. The party which poured into these rooms of Mr. Milner consisted of all those who had followed the ladies from Lord F——'s rooms; and Henry did the honours with his usual ease and politeness. But whereas, when evenings are fine, when the moon shines, and the winds are hushed, coaches

may be had at the first word in every town : on the contrary, when the skies are in a weeping mood, when the moon is shy, and fierce winds blow, and dikes are full, and smoky roofs are dripping ; then, in that hour of need, alas ! coaches cannot be had ; and those who cannot walk in pattens must need wet their shoes, or wait where they happen to be till the rain is over.

We beg pardon for the specimen of bathos supplied by the foregone paragraph ; and we admonish our young readers, those especially to whom this volume is addressed, from the agreeable ensample we have given them, never, in writing or speaking, to begin a period in too flowery a strain, unless they are quite assured of their powers of completing it as eloquently as they commenced it.

But let us look into Milner's rooms and see what was going on there. In consequence of the rain, it was long before a coach could be had : but as Mrs. Bonville's spirits were in a state of the highest excitement, and those of some of the young men almost equally raised, there was no lack of discourse. In the mean time, Mr. Russell, complaining more and more of his head, had first sat down on Henry's comfortable sofa, and had afterwards gathered up his limbs on the inviting down, soon making it apparent, by his solemn breathing, that he was in a sound sleep, which afforded much mirth to the ladies, although Henry, as lord of the ascendant, viz., master of the premises, would not allow them to molest him.

Marten could hardly restrain himself at this

new example of the ladies' folly, and in consequence whispered to Henry, "If he were dead instead of asleep, I should not wonder after what he has gone through to-day, in leading those she-cats about in a string." But the *Stultissima* was whispering with Wellings, and the upshot of this whisper was, that she approached Mr. Russell, her good cousin as she called him, with a stealthy step, and with her fair and delicate hand extricated the green spectacles, with which she approached Henry, and very dexterously placed them on his brow. A general bustle then ensued, of which no one could give any account; Henry remembered only that Mrs. Bonville tried to hold the spectacles on his brow till every one had seen how he looked in them, she standing behind him, and he being seated. This led to a struggle, Henry trying to get from her, having the same horror of her as Sancho Panza is said to have had for duennas; and some how or another, for which no one could account, all the fire-irons tumbling down together at the same time, and other strange concussions occurring in another part of the room, the confusion was universal; however, at this instant the coach was announced. Henry being set at liberty, hastily laid down the spectacles, whilst the tutor rising and declaring he had not been asleep, though betraying that he was hardly yet awake, by not missing his spectacles, hurried out to hand Lady Catherine to the coach. Mrs. Bonville, still clinging to Henry, compelled him to perform the same office by her; the men all separating in the entry, after

having shut out the visitors, and each going to his own room, though not till Henry and Marten had agreed that they were truly thankful that the day was over, Marten adding that he had made up his mind that Mrs. Bonville most certainly merited, above all other women, the title which he had formerly given her.

CHAPTER XIV.

The Green Spectacles.

ONE long deep sleep brought Henry Milner to an hour so late as to preclude his attendance at chapel that morning, a thing not usual with him; but being dressed, and it being his morning to breakfast with Marten, he went out, and as he opened his door met Mr. Darfield, with a face of more than usually lugubrious portent.

"Milner," he said, "you were at Lord F——'s last night; I thought you had resolved to attend no wine party."

"It was not a wine party, Darfield," replied Henry; "I went to meet a lady, a relation of Mr. Dalben."

"A light woman of the world," answered Darfield, "vainly associated with one as bad as herself; but if you will keep company with persons of this kind, you must take the consequences."

"What consequences?" said Henry, in some alarm.

“Come and see,” replied Mr. Darfield, and leading him into the quadrangle, he found, to his great surprise, almost all the undergraduates, and some of the superiors there, gazing at one and the same object, viz. a figure. I will not say whether it was a statue in the centre of the grass-plot, or a sort of form made up for the occasion, with a mask for the face—this I choose not to say; but whether a stone image, or the representation of a man, made of straw, or of bundles of faggots; a figure there was, dressed out in a master’s cap and gown, with a pair of green spectacles tied on with a piece of string, and a roll of paper attached to the thing, meant to represent the hand. Henry no sooner saw this object, than he stood transfixed as it were in amazement, whilst the young men laughed, and those in authority looked unutterable things.

“Who has done this?” exclaimed Henry.

“Some of those, of course, who were at your party last night,” replied Darfield bitterly; “on one, or more, or all of these, the suspicion falls.”

“Do you suspect me?” said Henry.

“No,” replied Darfield, “I may think you weak and wavering, but I cannot believe that you should have a hand in this folly; but neither Wellings nor John Marten have appeared this morning.”

“What’s that you say?” exclaimed a voice from behind, which was Wellings’, who coming boldly out into the piazza, there stood, and carelessly taking up his eye-glass, setting as it were the strange figure in the centre of the

grass-plot, he cried out, "By Jupiter, eh! by George, eh! what is it?"

"Can't you see?" answered Henry.

"Yes, by George," repeated Wellings, "what is it? Why, Milner, those are the very spectacles you showed so well in last night."

Mr. Darfield looked sternly at Henry; and several of the men who were standing near, exclaimed "What's that? What's that you say, Wellings?"

"Nothing, nothing," replied Wellings, "but this is something very good. What's that in the hand—a roll of paper? What is it? By-the-bye, Milner—but step aside, I have something to say to you."

"No," said Henry, "say it out if you have anything on your mind; I have nothing to hide or to conceal; ask me any question you please."

"I have no question to ask which the whole world may not hear," replied Wellings; "what I wished to say, referred to Mrs. Bonville; does she remain in Oxford to-day?"

"I know nothing about her," replied Henry; "it was in an ill hour that she set her foot amongst us, and it will be a good one when she lifts it up to go away. What have women to do in places like this?" So saying, Henry hastened to Marten's rooms.

Marten was but just awake, therefore Henry was the first to tell him of the strange figure in the quadrangle, and when the latter was dressed they both repaired to his window, which commanded the quadrangle: the figure was nearly opposite to them; they could discern the spectacles, and Henry felt assured that the paper

was the same which had been put into his hand the last night, in order that he might prompt Mr. Russell. But all the undergraduates were gone out of the quadrangle; and whilst they still looked out, the servants of the college, under the eye of a master who had thunder in his aspect, were removing all vestiges of the frolic; though the young men from the window did not see whither they took the mask, the cap, the spectacles, or the roll of paper.

Marten and Henry then sat down to their breakfasts, having much to talk of; and wondering how and when this foolish business had been effected. Of course, in enumerating those who had followed into Henry's room, all of whom were in high spirits and much excited, the suspicions fell chiefly on Wellings: but still there was no proof against him, and Henry and Marten resolved to keep their conjectures to themselves. Having breakfasted, the young men were already set down to their studies, when a summons was brought from one in authority in the college, requiring the immediate presence of Mr. Milner.

“What now!” said Henry, “have they got a clue to the perpetrator of this folly?”

“Bring no charges which you cannot substantiate, Milner,” said Marten, as the former went out.

Now I say not into what room Henry was conducted; nor shall I tell what officers of the college were present in that room; nor how many or how large were the wigs, if any there were, which presided in that assembly: but shall merely give the dialogue, as it passed

between three persons whom we will call, first, second, and third tutors, and the hero of our narrative.

“ We understand, Mr. Milner,” said the first tutor, “ that you, with other undergraduates of this college, were assembled in the apartments of Lord F——, yesterday, after the hour of chapel; and that you resorted thither by appointment to meet certain ladies; one of whom, we understand, to be a lady of rank, and the other a lady of such respectability, as to have a son, an undergraduate, in a college of this university.”

“ I did sir,” replied Henry.

“ Lord F——,” said the second tutor, “ is a young man, who does honour to his title; a young man of probity and discretion; one who has ever conducted himself in this, his college, as a nobleman ought to do.”

Henry made a bow of acquiescence; for it occurred to him, that the less he said the better.

“ State, if you please, Mr. Milner,” said the first tutor, “ the names of the individuals present in Lord F——’s rooms, on the late occasion.”

Henry repeated these names; which being done, the first tutor said, “ So far, so well; your statement, Mr. Milner, tallies with those already received.”

“ Proceed, sir, if you please,” said the second tutor, “ to report the mode in which you spent your time whilst in my Lord F——’s apartments, that is, if you have no objection; which I presume you cannot have, as owing to the

presence of two ladies — ladies who are understood to be individuals of high respectability—it cannot be supposed that any amusement could have taken place, in which the strictest boundaries of decorum were overstepped. We cannot conceive, I repeat, that, under these circumstances, you, Mr. Milner, can have the smallest objection to inform us, respecting the modes in which you recreated yourselves last night, whilst in the apartments of Lord F——.”

Henry did as required, though as shortly as possible.

“You are so far perfectly correct, as agreeing with other accounts already received,” said the third tutor: “be pleased, now, sir, to tell us, when, and at what hour, was the wine introduced.”

Henry replied, that it was not an hour before the party separated, that the wine was brought in; that little was drunk; that he himself took none; and that three glasses were the utmost, he believed, that any one could have taken.”

Henry was then questioned whether anything stronger than wine had been brought forward: and when he said, that he could almost answer for it that there had not, he observed that the great men looked at each other, though they made no comments.

The next questions referred to Mr. Russell's ode; and when Henry explained how that gentleman had been almost compelled to recite it by the persecuting entreaties of the ladies, having appeared to be very unwilling so to do, there

was a whispering for a minute or two among the elders, of which Henry heard only a few words, accompanied by some emphatic shrugs, and shakings of the heads—the words were, “an oversight!—incautious!—we must get over it some how;”—“the less said,”—“hum! ha! too complying.” The examination then proceeded.

“Mr. Russell did then recite his ode, Mr. Milner?” resumed the first tutor, addressing Henry; “he did not read it, you say; and if he did not read it, wherefore then did he produce manuscript?”

“He was first going to read it,” replied Henry, “and for this purpose took the copy out of his pocket, but was afterwards persuaded to recite it.”

“Did he give it into the hands of any one present, Mr. Milner?” said the third tutor; “recollect yourself—to whom did he give it? And wherefore, if he placed it in any one’s keeping, was he induced so to do?”

It was at this moment, for the first time during the examination, that it occurred to Henry that it was possible for this disagreeable affair in any way particularly to affect him; and this idea thus suddenly suggesting itself, brought the blood up into his face with such violence, that he felt himself quite embarrassed by it, especially as he saw that this sudden and violent flushing of his face drew the eyes of the persons sitting in judgment somewhat curiously upon him. However, the blissful assurance of his innocence in this matter soon set him so much at ease, that he calmly stated the whole of the circumstances by which the manuscript had been put into his hand.

“And what did you do with the manuscript, Mr. Milner,” asked the first tutor, “when, by the recital being terminated, your office as prompter expired, and you were in consequence no longer required to retain the paper?”

“Sir,” replied Henry, “I think that I laid it upon the table. I was pressed to take some fruit, as far as I can remember, just as the recital concluded; the plate on which the fruit was given me was probably set where I laid the paper.”

“By whom,” said the first tutor, “was this plate handed to you?”

“To this I cannot answer; for I cannot remember,” said Henry.

“There is a failure of logical accuracy in your two last replies, Mr. Milner,” remarked the first tutor; “is it to be considered as an admitted fact, a thing not to be controverted, that you held the manuscript, the sheet containing the copy of verses in your proper hands, whilst the recital was in progress?”

“It is, sir,” said Henry, “I did.”

“And we are,” continued the same tutor, “to understand that you do not know what you did with it afterwards—that is, after the conclusion of the recital—of the repetition of the verses.”

“Indeed, sir,” replied Henry, “as far as I know, I think that I laid the paper on the table to take the fruit, after the recital was concluded.”

“Should you know the paper again?” said the first tutor.

“I should,” said Henry; “there was a blot on the outside.”

“Fairly stated,” said the second tutor; “and I wish we could get over other unpleasant circumstances as well as this; but unfortunately, Mr. Milner, we can discover no intermediate channel, by which this paper passed from your hands to the offensive post which it occupied this morning; we are truly sorry that you cannot help us.”

“I cannot, sir,” replied Henry; “I must trust to time, which will clear up my conduct on this occasion; if you cannot admit the testimony of my word of honour, and my most solemn assurance that I had no part in the affair which has given so much just offence this morning to every respectable person in the college, I must abide under the reproach.”

“We doubt not your word, Mr. Milner,” said the first tutor; “but we will proceed with our inquiries.”

“I wish you so to do, sir,” said Henry, “though I can see how other inquiries will turn out.”

As Henry already had anticipated, the spectacles were traced to him in the same manner as the paper had been, though he could say of these that he remembered having laid them upon his table; but even his innocence was perfectly confounded when the spectacles were produced, and it was found that they had been attached to the head of the figure by the very piece of pack-thread which had tied up the parcel before-mentioned as lying upon the table; to this pack-thread being attached just so much of the impression of Mr. Dalben’s well-known seal, as to identify it to be that very string which had bound the little packet delivered the day before by the porter to Henry.

“This has been well done, whoever has done it,” remarked Henry, in high indignation;—“well done indeed! but let me be brought face to face with every one who was in my room last night—justice requires this. May I beg that they may all be called?”

The tutors had their reasons for not carrying this affair too far, and these reasons were evident even to Henry. Mr. Russell had certainly been led by the ladies to an indiscreet display before the young men, and although the error was a slight and very pardonable one, yet it was capable, when brought in the same point of view with the ridiculous punishment inflicted on his vanity, of being set in such a light as might lower him in the eyes of many beyond the walls of his own college. Hence the first tutor, addressing Henry, said,

“This affair is taking too serious a turn; the frolic is an idle one, and by no means proper, and if we noticed it publicly, we must rusticate the offender; but we are willing to act with mercy, and to pass it over. Mr. Milner, enough, we trust, has been said to you to caution you in future against such exploits. We have had no public examination of the parties, nor given any public reproof excepting a general one. You are not known to have been blamed more than the other persons who were of your party last night, and if you will make an apology to Mr. Russell, not another word shall be said on the subject.”

Here ensued a silence for some seconds, during which all the irritable particles in Henry’s constitution seemed to be in motion. Blush after blush passed over his clear cheek and brow,

and the thought suggested itself, I will demand a public trial, or I will leave this place. I will shake the very dust of it from my feet—this I will not bear. But what is grace—what is the all-conquering and all-subduing power of the Divine Spirit, if there remains a temptation it cannot overcome? Hence, whilst yet the tutors looked upon the young man, expecting little less than a burst of the modern and now wide-prevailing spirit of independence, and perhaps of insolence,—being better able to examine the countenance of the youth, because his eyelids were dropped, as unconsciously he had fixed his gaze on the floor—whilst yet, we repeat, they were looking intently upon him, the darker and more sullen glow passed from his brow; he raised his eyes, he looked round on each, then bowing respectfully, with recovered ease and the simplicity of truth he thanked his superiors for the lenity which they had manifested under the supposition, not only of his having been guilty of the first gross offence, but of his having attempted to clear himself when guilty, concluding his address by a declaration most solemnly worded, that in this matter he was as perfectly innocent in thought, in word, and deed, as the stranger who had never set his foot in Oxford, or known a single member of the college. “It is therefore,” he added, “impossible for me to acknowledge an offence of which I am not guilty, and by so doing mislead Mr. Russell respecting the real offender.”

A silence of a minute again followed this declaration. The first tutor then spoke:—

“Mr. Milner,” he said, “we must believe

you. We cannot think you such a double deceiver as we must now do if we suppose you guilty. Your good character ought and will bear you through this reproach ; but permit me to ask you, have you any idea who the guilty person is?"

"It is impossible, sir," replied Henry, "when a thing of this kind has been done, so far to restrain the thoughts as to prevent suspicion from glancing on individuals ; but whilst I am myself pleading that I may not be condemned by circumstances which are singularly against me, I cannot think of injuring another, even in thought, by my suspicions, much less by uttering them."

Henry was generally applauded for this sentiment, and his elders having very handsomely certified to him that they fully accepted his assurances of innocence, and that they trusted they should never be compelled to change their opinion of his character, they requested him to go to Mr. Russell to repeat to him what had passed, and henceforward to let the whole affair be dropped.

Thus terminated the conference, and Henry immediately repaired to Mr. Russell's rooms. Having knocked at the door, the master called him to come in, but was evidently startled when he saw who was his visitor. He received Henry very coldly, and seemed evidently preparing himself for an apology from the young gentleman, keeping his seat whilst Milner stood.

"Sir," said Henry, "I have been directed to intrude upon you," at the same time naming

the persons from whose presence he had just withdrawn.

“ And you are, I trust, Mr. Milner, prepared to apologise for the very singular and unprovoked liberty which you have taken with me,” said Mr. Russell.

“ Had I taken the liberty of which you suspect me, sir,” replied Henry, “ I can hardly imagine an adequate apology. What could have been said in behalf of insolence and ingratitude? You have always treated me kindly—very kindly,” and the eye of the young man was suffused with a tear, which, however, did not escape but returned to its fountain, or was dispersed within its lids, and then in a firm yet animated and manly style, as if the exigency had strengthened the powers of his young mind, Henry repeated all that had just passed in his late trial, concluding that though things appeared strangely against him, as he was the last person seen with the spectacles and the manuscript, and as the string was certainly his, he could solemnly aver before all authorities, human and divine, that in this matter he was entirely innocent.

“ Must I believe you, Milner?” said Mr. Russell. “ Yes, I find I must; you cannot be so deep as thus solemnly to deny this folly.”

The tutor then asked him to sit down, and insensibly, from one thing to another, Mr. Russell having forgotten that Milner had ever been suspected, was opening things to him, more in the character of a sort of family connexion than of a tutor talking to an undergraduate. He spoke of Mrs. Bonville, and regretted on Edgar’s ac-

count the late exposure of her folly in Oxford, and in measure as he was drawn on to confidence by the candour and high principle of the youth, he at length was induced to say what not a little startled his auditor, and at the same time seemed to exhibit a new light to him.

“Did you taste the wine last night, Milner?” he said.

“I did not,” replied Henry.

“I took three glasses,” said Mr. Russell; “one before I was weak enough to read my ode, another afterwards, and a third whilst discussing with Ladbroke. Three glasses is a very moderate quantity. I had taken little at dinner; but really when I got down into your room, last night, I had every feeling of one nearly intoxicated. Something indeed might be attributed to the confusion and noise of the day, with the incessant rattle of my cousin, (I beg her pardon,) but this could not account for what I experienced. However, let this rest on your mind, Milner—it was well, perhaps, not to look too much into it—I trust I shall be more on my guard in future, and taste before I drink.”

“What can you suspect, sir?” exclaimed Henry.

“Never mind,” replied Mr. Russell; “I am now speaking to you as a friend. Is all sacred which I have said to you? What has passed in this room must not be repeated, even to Marten; though, perhaps, in some respects, he is the finest young man in the college, he is too hot to choose for a confidant.”

Mr. Russell then proceeded to some general

observations on the state of the times. He commenced by remarking, that in past ages the popular opinion invested all dignitaries, whether secular or ecclesiastical, with a certain halo, by which their natural defects and infirmities were in part concealed from their inferiors; but that the spirit of the present day was not only to disperse this halo, but even to strip all authorities of even the decent garments worn by every inferior, and to set them forth, or, what was still more to the purpose, to betray them into such acts as should cause them to set themselves forth as objects of scorn and contempt to the people about them. Hence in every society, it will be found in the present day," continued the master, "that the infirmities of the superior are held up as objects of ridicule to the inferior, and the more inferiors a man has, the more critics, and I might almost say the more enemies, are added to him, and hence the caution we, as heads of colleges, masters, &c., are obliged to use, in order not to expose ourselves to such breakings out of disrespect as we may be obliged to notice seriously; for the battle is not with the individual now, but with the world,—not with a party which may be overcome, but with a principle which is welling continually from the very foundation of society, and which, it is to be feared, will, sooner or later, be as a flood, destroying every social edifice which now exists."

"I comprehend what you say, sir," replied Henry, "I am obliged to you for this lesson, and I think that I shall henceforth have a better understanding of the conduct of my superiors in the college. I have indeed sometimes thought

them cold and high, and blamed them for their pride, as I thought it, comparing them with Mr. Dalben, and never duly considering their different situations."

"I am deviating from our usual course, Milner," said the tutor, "in thus talking confidentially with you on these matters; but let me assure you that many of us would desire to be more friendly, and familiar, I might say, with the young men, could we be assured that no liberties would be taken in consequence; but after numerous trials, and as many failures, we are always driven back into cold formalities, and such probably must be our refuge until the towers of this university shall pass away, and be as 'the baseless fabric of a vision.'"

"Permit me, sir, to ask," said Henry, "whether religion, I mean a pure Christian principle, more strictly enforced, might not produce a better spirit in our universities?"

Mr. Russell looked intently at Henry, as if doubting the import of this question, and then replied—

"Our reformers did what man could, to render our universities not only the seats of learning, but of piety; and truly I believe that they did that, which, however imperfect as coming from man, has preserved our establishment during the last three centuries; for I consider that when Cambridge and Oxford are gone, or when they cease to be places of education to churchmen only, the Church of England is gone. These universities are," he continued, "the buttresses of the noble fabric of our national church;—from these have proceeded all the

men who have, since the Reformation; stood gallantly for her support; and if her life is prolonged, she must depend on these universities for those who alone will stand valiantly for her rights. But, with respect to what you say of enforcing a more steadfast Christian principle amongst our young men, I hardly see how it can be done, inasmuch as it has always been found that examinations on doctrines have led to bitter controversies, to the utter destruction of all order and unity."

Henry could not answer the tutor: he felt that his experience was not such as could enable him to do so with advantage. He felt that something was wrong somewhere; that scripture ought to be made a more leading study than it was, and that good might result from it if it were so. He was, however, glad (though, on the whole, much gratified by the behaviour of his superiors) to be at length at liberty. He went immediately to seek Marten, who was waiting anxiously for him, but was careful not to tell him anything which might irritate him; he told him that the perpetrators of the folly were not discovered, and that it was resolved that no more notice should be taken of the affair.

"Because," replied Marten, "they wish to screen Russell, lest his want of wisdom, in allowing himself to be cajoled by those foolish women into a display of his talents in the wrong place, should be made a jest of in the university. However, as it now stands, depend upon it we shall have more exploits of this description; and if I were in authority, I would

at all risks, sooner rusticate every man who was present in Lord F——'s rooms last night, than I would put up with such gross offences."

"You and I then should be condemned to a pastoral life, for a few months, with the rest, Marten," replied Henry.

"No matter," said Marten; "but I should like to find any one attempting to bring a charge against me without proof. Believe me, however, they know perfectly well which is the black sheep of the flock—but they dare not attack him, he has too many in his favour: they might more safely meddle with Darfield than with Wellings; though I believe after all that Wellings does far less mischief in the college than that fool Darfield."

"Really you astonish me, Marten," said Henry.

"Because you don't consider," replied Marten, "that both of them try to throw contempt on their superiors;—the one in a grave, methodical, canting way, being always prepared to show that everybody besides himself and his party are living in allowed sin, and in danger of damnation; and the other trying, in his own vulgar style, to hold forth his betters as objects of ridicule."

"At all events," said Henry, "Darfield has fewer followers than Wellings."

"Many, indeed," replied Marten, "herd with Wellings merely for amusement, who in their hearts despise him; whereas, those of whom Darfield is the leader, follow him, in the persuasion that he is right."

"And in some respects, Marten, he is right,"

answered Henry, "if his views of religion are in part false, yet we cannot but honour a man who fears God, however otherwise imperfect and mistaken he may be."

"Pray," said Marten, haughtily, "have you and Darfield been comparing creeds?"

"I know his opinions," replied Henry; "but where they differ from what I see in scripture, of course I cannot adopt them. One piece of advice he has given me, however, which is, that I should avoid certain society which he calls dangerous, and which I am very much inclined to follow."

"Did he tell you to avoid himself?" said Marten; "if he did, for once I will give him the credit of being sincere."

"Why do you dislike him so much, Marten?" asked Henry; "surely you do not like any one the less for being religious."

"Certainly not," said Marten; "do I not honour Mr. Dalben, and Lord and Lady H——, above all human beings? Do you doubt my friendship for yourself, Milner? But there is a sort of religion which I abominate, and such precisely is that of Darfield;—a gloomy, unsociable principle, which leads him to condemn every one who does not exactly think with himself, and makes him desirous of pulling down every authority in the church to his own level; whilst at the same time, had he power, he would be a greater disciplinarian than the most severe puritan who ever cropped his poll, or wore Geneva cap. He is either for bringing the whole world to one way of thinking—and that way is his way; or, in failure of this ac-

commodation, utterly denying the work of salvation, by condemning nine-tenths, or rather ninety-nine out of a hundred, of the human race to eternal misery. Such a man is enough to disgust every one who knows him with the very name of religion."

"He cannot, however," replied Henry, "excite this disgust in the mind of those who understand what religion is; they cannot confound true Christianity with one man's errors."

"But there are multitudes who do not understand," replied Marten; "and these are the men whom Darfield injures."

"Thank God," said Henry, "neither Puritan, nor Papist, nor Infidel, can really hurt those souls for whom Christ died."

"And how are we to know who those are?" asked Marten, sharply.

"From the bible," answered Henry; "since I have been at Oxford, and heard such a variety of opinions, whenever I have been puzzled, I have looked at my bible. And now I will answer the question you have just put to me from the scriptures, Marten, and you may make of it what you will; and if you like it I will give you a few more of the same sort. 2 Tim. ii. 1—6. 'I exhort therefore, that first of all, supplications, prayers, intercessions, and giving of thanks, be made for all men; for kings, and for all that are in authority, that we may lead a quiet and peaceable life, in all godliness and honesty. For this is good and acceptable in the sight of God our Saviour; who will have all men to be saved, and to come unto the knowledge of the truth. For there is one God, and

one mediator between God and men, the man Christ Jesus; who gave himself a ransom for all, to be testified in due time.' ”

“ Well,” said Marten, “ and what do you infer from this passage ? ”

“ Oh ! ” replied Henry, “ I did not promise any inferences—every man must make inferences for himself—I make no comments, but I am told to give thanks for all men; and the reason given to me wherefore I ought to give thanks for all, seems to be this,—because Christ gave himself a ransom for all, to be testified in due time. Hence I cannot understand on what Darfield builds his multifarious condemnations.”

“ To tell you the truth, Milner,” said Marten, “ you are getting quite beyond me. I do not understand what you are aiming at; however, be advised by me, keep clear of Darfield and his set.”

“ Well,” said Henry, “ I think for one morning I have had discussions enough; a few more such mornings, and my hair would be as grey as Mrs. Kitty’s.” And here the young men parted for the present.

CHAPTER XV.

A rising of the wind.

AFTER the strange day which we have recorded, and the still stranger morning which ensued, things fell into their usual routine. There were several in the college who were to be examined before the long vacation, and many more in the autumn; Marten was of the number of the latter. The father of this young man was abroad on the continent; his mother had long been dead. Marten had not seen his father for two or three years, nor did he expect to see him till after he had taken his degree. He had planned with two or three other young men to withdraw to some retired place in the country, to engage a tutor, and to fag through the vacation, and Edgar was to be of the party. Henry, therefore, anticipated some quiet months with his uncle; and after the disagreeable circum-

stances which are related in the last chapter, he had also resolved to keep himself as quiet as possible, to go to no parties, and, in one word, to keep himself to himself.

There is a question, and it is a deep and intricate one,—one which his uncle had often discussed in his presence, referring to the sort of conduct which a Christian should pursue in the world: whether he ought to come boldly forward to censure what he sees amiss in society, or whether he should study to be quiet, only expressing his opinions when called upon so to do. Mr. Dalben had called Henry's attention to the latter part of the 5th chapter of the 1st Epistle of the Corinthians; wherein the Apostle admonishes the child of God not to meddle with those that are without, showing that one who enters into the contest with all offenders, must needs go out of the world—a precept which was clear enough in the time of the apostles, because a strong line of demarcation then existed between the heathen without, and he that was called a brother within, but which, in the present day, and in this country, is much less defined, inasmuch as all are called Christians, and many profess themselves to be more than Christians in name. Mr. Dalben having pointed out this passage to Henry, and showed him the difficulty alluded to above, remarked:—

“ Upon mature consideration, Henry, we have thought it best for you to go to Oxford; where, although the world and worldly principles may have too much influence, as it has in all bodies of men in authority, nothing will be

required of you, as far as I am aware, which is contrary to scripture.

“ It has been then a matter of choice on our parts that you have gone to this university, and enrolled yourself amongst the members; but this being done, you have certainly, as a Christian, imposed on yourself the obligation of submitting to all the forms and ordinances of your college, and of the university in general. You have bound yourself to respect the authorities which therein subsist; and you deviate from the line of Christian rectitude, when you cease, in deed or word, to pay honour where honour is due. At the same time, when required to speak your religious opinions, you are not at liberty to withhold them, even should they bring reproach; for,” added the venerable gentleman, “ there are some opinions which the professing world cannot even yet endure. As Luther was anathematized for preaching justification by faith, so twenty years ago was a millenarian counted a heretic, and almost a blasphemer. And so will it be with all those to whom one inch more of scripture ground has been opened beyond that which the mass of professors have hitherto trodden, until Christ himself in person takes the government of the earth, and becomes himself the expositor of his own word.”

Such had been the advice given by Mr. Dalben to Henry; and, after the affair of the spectacles, the guilty had been somewhat quieted, for whatever person or persons had done this, they did not know how far they were suspected,

since they saw that Milner, on whom they had most artfully endeavoured to throw the blame, had not lost a single step in the favour of his superiors. They were inclined, therefore, to be tolerably quiet for the remainder of the term, which was not many weeks, and during this time little arose to disturb the calm tenour of Henry's course. As Henry had no intimacies with the wild party, his door was never violently invaded. He devoted certain hours to study—certain hours to exercise—and certain hours to relaxation.

There were occasional little assemblies in his rooms and Marten's; but by general agreement neither wine nor cigars were introduced. Milner and Marten abominated cigars; Edgar had owed much tribulation to the idle custom of using them, he was accordingly persuaded to renounce them; Mansfield, who often joined these little parties, had scarcely ever tried them; and if any other young men were admitted to these assemblies, they never attempted to abuse the laws laid down in them. Some of these parties were very merry, and at others discussions would occasionally arise on serious subjects.

One evening, in Henry's rooms, Darfield and Emery being present, a discussion arose respecting the prevalence of the Latin language. Henry, almost alone, supported the opinion, that every person ordained to the ministry ought to be thoroughly acquainted with Hebrew; and being warm with his subject, he asserted that it was owing to this prevalence of

the Latin tongue, and the idle habit of depending upon the English version, which had in a certain degree, as it regarded the Old Testament in particular, come through the Vulgate, as the Vulgate had passed through the Septuagint, that so many errors still remained in the Protestant churches in this country. For this, he had almost the whole party against him—for this simple reason, that not one person present knew even the Hebrew alphabet; and no person, particularly no one supposing he knows a great deal, likes to have it asserted that he knows nothing worth knowing. Henry had asserted, in his heat of argument, that he wished all the Latin classics, with all their heathen abominations, had been buried in the lava which had destroyed Herculaneum, for which he was called a Visigoth, an Ostrogoth, a Vandal, and we know not what more; and Marten said, “I wish, Milner, you could be persuaded to keep your singular notions to yourself.”

“But,” remarked Darfield, “not to speak of the classics, which are in very deed full of heathen abominations, I have another and far more serious charge to bring against you, Milner. Supposing that you could establish your principle, and prove to all the English world that the translation of our Bible is defective in some passages; and say, if you could prove this fact as being indisputable to all persons using this translation,—what would you effect thereby, but the taking away of the stay and support of many serious, humble Christians, in this country, who have hitherto depended upon the accepted trans-

lation, throwing them, as it were, all adrift, without rudder and without anchor, and liable to be overthrown by every wind of opinion?"

It was a usual custom with Marten, and there are few of us who have not a friend of the same description, very frequently to attack Henry in the maintenance of his own opinions, or in opposition to one of Henry's; but as surely as any other came forward, even though in aid of himself or on his side, to bear upon his favourite, he would veer about, and throw in a broadside or two on Henry's part. He accordingly took upon himself to answer Darfield, saying—"I by no means coincide with you; the Pope might have made the very speech to Luther which you but now did to Milner: he might have said, if you remove the stays and supports to poor humble souls, which we have provided, you leave them without rudder, and without anchor, to be drifted about by every wind of opinion."

"He not only might have said it, but he did say it," remarked Mansfield.

"Do you mean," replied Darfield, "to compare our version of the Scripture with the traditions and deceptions of the Popish church? Do you mean to assert that our translation is a channel of errors; and that it does not contain all things necessary to salvation?"

"Necessary to salvation!" repeated Marten: "I have heard Mr. Dalben, who, by-the-bye, is the wisest man I know—a gentleman too—a highly polished gentleman,—I have heard him ask the meaning of this very common and

trite expression, — necessary to salvation! — What do you mean by it, Darfield?"

"Why I mean this," returned the other, not in the least intimidated by the number of his adversaries—"I mean that it is necessary to salvation to believe some particular doctrines of Scripture, whilst others are less important in that respect."

"That," returned Marten, "is begging the question, Darfield."

"In other words, then," answered Darfield, nothing daunted by Marten's lofty bearing—"that an individual cannot be saved unless he receives certain articles of faith, and that having received these he is in the way of salvation, but not having received these he is lost."

"According to this," said Mansfield, "all infants, idiots, and heathens are lost."

"Not infants, at least not the children of believing parents," returned Darfield, "because such having been confided to the Saviour in faith by their parents, will be preserved for the sake of Him in whom these parents have trusted. As to idiots, I cannot say; but there is little hope, I fear, for the heathen."

"For whom did Christ die?" asked Mansfield, quietly.

"Jesus Christ died for the whole human race," replied Mr. Darfield, "and for every individual of it; but believers alone can reap benefit from his death."

"Permit me to ask," said Henry, "who are believers? because, let us take any company of Christians whatever, the present company for

instance, for we all wish to please God, I think," and he looked round. There was a sort of murmuring acquiescence from every mouth, which was most pleasing, considering that all present were men under age. This murmur, however, did not interrupt Henry, who thus went on: "And yet, perhaps," he said, "there are no two amongst us who have the same views of religion."

"But," returned Darfield, "if you all agree in believing that Christ united the divine and human natures, in order that he might die for man, and that he actually suffered, was buried and rose again, and ascended on high, &c., you have all received those truths which are necessary to salvation, although the creed of each individual may vary in minor points."

"If we have received Christ as the only Saviour," replied Henry, "then are we saved already, because, as my uncle has often told me, no man can know Christ as a Saviour, unless the Father has taught him; and if the Father has revealed the Son to his apprehension, then he is already a child of God. Yet still it is not his faith which saved him, for he received the gift of salvation before he had faith; and if it were examined, I venture to say, it would be found that we all have different degrees of faith, even in this one great point, that is, salvation by Christ, not one of us being able to see him as he is, or fully to comprehend his work, so as never for an instant to doubt of what it has wrought for our own souls. Hence none of us have a perfect faith, though some see more of Christ than others: for instance, you

Darfield, have frequently told me, that you think it doubtful whether a believer even may not counteract the blessed purposes of his Saviour in his own person, by obstinacy and conformity to the world. Another now present maintains, that some works are necessary in order to finish what the Lord has begun; and a third holds, that redemption is particular, and provided only for a few. A fourth, perhaps, boldly asserts, that all those who die without hearing the name of Christ, must be eternally lost; and some there are who see Christ as we see the sun, shining on the evil and the good, on the just and the unjust, bringing health and light to all, yet still being unable to contemplate his glory for more than a moment together, owing to the weakness of our spiritual apprehension. Thus we have all different shades of belief, and we have all, probably, many false notions; and it is possible, as my uncle says, that whilst we are in the sinful body, the work which has been done for us is quite above our conceptions. How then can we say that any one has a perfect faith? or decide what degree of faith is necessary to salvation?"

"It is not our own faith which saves us, but that of the man Christ, which is imputed to us," subjoined Mansfield, who had entered warmly into what Henry had said; "that perfect faith which led the Saviour to lay down his life for us, which, being reflected on the soul of the redeemed, makes it manifest to the world that he is a child of God. Our faith, all imperfect as it is, is therefore an evidence that we are

saved ; but is not, cannot be, the means of our salvation."

Darfield opposed this assertion of Mansfield, but evidently with so much heat and prejudice, that Mansfield dropped the argument concerning faith, and the adversary turning back again to what he had before said respecting the translation of the Bible, began to declaim to this effect :—

" Would you then burn the English Bible, and leave all humble, unlearned Christians in this country in total darkness? Would you break the vessel which contains the lamp, because there may be a few flaws therein?"

" No ! no !" replied Henry. " My uncle says that our English Bible has been a richer gift to our country than even the dews and rains of heaven ; but does it follow from this, that as we have an established ministry, they ought not to be acquainted with the original language of the Old Testament? Indeed, it ought to be the basis, my uncle says, of every clergyman's education ; instead of which, we, who are to go into the church, are compelled to read comments upon comments, and long, dry, heavy evidences of things which no man, who has been well brought up, ever thinks of doubting, till he is told that others have doubted before him. I remember," added Henry, " taking up Paley's Evidences, at Clent Green, in Dr. Matthews's study, and reading till my head became all confusion : if I had read much longer I think that I should have begun to doubt of my own existence."

No more of this conversation has reached the

historian. I believe that it was thought to have become a little prosy, and there ensued a call to some manual exertion, there being in the room a gymnastic pole or machine, which Henry had found there; but as he was writing the next day to his uncle, he gave him the substance of the discussion in his letter.

It was only a few days after this that Marten invited the usual party, with the addition of Mr. Ladbroke and Darfield, to spend a few hours with him that same evening, giving for a reason for this sudden invitation the arrival of a basket of fruits and certain other simple delicacies from a friend; and truly the young men were surprised at the set-out of grapes and other hothouse rarities on Marten's table when they entered the room. However, it all appeared *tout simple*, as the French would say, when he spoke of a friend he had near town, whose hothouses were very superior; but the young men were scarcely set down, when who should appear but Lord H——, and with him an old gentleman in a full suit of blue, a black cravat, and a queue. Marten was of course very much surprised, and, as he said, delighted, that his lordship should just happen to arrive when his table was furnished in a style so superior to that in which it had ever before been. As to Henry, he was struck dumb with excessive pleasure.

Lord H—— accounted for his sudden appearance by saying, that he was going to town only for a few days, unaccompanied by the ladies, and introduced the stranger by the name of Captain Thomson, formerly of the Royal Navy. The two visitors sate down with the

rest of the party, refusing wine, but accepting tea and other refreshments, and soon made themselves so agreeable, that Mansfield and Edgar were entirely at their ease with them, though Darfield and Ladbrook remained silent.

The party were some time at table; after which, the things being removed, they all sate round to converse. Then again Lord H—— made himself excessively pleasant, and the Captain followed him up with the spirit of an old sailor. The old gentleman told several interesting stories of former adventures, and made it appear, though with no effort, that he was a religious man; but after awhile, assuming some solemnity of manner, he said to Lord H——, in an undertone,—

“ My lord, may I not as well now proceed to business? These young gentlemen will, probably, give me their advice. We are all friends here, are we not?” he added, looking round very keenly.

A sort of hum or buz ensued, which was intended to convey the assurance from the young men that of course what was said in that room was, if desired, to go no farther. Then followed a silence, during which the Captain, having tugged awhile at his coat-pocket, produced a bulky manuscript, on foolscap, uncut at the edge, but sewed in a cover, the end of which said volume had appeared from the first of his entrance peeping from its place of deposition. This he laid upon the table before him, pushing away the candles and a snuffer-tray to give room to the ample circumference of the paper; then opening it at the first leaf, he shewed

a sort of introduction, written in a large, old-fashioned, irregular hand, stroking and smoothing it with his open palms. He then raised his small, tight person, coughed and hemmed, and proceeded with much deliberation to take out a pair of spectacles from a shagreen-case, which he had extracted from his waistcoat-pocket. After wiping them for a minute or more, and ascertaining that they were perfectly clear, by holding them between his eye and the candle, the spectacles were finally established on his nose in all due form. Oh! what a miserable thing it is that young people should be so inclined to laugh in the wrong places, as they too often are! The presence of Lord H—— indeed, seemed to have sufficient power to control every temptation of this kind in the breast of Marten, particularly as he was imperturbably serene and serious; but Edgar, Henry, and Edward Mansfield, were enduring suffocation. In vain they tried to relieve themselves by coughing, and as to Henry, he caused his little finger to endure tortures, so violent were the pinches which he gave it. At length, however, good manners prevailed, and the three young men were again enabled to look up, and to look valiantly calm and attentive; but the spectacles being duly fitted to the vision, and the manuscript as duly arranged, Captain Thomson thus demanded the attention of the company.

“Gentlemen,” he said, “it is with the feelings of an author that I now address you—of an author, and of a young author; for although a man in years, I am young as it regards all

thoughts and views of coming out into life under the character of a writer."

"Oh!" thought Edward Mansfield, "what is coming now? I shall certainly die of inward convulsions," and the pressure which he made on Henry Milner's foot under the table entirely diverted the attention of the latter from his little finger, though he could not refrain from starting and shrinking, a motion which brought the quick grey eyes of the veteran instantly upon him; but it was a glance, and over in a second, and gave no interruption to the old gentleman's discourse, for he went on in the same sonorous tone, and to this effect:—

"But, although as an author—as a public man in the line of literature, I am a child, a babe, an infant, having yet only appeared in a few pamphlets; yet am I now induced, from the desire of serving the cause of literature, rather than from the selfish desire of obtaining renown, to bring forward a work, which has been the subject of my meditations for at least thirty years;"—and striking his hand with some force upon the paper which lay before him, he suddenly raised his eyes over his glasses, he peered around him, just as he might be supposed to have done when commander of a vessel, to see that all within and without, above and below, was in good order. So keen and searching were the glances of the sharp, grey orbs, that every one present felt himself compelled to call in with all haste every little expression of mirth which might be lurking without leave upon his lips, or peeping from within the fringed curtains of his eyes; and having, as it were,

ascertained that all those about him were orderly and attentive, the Captain proceeded, as before the short interruption.

“Although,” said he, “a babe, an infant, as an author, appearing before an enlightened public, I am induced, I repeat, to bring forward a work which has cost me infinite labour and infinite research; but I am at a loss for an editor who would do me justice. I have applied to several in town, who, not suiting me as wanting the erudition necessary for a work of so much learning, at the suggestion of my friend Lord H——, I have been induced to consult you, my young gentlemen, thinking that you, perchance, may be able to recommend a bookseller in Oxford who would undertake my work, and would carefully and punctually study my meaning, and avoid all necessity of a list of errata.”

“Talboys,” said Marten, “is highly and justly recommended.”

“My work,” continued the Captain, “was first suggested to my mind by a cruise in the year 17—, among the Ionian Islands and in the Archipelago, on the classic shores of Greece and Phrygia: it was, I say, then suggested, and is a critical, didactic, and consequently erudite treatise on the subject of the navigation of the ancients, commencing with the history of the Argo, of which notices may be found in various ancient authors, and thus pursuing the object through Homer and many others, stating accurately and scientifically the real import of the terms used by the ancients for nautical matters, and proving how the craft of navigation progressed in the course of time from

its rude commencement in the period of barbarism to be what it was in the Augustan age—for later I do not proceed.”

“ Good ! ” said Ladbroke, and the others present began to forget the Captain’s singularities in the interest excited by his subject.

“ Sir,” said Ladbroke, “ you of course uphold that the golden ram on which Phryxus and Helle set out for Colchis, was some sort of vessel bearing the sign of a ram ? ”

“ All this will appear, sir, when my book is published. Much may be said on this subject, on either side. Critics disagree, but I am inclined to think with Eusebius.”

“ Eusebius, sir ? ” repeated Ladbroke.

“ You must either reject my work altogether, young gentleman,” returned the Captain, tartly, —“ a work, I say, which has occupied me, with the assistance of those who were the companions of my voyages, or you must acknowledge that *you see by us*;—however, I am flying from my point. As to this matter of the golden ram, you will do well to examine; as to myself, I have thought on these subjects before you were launched into life, and ere yet you were out of the dock of your leading-strings.” Then addressing Marten,—“ You recommend Talboys, young sir,” he said. “ Is he an enlightened man—a sound man as it regards the classics?—it is essential to me that he should be a man of that description.”

“ He has not many equals in this respect in England, and if not in England, not in the whole world,” replied Marten.

“ Good,” said the Captain; “ but I should

tell you I have laboured most painfully in my chapter on Homer's list of ships ; I call that my *chef-d'œuvre*." Then addressing Lord H—— as he turned his manuscript over rapidly ;—
“ You know, my lord,” he said, “ how I have dressed our translators and exposed their ignorance and mistakes respecting all words touching nautical craft. If time would serve, I would read this chapter to the company ; but this cannot be, as it would take two bells at least to finish it, and you say we must be at the inn by ten, my lord. However, this I will tell you, that I have detected mistakes in the translators, which manifest their vast ignorance of all the nautical transactions of the ancients.”

“ Permit me to ask, sir,” said Ladbroke, “ where and in what particular points you consider these errors to be ?”

“ When my book comes out,” returned the Captain, “ you will see, sir. There is not now time to enter into particulars. You will have my book very soon if I agree with Talboys ;— but of course you can highly recommend him.”

“ His types are remarkably fine,” said Ladbroke ; his Greek as clear as English.”

“ Greek, sir ?” repeated the Captain sharply.

“ Yes, sir,” replied Ladbroke, “ his Greek types are remarkably perfect.”

“ Greek types, sir ?” repeated the Captain.

“ Yes, sir, Greek types,” said Ladbroke.

“ Types, sir—letters, sir !” said the Captain.

“ Greek letters !—Greek types !—you amaze me !” and the Captain drew down his brow till three deep reefs were visible and distinct therein, and he continued for a minute or more to repeat

—"Greek types!—Greek letters!—Greek characters!"—fixing his eyes keenly the whole time on Mr. Ladbroke, and raising his tone at every repetition, causing a bright red spot, which grew more decided every moment, to exhibit itself upon the cadaverous cheek of the scholar.

Half suspecting that the Captain meant to insult him, he at length asserted his spirit, by repeating after the enemy, "Yes, sir!—Greek types!—Greek letters!—Greek characters!"

An intelligent look given by Henry to Lord H——, made that nobleman aware that his young friend Milner was beginning to apprehend something of what was passing.

"Greek characters, sir!" resumed the Captain; "I shall not require a single Greek character, figure, type, letter, or what else of that description, in my book, which is written, and intended, and purposed for the use of Englishmen."

"Of learned Englishmen, I presume," answered Ladbroke.

"For learned Englishmen, sir, unquestionably," answered the Captain; "for the learned, sir, for the well-instructed, for university men, and churchmen, and bishops, and deans, and noblemen, and authors, and critics—for critics, sir, I say."

"What!" exclaimed Ladbroke, becoming louder every moment, and beginning to smoke almost with heat; "What! a critical treatise, and a voluminous treatise on Greek texts, and difficult Greek texts, without need of bringing forward a single original Greek word? Surely, sir,"——

"Surely, sir: I repeat," answered the Cap-

tain, "that I must be the best judge of what I have myself written;" and again the hand fell heavy on the manuscript; which, by-the-bye, looked wonderfully as if it had seen some cruises, being not only discoloured, but having a strong marine odour. "I tell you, sir," he continued, "there is not a single Greek word, unless it may be a proper name, throughout this volume. How do you expect that I, who was sent to sea at twelve years of age, should be a Greek scholar? I tell you now, if I did not tell you before, that I scarcely know a Greek letter, and scarcely know whether you read Greek from right to left, or from left to right."

"Then, sir," said Ladbroke, superciliously, "how could it ever have occurred to you to write a critical treatise on Greek texts?"

"For shame, Ladbroke," said Marten, and one or two others present, "you are unpolite."

"Let him alone," returned the Captain, "I love plainness, as we should say at sea; let him blow his fill; and to show him that I am not offended, I will be as plain with him as he is with me."

"Sir," said Ladbroke, "I have the right so clearly, so incontestably on my side, that I cannot but wonder how it is possible that you should think of upholding so monstrous a proposition, as that any one should be able to write learned criticisms on a language of which he is totally ignorant. *Quid exco cum specula.*"

"No Latin, sir," said the captain, "I bar Latin."

"*Literarum venditator ineptus,*" said Ladbroke.

"No Latin, I repeat, sir," said the Captain.

"Then, sir," said Edward Mansfield, "he will presently blow up, he will explode; the utterance of a Latin phrase acts like a safety-valve to him; if you close this valve when he is getting warm, the consequences may be tremendous. I beseech you, sir, suffer the Latin."

"Well," said the Captain, "I am not the man to flinch for a little thunder; it is not the cannon's roar, but the flash, the missile, which is armed with destruction, and so, sir, blow away."

"Say on," returned Ladbroke, "what more can I say, sir? but that your book may be very ingenious, very entertaining, very fit for women, but if you are not a Greek scholar, of no great value to learned men."

"Fairly stated," returned the Captain, "and as fairly shall you be answered. In the first instance, I am not come unprepared into the field of authorship; I have read every English, French and Italian translation, which I could lay my hands on, of the authors cited in this volume;" and again he slapped his book.

"But not the original texts," said Ladbroke.

"I have read also the comments made on those texts, and printed in our language," replied the Captain.

"But comments and criticisms are as various," replied Ladbroke, "as the humours and the tempers of the men who indite them, *ut in corporibus magnæ dissimilitudines, ita in animis existunt majores varietates.*"

"But," returned the Captain, "I have col-

lated all these various criticisms, and taken the results, having adopted those versions in which the greater number of them coincide."

Ladbrook was about to reply, but Darfield, who had not yet spoken, begging to be heard, remarked, that if the voice of the multitude were to be generally taken as the test of truth, there would be immediately a relapse of society into barbarism, inasmuch as the opinions of the many are always opposed to improvement, and always have been so. Then referring to religion, he added, "If such were the case, and if we could believe that the mass of mankind are generally right, how many perplexities would those be spared who find themselves compelled, for conscience-sake, to steer against popular opinion; but on the contrary, I fear that where the multitude approve, the Judge of all the earth almost invariably disapproves."

"You do not then coincide, sir," said the Captain, "with my mode of eliciting the truth from the majority of voices."

"Sir," said Mr. Darfield, "on the supposition that the original of the passages which you wished to examine was not known to you, I know not how you could have done better; but would it not have been much easier and much more to the purpose, to have made yourself acquainted with the original language, and there, as it were, drawn water from the fountain head?"

"What," said the Captain, "and thus reject all the opinions of the learned men who have gone before us?"

"It is a different thing," replied Mr. Dar-

field, "to consult a critic as a guide and director, and as a mere adviser."

"But," said Marten, "we are taking great liberties with you, sir."

"Not at all, not at all," returned the Captain, "as I can contend no more with gun and grapple, I am somewhat amused by a little harmless spree of words; so go on, young gentleman, say all that is in your mind. Come now, my boys, prime again—another broadside—thunder away."

The young men now thought it all fair to give way to their vehement desire to laugh; and all did give way, though as in the presence of nobility, with the exception only of Darfield and Ladbrook, who, not possessing that peculiar organ by which to discern whether a laugh is going with them or against them, or whether, in fact, they are the objects thereof, or have nothing whatever to do with it, were much offended. Ladbrook in consequence, prepared his next broadside with small reference to any other object than that of sinking our Captain in the abyss of shame; hence, looking at the huge and well-handled manuscript, he muttered "*Cui bono scribere plurimas, sed illiteratissimas literas?*" this angry growl being followed with such a burst of indignation, as the English language being scarcely adequate to express, must needs be helped forward with the Latin.

"Hæc ubi dicta, cavum conversa cuspide montem
Impulit in latus: ac venti velut agmine facto,
Qua data porta, ruunt, et terras turbine perflant."

Neither was he sufficiently relieved by this

Latin explosion, for after he had finished with the learned tongue, he continued awhile to steam and puff in English; and high, and grand, and sublime was the indignation which he expressed for the injury done to literature, to classic literature, the literature of the ancients, of the fathers, and therefore of the wise, the experienced, the erudite of the world, by the pens of ignorant critics,—by men, who, assuming to write on these subjects, should presume to form theories respecting words, whose very names and the characters by which they are expressed are unknown to them. For this Ladbroke had several of the young men upon him, blaming him for his monstrous rudeness; but Lord H—— and the Captain intreated them not to interfere. “Give him play,” said the Captain, “give him sea room, I am ready for the charge, quite prepared; but permit me to ask one question of the company, before I give him broadside for broadside, for as yet I have been only playing with his rigging;” and the old gentleman seemed to enjoy the excitement.

“My question, however, must come first; I wish to have it explained, wherefore, young gentlemen, when speaking of the world in general, we call its younger years its old age, and when speaking of all things else, we call the early part of its existence its youth, and the latter portion thereof its advanced or old age?”

“Do we do it?” replied Henry, thoughtfully.

“Certainly, sir,” returned Captain Garmston, “and not merely so in word, but in thought, and in deed; hence, we attribute to men living

centuries past, a degree of wisdom, experience, and skill we deny to those now living. I do not say that this is done in all things; for instance, in regard of arts and sciences,—of all those things, in fact, which may be judged of by the senses, we, perhaps, underrate the men of former ages. In all speculative points we are apt to overrate them, and to attribute a wisdom to them to which they cannot have any title, at least, on the score we give it to them, viz. their antiquity; for if we spoke correctly, and spoke of the world as we do of all other things, instead of the antiquity of the age of our forefathers, we should speak of its comparative youth and freshness.”

“This is perfectly true,” replied Lord H——, “but the sentiment creates a sort of confusion in the brain; for example, my grandfather died at the age of thirty, and never reached by some years the age to which I am now arrived, and yet I can never think of him as of one junior to myself when he was called away; the very name of grandfather conveys the idea of long experience and wisdom.”

“Very true,” returned the Captain; “but the enemy stands at bay,” he added, “thinking, perhaps, that I am meditating a *ruse de guerre*, and watching the opportunity to withdraw my Argo from the battle, to the eternal reproach of my good name;” then addressing Mr. Ladbrook, “Sir,” he said “I trust that you are not spent; I beg you will proceed; do not spare me, I beseech you; I can stand another broadside or two without flinching.”

What a strange disagreeable old fellow,

thought Mr. Darfield, but he gave no utterance to his thoughts. Not so Ladbroke, whose feelings were not restrained by bashfulness, modesty being one of his hidden virtues of which he seldom made a parade; but being thus again challenged by the Captain, "Sir," he said, "I can only repeat what I have before said. I am charged with want of politeness. Perhaps I am too sincere, too straightforward, for polished society. I beg pardon of the present company if I have been rude and unpolite; but I am jealous, most jealous in the cause of learning, and must own, that I am astonished how any one can differ with me in this simple axiom,—that an author who writes a critical treatise ought to be acquainted with the language which he is criticising. Nor should his acquaintance therewith be that of a mere school-boy, a mere knowledge of words and phrases; he ought to make himself fully acquainted with the spirit of his author, with his feelings, intentions, circumstances and habits; he ought to fight with Cæsar, to fancy with Ovid, to reason with Cicero, to sing with Homer, and to see as all and each have seen." Here, again, growing hotter, he began to fire away with Latin, and several present hoped, for the honour of Oxford politeness, that the Captain was not up to catching the meaning of many of his expressions.

"Well, sir," said the Captain, at length, "have you said all you wish for the present? Now comes my turn: I acknowledge that you have said some things well, very well, but permit me to ask you, why you would reject all translations of the fine old classic writers?"

“Because, sir,” replied the scholar, “you take a different position, as far as I understand, from one who writes for the amusement of women; your treatise, which you profess to be critical, carries with it, accordingly, a supposed value, and if not sound, as it regards that which it proposes, it is a spurious publication, and must be necessarily detrimental to the cause of true erudition, having pretensions which are not founded on truth, for as Cicero says——”

“Spare your Latin, Mr. Ladbroke,” said Darfield, in a low voice, “it is thrown away;” and Ladbroke drew up his lip in scorn, and was silent.

During this last speech of the scholar, the Captain had turned one ear, and then the other towards the orator—much as we have seen done by a fantastical parrot on a perch, when meditating a pinch or some other piece of mischief; and no sooner had the young man come to a pause, than he replied, “You are drawing the string too tight, sir, far too tight; numbers and numbers of great men have obtained honours in the literary world, not only by treatises on ancient literature, but by orations, declamations, versifications, disputations, and interpretations; and not only honours, but solid and substantial benefits for themselves and families; and all this without, in many instances, knowing more of their authors than what can be obtained through translations and criticisms.”

“Sir,” replied Ladbroke, “I am not aware of a single instance of a case such as you allude to; I know, indeed, some careless and many

half-instructed critics, but show me, if you please, a single author who has attempted to give the world a treatise on an ancient author, without, at least, pretending to know his original."

"I could name hundreds, sir, ay, and perhaps thousands, if my memory would serve. Have you a list of any library here, gentlemen? a strange list indeed it would be if it did not contain multitudes of titles of books whose authors have presumed, like me, to comment on many ancient writers, to whom they did not pretend to have other access than through translations, and through criticisms, and through human theories, and amid the aggregated prejudices of ages."

A silence of a minute followed this remark, for every one present now saw all that the Captain had been about for the last half hour; one or two had, indeed, begun to suspect before the last stroke, what his drift had been, but now it opened on all present, yet every one thought it best to let Ladbroke speak.

"You are referring to works on divinity, sir," said the young man, "and I was all along speaking of the ancient classics."

"Well, sir," replied the Captain, "and pray do not the arguments which you brought forward,—good arguments all of them,—very good arguments every one of them,—I say, do not these bear with equal force upon the writings of the Old Testament, as well as on those of heathen Greece and Rome? Are not the niceties of the original language equally important in the one as in the other, young gentleman?" And the small grey eyes of the Captain seemed

to act as burning-glasses upon the spirit of Ladbroke, so that he was fairly driven out of the field, or rather reduced to total helplessness thereon. Not so Mr. Darfield, who no sooner perceived that Ladbroke was silenced, than he again took up the argument.

"Sir," he said, "I do not think with you, that the same knowledge of the original tongue is necessary to one who discourses on Scripture, as to one writing or lecturing upon the classics and classical subjects."

"And wherefore, sir?" asked the Captain; "be pleased to explain yourself; I will trouble you to favour us with some of your ideas on this subject; no doubt you have considered the matter well."

"My ideas, sir," replied Darfield, "are these: that, whereas the Scriptures are necessary to salvation, and the classics are not so, it has pleased God in his infinite goodness to preserve, even through the darkest ages of the church, a little flock of holy men, who have made it their object to teach and preach the divine word in its purity. By these all the comments on Scripture which were made by the Apostolic Fathers and their successors have been handed down to the present times; and the translators of our Scriptures having been illuminated by all these lights of past ages, have given us a version of which the errors are not only very few, but of which there are none which affect things necessary to salvation—a translation which has served the best of Christians in our country for ages past, the authenticity of which has been sealed by the conversion of many souls, and which, by

the change of only a few passages, might throw many humble Christians from the land of promise into a sea of doubts, in which, humanly speaking, they might perish without hope."

"Do you then suppose, sir," asked Lord H——, "that our version, being the work of men, is without error?"

"This would be much to assert, my lord," replied Darfield, "no work of man can be without error; but would you take our translation, most excellent as it is, from the hungry people?"

"As no one present proposed such a measure, sir," replied Lord H—— gravely, "I make no reply to your question; because in so doing, I should be in a certain degree acknowledging, by such reply, that we had made the proposition which you suppose."

"It is one thing," remarked the Captain, "taking away the food of the people because it may not be entirely pure, and another maintaining that there is not a grain of chaff in our loaves; and because our bread does not poison us, insisting that it should not be rendered more wholesome, if possible. But, undoubtedly, every argument which the young gentleman who has now withdrawn from the discussion, brought against me, on the supposition that I had attempted a critical treatise on the nautical affairs of the ancients without knowing their language, bears in full force against all those teachers of religion and writers upon religious subjects, who, having the leisure and the ability to study the Scriptures in the originals, can content themselves with building theories upon pas-

sages which may have entirely changed their original purport, either from having come to them through translations, perhaps, of translations, or though the frequent changes of the sense of terms in the living language into which they have been rendered."

The discourse then fell upon the Fathers, and the Captain remarked, "Many of them were, without question, sincere men, who loved not their lives unto death, and were enabled to seal their faith with their blood; yet, instead of fathers, in respect to knowledge they were but babes, having lived in the infancy of the church, at a time when, immediately after the deaths of the apostles, the writings of those who succeeded fell at once from the simplicity of the apostolic age. See the shepherd of Hermes," he said, "and the fragments of the works of that day; and oh!" added the Captain, "what is popery, but this looking to man rather than God—this quoting of fathers, of mere human authorities, rather than those which are divine. What is popery, but attributing a something to human authorities in religious concerns, which we deny to them in more secular matters?—for as my late adversary, to whom I give much credit for his boldness, justly and truly asserted respecting the injury done to literature by unlearned critics, may we not suppose that a still greater injury may have been done to the cause of truth, by the neglect of the study of the word of God in the original, and the blind adoption of man's theories?"

But this chapter has run to a great length,

and were we to record all that was said on all sides in the conclusion of the argument, we should at least double its length. The time for separation being come, the visitors took their leave, although Lord H—— and his friend lingered awhile with Henry and Marten after the others were gone. Marten then told Henry that a letter, contained in the basket of fruit which had arrived that morning, had informed him of the purposed visit, and given him time to invite his party, though he was not to say who was expected. Lord H—— added, that “a letter from Mr. Dalben having informed him of a late argument in Henry’s rooms, Captain Garmston, who was returning with him to London, had planned the little discussion which had so successfully taken place; and we chose Marten’s rooms, rather than yours, Milner,” said Lord H——, “in order that no suspicions of foul play should fall on you.”

“And this old log-book,” said the Captain, “which I brought with me to Woodville, to read an account to Lady H——, of an eruption of Mount Vesuvius, which I witnessed some years ago from the Bay of Naples, was the very thing for our purpose, and the old hero has done his part bravely.”

Marten had produced wine, and the Captain taking a glass drank his and Henry’s health, expressing a hope that they did not now meet on earth for the last time; and the young men then having asked many questions respecting those they remembered, and we may add loved, at Woodville, Lord H—— and the Captain withdrew, Marten and Henry accompanying them to the college gates.

CHAPTER XVI.

To be omitted by all persons incapable of receiving a
new idea.

NOTHING occurred of any consequence during the remainder of the term. When the period of the separation arrived, Marten and Edgar went one way with a tutor whom they had engaged, and Henry, having taken leave of his friends, took a night coach, which was to bring him to Worcester early in the morning. There having put his luggage in a way to reach his home during the day, and having eaten a hearty breakfast, he disposed himself for a leisurely walk towards Malvern, over scenes full often traced with his beloved uncle. As yet the memory of his boyish days were fresh with Henry. Few, and few only, whom he had known in childhood, had been called away from this present scene. Even Lion still lingered, as he believed, though on the brink of the grave; but on this point he was mistaken, for Thomas had buried him in a corner of the garden a few days previous to the end of the term; and very old he

was, for although almost a puppy when Henry first knew him, yet he could not have been less than fourteen or fifteen years old when he died, and, as Thomas said, an uncommon age for one of his sort. But although no great changes had passed in the objects of Henry's first attachment, yet there was a feeling about the young man—a feeling which many must have experienced—that circumstances were not long to continue as they were; that the present form and semblance of things in the dwellings of his childhood were shortly to pass away; that there was an undermining, decaying process going forwards, which would very soon effect a total change with those he had first loved in Worcestershire; and that this was, perhaps, the very last summer in which he should return to dwell amongst his scenes of happy boyhood. It cannot be questioned but that one powerful influence of the divine Spirit in the heart is to make it tender,—to cause feelings of affection, love, and pity, to go forth from it over all creation, in so much so, that no suffering, even of the smallest animal, no process of destruction, even of the inanimate works of God, can be contemplated without uneasiness; and in consequence, if there were not a strength and fortitude also imparted to the mind, together with this tenderness of feeling, the character would become weak. But the Spirit of God knoweth how to blend the qualities which he imparts, and there is no inconsistency in the feelings of those which are born of him, excepting such as spring from the original nature.

Henry being thus impressed with these feelings, so deeply allied to sadness, was tracing, as

he walked gently along, for the day was very hot, all those recollections which the objects he encountered perpetually supplied through the force of association. The first of these which we shall notice, occurred at a stile, at the top of a field, near the old tree, or rather at this day the stump of a tree, under which Prince Rupert had stood to oppose the parliamentary army when it had succeeded in making good its passage over the Teme, the vale of which at this point opens to the person passing from Worcester to Malvern over the fields. Many little events of his childhood were attached in Henry's mind to this place. He remembered the day when his uncle had first brought him so far as this. He remembered how the old gentleman had told him the historical anecdote relating to that spot; and he had a clear remembrance of two fine little girls, who came hand in hand along the path from a neighbouring house, the largest thereabout, who, understanding that his uncle was somewhat puzzled to discern the right tree, had pointed it out to him with a peculiar courtesy and grace, full rare even in those days, at which time the levelling principle, and the consequent democratic manners, were gaining ascendancy rapidly. Henry remembered also sitting on that same stile reading the Fairy Tales whilst waiting for Marten, whom he had left at the Worcester race-course; and then, in thinking of Marten, his imagination recurred to Oxford, and to the world, and to worldly men, and worldly opinions, and worldly desires, and that strange infatuation, that madness of the human race, whereby man is led to sacrifice many real enjoyments for

mere vanities, worth nothing, either in the pursuit or the attainment.

Thus did the young man go on speculating and reasoning, and thinking and calling up old remembrances, until he had descended into the valley, and found himself upon the old bridge of the Terre, and then indeed did memory begin her most busy work.

Thrice blessed are those with whom the scenes which they are sometimes compelled to retrace in life, are not associated with actual guilt. There is, perhaps, no stronger evidence of divine love vouchsafed to the children of God on earth, than the innumerable instances which must then recur to the mind of every thinking person of his having been preserved from actual sin during the period of his ignorance, darkness, or heedlessness. A careful parent is a free gift of God to a child, and who can calculate what young people owe to God for a gift of this description? for oh! it is bitter thus to see youth blighted by the habit of committing unholy deeds! In the natural course of things, the buoyancy, the bloom, and the freshness of youth are sufficiently transitory. Why then hasten such decay by vice? But of what avail are arguments of this nature, which are as old, perchance, as the fall of man? Know we not that the natural man may be induced by the fear of shame, or the terrors of the law, that is, of human authorities, to avoid the committal of open offences, but that reason never can subdue the wilfulness of our nature, or correct and purify the affections.

As Henry advanced towards the heights above the Ham, which is an extent of common

land on the right bank of the Teme, the associations belonging to childhood thickened upon him, and he was brought to compare the life which he had lately led, the sentiments which he had been obliged to hear, the objects which had been set before him for his attainment, and the statements of religious doctrine constantly presented to him, with all those things which had been carefully taught him in his childhood; and all these seemed to be so opposed in spirit, the one set of objects to the other, that he felt it was totally impossible to reconcile them. He had, however, this impression, that he would rather, if forced to choose, associate with persons who looked only to the world, and to pleasing themselves in it, than with such as those who formed the professing party in the place from whence he had come.

“ I can bear,” he thought, “ to hear worldly persons converse—I take no interest in what they say—they do not touch me in any way; but when people meddle in a bitter spirit with those things which have formed my happiness ever since I was a little boy, as Darfield does, I cannot bear it. When they tell me that God, who is the only being that can be called good, whose justice and mercy are infinite, is prepared to condemn vast multitudes of creatures whom he has himself called into being, and whom he has reconciled to himself by such an act of omnipotent love, as we cannot even now comprehend—when they tell me that he is prepared to condemn all who have never, perhaps, had the opportunity of hearing the name of Christ, to eternal damnation, and that he is ready too to

do the same even by his own adopted ones if they offend, whilst at the very same time these very same people acknowledge the total incapacity of man to turn and prepare himself for any good,—I am inclined to feel, if these are right, which God forbid, then was I in a dream through all my childhood. All the bright, sweet hopes of my early years, and the unshaken confidence I had in God were all a vision, a dream of infancy; and having formerly felt this love of confidence, this glow of happiness, yet still I may be lost and become one of the accursed. And then those fair views I once enjoyed of the personal reign of Christ on earth, the sensible presence of my Redeemer, those too are dreams; and if the earth is to become a scene of happiness, such as innumerable prophecies foretell, that this blessed change is to be wrought by the ministry of man, by the efforts and influence of preachers, of schools, of systems, and of various other inventions of man, all of which may be good in their way, though, as even a very short experience may teach, utterly powerless in changing the corrupt heart of man. But I must forget, if possible, this baneful influence of the world," thought Henry, as he bounded over a stile,—“ I must shake off these weights,” and joining his hands and raising his eyes,—“ My God! my God!” he said, “ I feel that my life is hid in Christ with thee—thou, O Lord, art my sanctification and redemption!—Away then with all human theories. I am nothing, and thou art all I want, or ever can want, and in thee I am and shall be happy. And now I feel myself a child again, a happy child—every bud,

and every blossom, and every running brook, and this bright sun, and those fair hills, and this green sward, shall speak as they were wont to do, and tell me that I have a tender Father on high, and a Saviour who came not to condemn the world, but to save the world."

It was with a light and active foot that Henry finished his walk, entering the house by the garden-gate. He saw his beloved uncle sitting at his favourite window, which was open. At the sight of his boy such a flush rose in his pale face, as we have sometimes seen in that of a tender infant at the sight of a beloved mother. It seemed almost as if the venerable gentleman was now looking for that support and comfort from his adopted son, which he himself had bestowed on him in his infancy. How sweet are the courses of natural affection, when unpolluted by worldly feelings!

"And you are come, my Henry," said Mr. Dalben, as soon as the young man entered the parlour—"for three months," he added, "for three months," repeating the words,—“God is very very good—all things are well ordered—and it is summer again—sweet summer-time seems to have rolled back again, and things for a little while, are as they were before you went to school.”

Henry looked at his uncle; he thought him very much changed, but he was enabled to command his feelings, simply asking him whether he found himself better than he had been when they had parted.

"No, my boy," replied Mr. Dalben, "I am not better—I become much weaker—I thank

God I have little pain, but the outward man is decaying, sensibly decaying."

Henry's fine open countenance became clouded, but again he commanded himself, and said; "But now I am come, uncle, you will find a renovation of strength. Can you walk abroad?"

"No," replied Mr. Dalben, "but Lady H—— has kindly lent me her little open carriage and quiet pony: I have not yet tried them; I waited for you to drive me. We will yet have a few excursions together, God permitting."

Henry expressed more pleasure than he really felt on this occasion; for the last summer his uncle had sometimes walked with him, and the need of a carriage now indicated a very decided change. Other subjects being then introduced, Henry inquired after all old friends. Mr. Dalben informed him of Lion's death, and Henry felt a choking in his throat, not so much on account of the poor dog, as of this additional indication of the apprehended breaking up of his early attachments. "But," added Mr. Dalben, "we took care of poor Lion to the last, and Thomas buried him under the tree, on the very spot which he was wont to frequent. And now, my dear boy, to have you once again under my roof, is a pleasure I cannot express," added the old gentleman, extending his hand to his adopted son; "these meetings are earnest of the joy which shall be."

"Once again I breathe," thought Henry, "I breathe a pure air; the world! the world! oh! that atmosphere of the world!" and thus he exclaimed, and thus he felt, as he sought his

wanted haunts, having a word to say to all his old friends in the offices, his beaming countenance imparting light even to the sour aspect of Mrs. Kitty, for that old lady certainly had not become more amiable in measure as time advanced with her. Maurice happened to have been sent out on an errand, therefore Henry did not see him at this time.

When Mrs. Kitty had withdrawn, after dinner, and Henry and his uncle were sitting together, Mr. Dalben said, "Now you have dined, Henry, I must open out to you a little cause of trouble; perhaps you may be enabled to set some things right in the family, which are quite above my feeble hand. The affair concerns Maurice and Kitty; the quarrels of these two are become quite distressing to me, and I have lately begged that I may not hear anything of them. I judged amiss when I took Maurice to London, but I did it, thinking that it was better than leaving him with Kitty. Thomas tells me that they are both to blame in this affair, and that he can make nothing whatever of the boy; and that since he went the journey he has been quite an altered character, and become downright spiteful and revengeful."

"I am truly sorry to hear this," said Henry; "what can be done?"

"You will see," replied Mr. Dalben, "but what a lesson is this to us! if a man, a master, and one who holds the purse, cannot control one old woman and a boy, how vain must be the attempt to regulate a world of which the elements are thus discordant: how impious and

absurd the expectations of reformers and legislators, of producing a better order of things by any of their schemes, more especially when they pretend so to do through the process of slackening the bands of society, and by taking off the pressure of human authorities: and yet," added Mr. Dalben, "I know not whether the arrogance of the mere worldly politician is so great, as that of the self sufficient professor, who thinks that such a change on earth as is described in many glorious passages of the inspired writers can be wrought either by the combined or individual efforts of human ministry in the visible church, however earnest, however sincere, the efforts used for reforming mankind, may be amongst any body of men. The single false principle which is generally held upon this subject,—that man depends on man's ministry for the salvation of his soul, in any degree whatever, is quite sufficient to bring the conviction to one who has been enabled to see the truth, that the Almighty will make it plain even under this dispensation, that he can work in total independence of his creatures."

"These remarks of yours," said Henry, "require much attention, uncle; and I know what many persons would say in reply to them; they would say, if man's ministry cannot save souls, what is the need of any effort to do good?"

"Are these your own opinions, dear Henry?" asked Mr. Dalben.

"No, sir," said Henry, "decidedly they are not; I know that no human ministry can give

life to the dead. And this also I know, that those who have received that life, cannot fail of producing the fruits of that life, though restrained, encumbered, and held back by the old, evil nature."

"The regenerate man, my Henry," said Mr. Dalben, "is under the influence of love, and love is a living, active principle, and worketh all good to its neighbour; and he that hath it must do the will of God, not in order that he may thereby obtain salvation, but because he is already saved." Mr. Dalben then said, that it had of late been necessary for him to lie down for an hour after dinner—"Of course you will spend that hour as you please," he added, "and to-morrow, we will try our little carriage in the evening; but to-day when I awake, for I shall probably sleep, you shall lead me to your arbour, and there we will have our tea. I love to sit there and hear the music of the woods and fields, and think of the glories which are to come. And I have some new ideas respecting the millennium, to talk of with you, my boy; we will speak of them in your bower, fitting the place to our discourse."

Henry being thus dismissed, went to his arbour, which stood in a little plot of ground, encompassed with slight palings. He had spent many, many peaceful hours in that place; the trees and shrubs which he had planted were much grown, even since the last year, and were then in their summer beauty, all fresh and fair, and shadowy, and fragrant; Thomas had put everything in the nicest order, for the reception of his young master, and as Henry

entered the inclosure, the worthy man came up to him, and touching his hat, "Master," he said, "it looks like old times to see you here."

"Ah! Thomas," replied Henry, "those times can never come again; a very little while and this will be our home no longer—I feel it is so."

"Nay, master, nay," replied Thomas, whilst his voice faltered, "nay, I hope not; but it is twenty-five years come next Michaelmas that I have been here; I was twenty-four when I hired with master, and I am now in my fiftieth year; I would gladly have died where I have lived; but if it is not God's will, I shall find the same God in another place as has been my friend in this, though as to such another master——" But here he stopped short, stooped to pull a weed which had sprung up in the gravel, and then said "Ba'ant them trees grown bravely, master Milner? another year and them liburnums will meet at the top of the bower."

"Another year, Thomas!" replied Henry; and they both remained silent for a minute, till Henry, suddenly moving from the place where he stood, entered the arbour, calling Thomas to follow him and to sit down. "And now," said he, "tell me what is the matter between Maurice and Kitty."

"What's the matter," answered Thomas; "why I'll be further if I can tell."

"Who is most to blame?" asked Henry.

"Why, sir, if I must speak the truth," answered Thomas, "there's just six of one sort, and half-a-dozen of t'other; the woman won't let the boy be quiet when he would, and the

boy always contrives to stir up her tongue when the humour of keeping it still is upon her; so that, as Sally and I says, with the best master in the world, our kitchen is a very bear-garden."

"But supposing," replied Henry, "that Kitty and Maurice are equally to blame in the provocations they give to each other, Maurice ought to be compelled to make the first advances to reconciliation, as he is not only the younger but the last comer, and as he owes some gratitude for many rough kindnesses shown to him by Mrs. Kitty when he was a child."

"As to them," replied Thomas, "he don't feel that he owes much gratitude for them, because, as he says, she spoilt by her ill tongue all that ever she did well by her hand; and the honest truth is, that the housekeeper has a most shocking temper of her own, and that instead of getting better as she gets more in years, she gets worsen and worsen, so that Sally says it is almost an impossible thing to live with her; and yet Sally would not leave master now, for all that the world can offer." What! thought Henry, are discord and death so busy in this paradise, and yet vain man often thinks that had he the temporal power, he could make a heaven on earth? But Thomas being set a going went on a long time with his tales of Maurice and Mrs. Kitty; nor did he cease until it was time for Henry to go in to bring out Mr. Dalben. Finding, however, the old gentleman in a calm and lovely state of mind, he did not recal his attention to these matters; but having conducted him to his arbour, whither his easy

chair had been brought, he seemed to resign himself to full enjoyment, whilst the servants went backwards and forwards to bring the tea and other refreshments.

“How lovely is this scene!” said the old gentleman, “how calm! how still! how pleasant it is to shut the eyes in this world, as I hope to do, in a place like this, with the certain assurance of opening them again in glory. Henry, I have thought much of this long vacation, and God has given me my desire of spending a few months more alone with you. I have many things to say to you, or rather to subject to your consideration; for I trust that you will take nothing for granted because I have told it to you—the Scriptures are open to you—study for yourself—admit no man’s theories, not though they belong to him you most love and honour. I thank my God, my beloved boy, that he strengthened me to keep back nothing from you in your childhood, which was opened at the time to myself; I was, God be praised, made willing to impart to your infant mind, all that I myself believed. All that I saw and understood of the sabbatical millennium I unfolded to you; yet I saw not then all that I now see, and in consequence, some of my former statements to you do not now appear to me entirely consistent with Scripture.”

“Oh! uncle,” said Henry, “I hope that you are not going to take away those views of future peace and glory which have formed the greatest joys of my infancy.”

“By no means, my Henry,” answered Mr. Dalben; “have I not said that I have been led

to see more rather than less, that is, more of the divine plans; and if more of the plans which proceed from omnipotent love, can you suppose them to be less bright and joyous than those which I exhibited to you when less was manifested to me? If what I now think I see is true, the view is so dazzling bright, so infinitely glorious, that it is only at moments that my mortal eyes seem capable of enduring the flashes of divine love which burst upon me from these views."

"What are these views which now open to you, dear uncle?" said Henry; "you have hinted at something of the kind before, but never have explained yourself."

"Do you recollect," replied Mr. Dalben, "a conversation which we had in the winter, when Marten and Edgar were present, in which I said, that I had been led to think that the object of the divine government, at this present time, is not so much to prevent the commission of evil, as to lead us, the children of Adam, by long and varied experience, to perceive that we can effect no good by any efforts of our own wisdom and free-will. I meant any effectual, or permanent good to the world in general, or to souls in particular; although certain powers are lent to us, which may be used to present advantage, in alleviation of suffering, and reciprocal kindness between fellow-creatures."

"I remember this well," replied Henry, "and have thought much of it since."

"Our Saviour himself says," added Mr. Dalben, "that offences must come; by which we understand, that under existing circum-

stances—under those circumstances into which man has brought himself by the exercise of his own free-will—offences will come; and even that awful offence of nailing the Son of God to the cross, for which the Jewish nation suffer woe to this day, could not be dispensed with. But this is my belief, that when the full time shall have arrived, when all that is necessary to the accomplishment of the divine purposes shall be finished, and when the rebel creature has tried all his experiments and found them productive only of misery, perplexity, fear, and death—then will the hand of omnipotence be stretched forth to put an end to transgression in the act, as it was before terminated in the imputation by the death of Christ.”

“Sir,” said Henry, “do I understand you aright? Do you anticipate a period in which evil will cease to be?”

“My anticipations, my Henry, are nothing,” replied Mr. Dalben; “I have anticipated many things, and my anticipations not having been based on truth, have in many instances passed away as the morning cloud. In all things which admit not of the evidence of the senses, we can have no guide but Scripture. And though I once was somewhat forward in giving you my opinions—yet in this, perhaps our last, but certainly one of our most serious conferences—I would willingly answer any question you wish to put to me, in the very words of Scripture itself.”

“My dear sir,” said Henry, “permit me to repeat my question. Do you anticipate a period in which evil will cease to exist?”

“The only light we can receive upon this subject,” replied Mr. Dalben, “is from Scripture: in the Epistle of Paul to the Colossians, we have these words; ‘For by him (Christ) were all things created, that are in heaven, and that are in earth, visible and invisible, whether they be thrones, or dominions, or principalities, or powers; all things were created by him, and for him: And he is before all things, and by him all things consist. And he is the head of the body, the church: who is the beginning, the first-born from the dead; that in all things he might have the pre-eminence: For it pleased the Father that in him should all fulness dwell: And (having made peace through the blood of his cross) by him to reconcile all things unto himself; by him, I say, whether they be things in earth, or things in heaven.’ Col. i. 16—20.”

“By whom, and by what process,” said Henry, “do you then suppose that this mighty deliverance shall be wrought? The question may seem a foolish one, as I know there can be no deliverance to sinful man, but in Christ; but I speak as requiring proofs from Scripture.”

“St. Paul shall answer this question,” said Mr. Dalben—“‘For if through the offence of one, *the* many (*οἱ πολλοὶ*) be dead, much more the grace of God, and the gift by grace by one man Jesus Christ, hath abounded unto *the* many. And not as by one that sinned, the gift: for the judgment (was) by one to condemnation, but the free gift (is) of many offences unto justification.—For as by one man’s disobedience *the* many were made sinners; so by the obedience of one shall *the* many be made right-

eous. Moreover, the law entered, that the offence might abound: but where sin abounded, grace did much more abound: that as sin hath reigned unto death, even so might grace reign through righteousness unto eternal life (*ζωὴν αἰώνιον*) by Jesus Christ our Lord." Rom. v. 15, 16, 19—21.

"This passage," replied Henry, "strikes me with amazing force; and according to all rules of logic, if we allow it to be inspired, which as Christians we must do, it proves more than ever I before apprehended, of the perfection of the work of salvation. But will you, my dear sir, give me your opinion respecting it?"

"When you were a child, Henry," said Mr. Dalben, "I endeavoured to help your understanding of the Scriptures, by giving you my sentiments on those passages which came before us; but now, my son, you are arrived at a more mature age, and having sufficient learning to read the original Scriptures for yourself, it is my desire that you should read and think without other reference to man's opinions than that which is merely critical, as regarding the actual signification and usages of words."

"But," returned Henry, "in so doing, that is, in putting away many things which I have heard and learnt even from you, dear uncle, I should place a construction on the passage which you have quoted, perhaps, very different from that in which it has been generally received."

"In obtaining light from Scripture," said Mr. Dalben, "we cannot have a better method

than that of comparing one passage with another; let me now recite to you a few verses from 1 Cor. xv. 'For since by man (came) death, by man (came) also the resurrection of the dead. For as in Adam all die, even so in Christ shall all be made alive. But every man in his own order: Christ the firstfruits; afterward they that are Christ's at his coming. Then (cometh) the end, when he shall have delivered up the kingdom to God, even the Father; when he shall have put down all rule, and all authority and power. For he must reign till he hath put all enemies under his feet. The last enemy (that) shall be destroyed (is) death.'

"But, sir," said Henry, "might it not be argued from this passage, that although all things are to be put under him, some may yet be subjected to misery, being equally under God in that state, and as much submitted to his pleasure whilst in torments, as are the redeemed in a state of glory? I am now repeating the very words of my new acquaintance, Darfield."

"Tell your friend, then, Henry," replied Mr. Dalben, "that the Lord is good to all, and his tender mercies are over all his works. All thy works shall praise thee, O Lord, and thy saints shall bless thee. And, again, you may say this to him,—this is good and acceptable in the sight of God our Saviour, who will have all men to be saved, and to come unto the knowledge of the truth. For there is one God, and one Mediator between God and man—the man Christ Jesus, who gave himself a ransom for all, to be testified in due time."

"These passages," said Henry, "are wonder-

fully striking, and seem to give me, as I before said, a new view of divine love; but will you not, my dear sir, open to me the results of your own reflections on these passages?"

"No, my dear Henry," replied Mr. Dalben, "because my object is, to lead you to judge for yourself, rather than to be directed or guided by human authority. Hear what God says through the words of inspiration; probably the great, and may be, unavoidable error of the visible church has been its perpetual reference to the opinions of man, rather than to the simple word of Scripture, by which error has been handed down from generation to generation; and hence, the opinions of the first heretics, the Gnostics, who maintained the eternity of evil, are still, though in a modified form, mixed up with the views of many professors in the present day."

Mr. Dalben having thus directed Henry's attention to several other striking passages of Scripture, which tend particularly to open out the work of salvation,* the conversation turned upon the millennium.

"My dear son," said the old gentleman, "as I have impressed your mind with my own ideas upon this subject, I feel that I am bound to point out to you where I think that I have been in error."

"I hope," said Henry, "that you have not been compelled to give up any of those bright

* Isaiah xiv. 1, 2, 3; lvii. 16. Lam. iii. 31, 32, 33. Luke ii. 10, see the Greek. John iii. 16, 17: xii. 32. Heb. ii. 9. 1st John ii. 2.

and glorious views with which you gladdened my early days."

"Do not be afraid, dear Henry," replied Mr. Dalben; "so far from being obliged to adopt less brilliant prospects respecting the millennium, those I now behold are far more glorious as it concerns the elect, and as it regards those who are not so; as much more tender and merciful as it regards those who are not the first-born, as divine love, the love of a heavenly Father, surpasses that of an earthly one. The views which I taught you, my dear Henry, respecting the millennium sabbath, were—that the earth was doomed to labour under sin and sorrow for six thousand years, answering to the six working days of the week; that the seventh millennium was to answer to the sabbath, or day of rest; Satan being chained during this thousand years, and this millennium being preceded by the return of Christ in person, and the resurrection and ascent of the justified to meet their Lord; nor have I, thus far, seen reason to alter my opinions. But having again examined with great attention the order of events in the three last chapters of the Revelation, and been led, I trust divinely, to adopt some farther views respecting the divine purposes of mercy, some difficulties which had hitherto appeared to me insurmountable, all at once disappeared; every confused idea suddenly, as it were, settled into its place and measure as I adhered closely and more closely to my text; and then in the remote perspective, beyond all I had ever seen or apprehended before, there opened out to me a range of prophetic views more vast, more

glorious, more lovely than unassisted human imagination could conceive. The Scripture says, charity hopeth all things; but charity, or love, is a divine attribute; in hoping all things, then, may we not suppose that we have in some degree been made partakers of a divine perfection? The natural man is incapable of hope, and the very word in the mouth of the unconverted loses its signification,—I hope, being to them synonymous with I fear. But now, to speak as men speak, and to speak of things which, at least, in their external significations may be comprehended by man—taking the three last chapters of Revelation as a mere relation of events, I found that I had habitually distorted and disarranged these events. I had supposed that after the first resurrection, and at the period of the second coming of Christ, the earth would be burnt, and all the ungodly reduced to ashes therein, their bodies so to remain till the second resurrection; believing that immediately after this burning of the earth, and before the millennium, the earth would be renewed, and the holy city, the Bride, would descend, the earth, from henceforward to the end of the age or ages, to be inhabited only by the elect. Whereas, according to Scripture I find that there is no burning of the earth, no general destruction of the nations, till after the millennium, but that Christ is to govern men living in the flesh, and the elect are to be kings and priests with him. These were the mistakes I made, and hence the perplexity which I felt in reading the account of the battle of Gog and Magog, which is to terminate the

thousand years. From whence, I asked myself, were all these rebels to proceed, if all the wicked were lying as ashes under the soles of the feet of the righteous? Can the elect fall into sin and be deceived again? But when I apprehended the real statements of Scripture I was no longer perplexed. During the millennium, the nations of the earth will enjoy a pure theocracy under Christ and the first-born; for these last are to live and reign with Christ a thousand years, their dwelling being with their Redeemer, and their dominion over men in the flesh, yet over men enjoying every privilege which human nature can enjoy whilst in the natural body; and this for a thousand years, or perhaps thousands of thousands, constituting probably the last form or order of things on earth, whilst nature subsists under its primitive laws. And then, all that ever I told you, my dear Henry, of a state of paradise, of a bright world, of holy, happy children, of the earthly Jerusalem restored, of the presence of the Shepherd-King, of sleeping in the woods, and wandering in sweet fields, may, and will come to pass, and more also than we can conceive; yet, perhaps, after many years of happiness, in which the experience of evil may have been very small, the last awful lesson will be permitted, Satan will be loosed, and the whole human race still dwelling in the flesh, perhaps, will be led to see, that in the last days of the earth, the weakness and folly of man is the same as in the first, the deduction from this example being, that man's only safety is in such a union with his Maker, as cannot be broken, cannot be disjoined, but is to continue for ever and ever as long as God endures."

“Go on, uncle,” said Henry; “what more has seemed to open to you?”

“Follow the Revelation,” said Mr. Dalben; “what ensues after the battle but the casting of the devil into the lake of fire, the second resurrection, the judgment of the dead, and the condemnation to suffering till the end of the age, of all those who are not found in the book of life? At this time, probably, occurs the melting of the elements with fervent heat, the earth itself becoming that lake of fire in which her rebellious children are to suffer.”

“For a while, or for ever?” asked Henry.

“Look forward,” answered Mr. Dalben, “and compare the beginning of Rev. xxi. with 2 Peter iii. 13, ‘Nevertheless,’ says Peter, ‘we, according to his promise, look for new heavens and a new earth, wherein dwelleth righteousness.’ As the ark rested on the mountain when the waters abated after the flood, so when the earth shall rise from her ashes, and when the first form of things shall have passed away, then shall be heard a sound more melodious than the fabled music of the spheres, even the voice of mercy; and the holy city, even the multitude of the redeemed, shall come down from God out of heaven, and the voice shall say, Behold the tabernacle of God is with men, and he will dwell with them, and they shall be his people. And there shall be ‘a pure river of water of life, clear as crystal, proceeding out of the throne of God and the Lamb, and in the midst of the street of that city, and on either side of that river, the tree of life, which bare twelve fruits, and yielded her fruit every month,

and the leaves of the tree were for the healing of the nations.' And then, my Henry, and perhaps not till then, shall we see the Bride, the Church, in her true and perfect form,—that of the nursing mother, who, with the Spirit, will invite all that are athirst to come and drink, and drink freely."

"All that are athirst!" said Henry; "then may we not hope that the rich man will have that which he desired—even water to cool his tongue?"

"Not in drops only, or through the administration of a creature like himself, but from the fountain opened for all sin and all uncleanness," replied Mr. Dalben; "but," continued the old gentleman, "allowing my idea of the work of the Church or Bride to be just, and that it will be her sweet and gracious employment to administer in some far distant period, of the leaves of the tree unto the nations which are wounded, afflicted, and hitherto accounted accursed, she will not then, in her state of derived beauty and imparted light, attribute to herself such life-giving and healing prerogatives as only belong to her glorious Bridegroom, but will find it her delight and crown of joy to obey his will, and exercise his high behests. But, my Henry," continued Mr. Dalben, "I am running on as if I feel that my time with you would be very short; and, indeed, it will be short, but I have given you much to think of; remember, however, that you receive nothing as from my authority. It is full time now for all visible churches to cease from man, and I earnestly entreat you, my dear boy, as you love me, not

to admit a single opinion of mine, because it is mine."

"I promise you, sir, at least, I hope I may promise you this much," replied Henry; "and in order not to burthen my mind with opinions which I have not leisure to digest, I hope to commit all you now say to me to a common-place book for further consideration."

Mr. Dalben approved this plan, and having taken one or two turns in the shrubbery, leaning on Henry's arm, they returned to the house, and Henry not having slept the night before, was glad to retire early to bed.

CHAPTER XVII.

Shewing that Henry Milner is a genuine hero.

As Mr. Dalben did not often come down to breakfast, Henry, whilst taking that meal, found himself alone with Maurice, who had returned so late that he had not seen him before he went to bed.

The boy was growing rapidly, and was become a handsome youth. He had lately taken to attend to his dress, and was more smart and footman-like than formerly in his manners at the table; but Henry never liked his appearance less. He could scarcely fancy him the same simple, affectionate, troublesome, dirty boy, whom he so much loved in the days which were gone; but this change had been so sudden, that it surprised Henry, though he could but attribute it to the late unfortunate journey. He was himself by no means aware of almost as great a change wrought in his own manners by one term at Oxford; he was not sensible that he himself was become more manly, in externals at least, and that his mind was considerably opened in

many respects. Maurice indeed smiled when he first appeared before his master ; but it was not an open, candid smile, nor an indiscreet smile, such as his used to be, a smile which said, am I not glad to see you ? and there was no attempt to enter into conversation with that master. Indeed, so formal and servant-like were the boy's manners, that Henry, who wanted to draw him out, could not succeed in so doing without coming at once to the point on which he desired to speak.

“ And so, Maurice,” he said, “ I hear that you and Mrs. Kitty are still carrying on the war ? ”

“ Sir,” answered Maurice sullenly, “ she is much as usual.”

“ Who is much as usual ? ” asked Henry, pretending not to have heard.

“ The housekeeper, sir,” replied Maurice.

“ I will draw you out of your reserves, Master Maurice,” thought Henry.

“ Well, if she is much as usual, I hope that you have learnt by this time to bear with her, and that you do not disturb your master with your quarrels.”

The boy reddened, and then answered,

“ I leaves her alone when she leaves me alone, and that is as much as she can expect.”

“ She was kind to you in your young days, Maurice,” replied Henry ; “ you ought not to forget old kindnesses.”

“ I don't know as I does, sir,” answered the boy.

“ What is the matter with you, Maurice ? ” said Henry, feeling himself getting angry ;

“ however, to be plain with you, I have heard that you have been very violent and unmanageable lately, and I do assure you, that I shall very much alter my opinion of you, if now that I am come home you do not endeavour to take my advice, and try to do better.”

Not a word of answer did the boy give, but took the first opportunity of quitting the room.

“ I should have waited,” thought Henry, “ till some disturbance had occurred before I had spoken; but I certainly did not expect to meet with such cold insolence from this poor boy.”

Henry then went to his studies till his uncle came down, and beginning with that day he fell into a regular routine of occupations and recreations, amongst which last his principal one was driving his uncle out in Lord H——’s carriage; and during the first month of his residence in Worcestershire, they took excursions of two hours or more, and Mr. Dalben seemed greatly to enjoy them. In the mean time no events occurred, excepting a visit from Mr. Nash, and a few letters from friends, inquiring after Mr. Dalben’s health; also baskets of fruit and various other dainties as presents from Lady H——, in order to tempt the failing appetite of one who had never cared much for such delicacies; and in these baskets was generally a little letter from Lucilla, — innocent little epistles, commonly finished off with, “ Please to give my love and Robert’s to Master Milner.” Henry gathered all these notes together, and put them by in his desk.

It does not appear exactly what was the

cause thereof, but certain it is, that during the first month of Henry's residence at home, fewer sonorous and sharp tones proceeded from the kitchen than, as Mr. Dalben said, had done for some time before, and therefore Henry had thought it best to take no further notice of the affair, for generally speaking, there is little gained by meddling with servants' quarrels. Persons of this description have a coarse, rough way of addressing each other, and as long as they do not bring their discords under their master's observation, it is only giving consequence to their discords when their superiors interfere with them. One of the principal arts in government is not to legislate too much. It is an error of the present day to meddle too closely with people's private affairs; and for a country, called a country of liberty, there is as little liberty in England as perhaps in any country of the whole earth. Not a thing is done but every neighbour interferes with; our well-meaning persons are all busy in educating other people's children, governing their neighbours' wives, assisting the idle by supplying their wants, seeing that their townfolk perform their religious duties correctly, arranging the mode in which they are to dispense their charities, and even interfering with their thoughts and opinions. What will come of all this will appear hereafter, and yet it would be well, if not too late, if we could but learn to allow each man to regulate his own family, supply his own wants, educate his own children, and suffer for his own failures; but as long as we retain the pragmatical notion that the world is to be reformed by

man's efforts, and that a religious or political golden age is to be produced by human exertions, there is little hope of the stilling of those agitations which now begin to trouble even the most retired and private societies of this our little island.

Henry had spent about one happy peaceful month at home, when one morning, Mr. Nash being in the house, he gave himself leave of absence, and with his Greek Testament and his common-place book in his pocket, he went out to spend the morning in the wood, where was the dilapidated cottage so often mentioned aforetime.

It was one of those bright and beautiful summer mornings which inspires even the heaviest imaginations with something more than what is of every-day, dull, domestic occurrence; suggesting, to some, ideas of Arcadian imagery,—to others, of liberty and freedom from worldly thraldoms, supposed to be attainable in rural life,—and to others, to those who have been spiritually instructed, such ideas of divine love and power, as carries them beyond this earth, in its present form, to scenes of glory more or less distinct and assured, as faith is more or less alive and confirmed in their minds. To such a mind, then, as Henry Milner's, what were the thoughts suggested by the beautiful natural scenery of that wood; the *clair obscur*, the light of open day beyond the shadowy vista, the misty blue of the distant hills, the rush of waters, the notes of the thrush and blackbird, the hum of flies, the far-off crowing of the cock, the varied music of the country,

the fragrance of many flowers, all combining, as he walked leisurely along, first to restore the images of his early days, and then to carry him forward to such views of future things as had been carefully associated in his mind with the works of nature ; and now he asked himself, as he stretched his length on a mossy bank, not far within the wood, how do the works of nature agree with the last views unfolded by my uncle ? Is there not a regular process of decay and restoration throughout all inanimate creation ? Does not every tree and every herb renew its leaves and blossoms in the spring ? Do not philosophers assure us that not an atom has ever perished since this earth was created ; and does not the Scripture also tell us, that after the elements have melted with fervent heat, and all that is therein shall be dissolved, that then we are to look for a new heaven and a new earth, wherein dwelleth righteousness ? Is all then to be restored, of things in heaven, and things on earth, and things under the earth, with the exception only of some, be they many or few, but some for whom Christ died ; and yet what has Christ himself asserted, that he came not to condemn the world, but to save the world ? “ I am lost,” exclaimed Henry, aloud—“ I am lost in wonder. Can this be ? Dare I to hope so much, can I hope too much ? Lord, I believe, help thou my unbelief ! ” After a while, Henry arose from where he had laid himself, and proceeded farther into the wood, still meditating on Mr. Dalben’s views of prophecy, and thinking, however founded or otherwise on truth, how exceedingly fine they were ; how very mag-

nificent; and supposing them to be correct, how they exhibit the maternal and tender character of the invisible church—the Bride of Christ. And then he thought, if all these prospects are true, at least in their outline, how sweetly will the first ages of the state of redemption be employed by the elect, in the administration of the means of sanctification and of healing, supplied by the leaves of the tree of life, and the fountain opened for all uncleanness. At that time, as yet far distant in futurity, in which every illusion will be past, and the divine purposes, as they regard man on earth, are about to be completed, the period will be drawing near when God shall be all in all; and then, thought Henry, the ransomed of the Lord shall come with singing unto Zion, and everlasting joy.

But the mind is unable to pursue such views as these for any length of time, any more than the aching eye can gaze at the unclouded heavens; and Henry, being arrived at the little glade, where, at the edge of a brook, still stood the old walls of Jenny Crawley's cottage, was soon occupied with other and less pleasing subjects. He was about to enter the place, still dear on account of the memory, the faint and far distant memory of his father, when, to his great surprise, he saw something like a smoke issuing from the shattered chimney, and proceeding another step he saw an ass feeding under the wall, two panniers apparently well filled lying by its side; at the same time, the scent of some savoury pottage was wafted to him in a light breeze, freshened by the running water. The idea of something like gypsies

occurred to him, on which, as he could not judge of their numbers, he glided round the back of the house, taking a peep through a crack in the wall, at the same time resolving to make off along the course of the brook, if he saw that these people were in any number. But his mind was immediately set at rest on this point ; there were three persons within, and they had lighted a fire on the hearth, and had hung a kettle over it, and were seated on the bare earth, the one being a tall middle-aged woman, the second, a slender girl about twelve years old, and the third, a chubby boy not half that age. They had all the gypsy physiognomy, and were clad in a variety of patched rags, evidently a sort of attire adapted for effect, and passing current with many persons who have more humanity than rationality. The woman and the girl were talking a sort of slang totally incomprehensible to Henry ; nor did he at all suppose that he or any of his friends could have an interest in what they were saying ; and he was just thinking of turning away, when the woman having asked some questions of the girl, the latter put her hand to her bosom and brought out a small cross, cut in some sort of black wood, and tipped at each of the four ends with a little cap, apparently of silver. By the direction of the elder, this bauble after having been held up one moment was restored to its place of security, and the woman then seemed to busy herself as if giving some directions to the girl. Henry almost fancied that he caught a name or two amidst the multitude of inexplicable syllables, yet, if it were so, these names were so strangely pro-

nounced, that he thought he might be mistaken. Not at all supposing, however, as was before said, that he had any concern in the matter, he quietly withdrew from the old house to another part of the wood, and passed the remainder of the morning beneath its fragrant shades, having almost forgotten the existence of the gypsies.

It was his shortest way, when returning, to come in at the back of the house through the offices, and having entered the yard, the loud, objurgatory tones of the venerable Kitty burst upon his ear from the door of the kitchen on one side, whilst a wild, insolent laugh, which he well knew could proceed from no other inhabitant of that place but the young Irishman, wounded his ear on the other side. Oh! how unlike were these tones to the fabled music of the spheres! If there is a note proceeding from the human throat, more hateful than another, it is the wild laugh of scorn and malice. On hearing these discords, Henry stood still, his figure being partly hidden by the projecting wall of the small building in which Maurice was cleaning his knives, in tune with the wild laugh above described, and thus the young master heard all, and saw somewhat, of what was passing.

Mrs. Kitty had advanced from the house door into the yard, where, coming to an anchor, for she moved heavily by reason of age, obesity, and the rheumatics, she cried in a voice which would have worked up Patience Grizzle herself into a passion, "Maurice! I say, Maurice, be them knives ready?"

In reply to which, the Irishman began to sing, and the song he selected was this,

“ There was a jolly miller,”

“ I say, Maurice,” reiterated the mild old lady, “ I say, be them knives ready ?”

“ He cared for nobody, no, not he,
And nobody cared for he,”

was the answering sound from the shoe-hole. The historian chooses not to record the words which next ensued from the lips of Mrs. Kitty; not that it is to be inferred from this hiatus in the discourse of the housekeeper, that she swore, or used naughty words, but if she did not commit either of these very gross offences, yet she certainly did condescend to use expressions of very great abuse, beggar, and thief, being amongst some of the most genteel of the epithets which she bestowed on the young Irishman; whilst he having continued his song, as if not hearing her, till she came to a pause for want of breath, appeared at the door of his den with a can of water in which he had been washing his knives, the contents of which he threw into the yard with such effect, that the housekeeper's white apron was elegantly spotted with the dust raised by the concussion with the water.

“ Did ever body see the like of that, you young thief ?” she exclaimed, as she looked down on the soiled linen, and up went her hand, I will not say fist, but her clinched hand, which she shook violently at the boy; whilst he coolly said, “ I beg your pardon, Mrs. Kitty, I did not see you.”

Shakspeare asserts, that there are many modes of giving the lie ; some there are fitted for courts, others for camps, and others for kitchens. Now, Mrs. Kitty, being neither soldier nor courtier, of course on this occasion that is, when she wished to inform the enemy that he had not in his last speech adhered to the truth, it was natural and probable, that she, the housekeeper, should serve herself of the form of speech of common use in kitchens. She, accordingly, gave Maurice the lie direct, which affront, the young man not being disposed to put up with, he burst forth with such a torrent of contumacies as perfectly astonished Henry ; nor was he, the utterer of these contumacies, much less astonished on his side when his young master stepped forward, and walking through the yard between the enemies, entered the house without speaking one word. Maurice immediately withdrew to his hole, but Mrs. Kitty, awestruck with Henry's manner, turned and followed him into the kitchen, calling after him, and saying, " Mr. Milner, sir, Mr. Milner."

" What do you want ?" asked Henry, standing still at the inner door of the kitchen.

" Just one word with you, sir," said she. " Now I know I am to blame ; but he plagues me out of my very life, he does, sir ;" and she burst into tears.

" Well," said Henry, " and what would you have me do ?"

" Only not to blame me, sir,—not to be so cold, sir ; have not I known you since you wore frocks ?

and I cannot bear that you should be so cold now you are a gentleman grown."

"If I am cold," replied Henry, "it is, Mrs. Kitty, because I cannot approve of your conduct, and I feel that I have no right to rebuke an elder."

"But be I to bear all his impudence? Mr. Henry, be I?" she asked, "you know not how provoking he is, sir. I have had no peace in my life since he came here; it was the worst day's work as ever you and master did to bring such a beggar's brat into the house, and Sally there can bear witness, if she will, that these were the very words I said as soon as ever I clapped my eyes on him, and see'd the condition in which he was."

"Then Sally," replied Henry, "can bear witness that you set your heart against him before you knew any of those evil qualities which now appear; you set yourself against him because he was forlorn, an orphan, ragged and penniless; and may not I ask if his present violent hatred of you is not in some degree owing to the effects produced by those very anticipations of evil, to the expression of which you call on Sally to witness?"

"I am sure," replied Mrs. Kitty, "I have always seen that his belly was well filled; he can't say that he was ever begrudged anything that was proper for him."

"What you gave him of this kind, Mrs. Kitty, was not your own," answered Henry, "it was your master's; but what you might have given him from yourself—the kindness of

a mother, such as you have ever shown to me, you have ever refused him; you never attempted to win his affections, to deserve his kind duty, and what is the consequence? The boy, I am persuaded, will never more do any good in this place. Oh! Kitty, Kitty!" added Henry, being hardly able to restrain his feelings, "were God as hard on us, as we are upon each other, what would now be our condition? We should all have been left to suffer the utmost extremity of the demands of infinite justice." So saying, he turned from the kitchen, as not wishing to betray the strength of his emotions, whilst the old woman stood confounded under the mild and affectionate reproof of one whom, many a time, she had carried in her arms, and soothed to sleep upon her breast; but if on earth there is a glorious object, it is a manifestation of the power of grace in blooming and beautiful youth: youth is itself a state of perfection of the human frame; whilst age, which is a condition of decay, is one of the humiliating effects of sin, and is totally inconsistent with all ideas of a state of blessedness.

Henry said nothing of the affair in the yard during dinner, but amused Mr. Dalben and Mr. Nash with the account of his morning excursion; after dinner, he sought Maurice, and found him leaning on the gate which opened into the lane, but was grieved, though not surprised, to find the boy's heart unapproachable either by kindness or by reproof; feeling therefore that the malady, whatever it was, was beyond the reach of man's skill, he left him, and devoted the remainder of the day to his uncle and Mr. Nash.

Henry was accustomed to rise early, and often on these occasions, when in the country, walked out before breakfast ; coming down this morning, and not finding the hall door open, he passed through the kitchen and into the yard, where to his surprise he saw Thomas, Mrs. Kitty, and Sally, deep in conference. " Sir," said Thomas, " Maurice, you know, sleeps up the back stairs in a bit of a room which I passes to go to mine ; this morning when I got up, what do you think, sir, but I see'd the lad's bed evaded."

" What, evacuated ?" said Henry.

" Ay, empty, sir," continued Thomas, " and as I generally has to call him up, I was somehow struck unaccountable ; however, when I sees the bed empty, I goes down,—it might be five o'clock, it might be less—but down I comes, and goes into the pantry to see if all was safe there, and I sees the window open, and a bar or two loosened out, and so I goes round and sees foot-marks on the bit of ground under the window ; and then it came across me like a clap of thunder, as sure as I lives and breathes a's gone. So then, as Sally was come down, I sets off to look up the boy, and calls him, and goes down the lane and up the lane, and up to Hannah Dawes's, and she being in her garden, I calls to her over the hedge, and says, ' Han you seen Maurice, for we ha' missed him.' ' And no great miss, neither,' says she, ' for he's a deep un ; but I ha'an't seen him this morning.' So whilst we was talking, who should come up but another woman of my acquaintance, Nanny Heath—you knows her, Master Milner, she that lives just across the brook up at Kingsford."

“ Yes! Yes!” said Henry, “ but what of her?”

“ Why, sir,” replied Thomas, “ she said, that was after I told her how as Maurice was missing; she said as how, that she had seen the lad, towards night, for she knowed him by his livery, standing in the lane, and whispering and confabbing with a bit of a lass belonging to a gypsy woman, who had passed up the lane with ass and panniers yester morn.”

“ Very, very strange,” said Henry, “ what can I make of all this?”

“ As sure as we stand here,” said Thomas, “ the boy is off with them gypsies; and as sure as hur is ganged with them, hur’ll come to the gallows, for hur’s as daring a chap as ever trod in shoe-leather.”

“ And that’s what I always said,” remarked Mrs. Kitty, with a sort of satisfaction which is too natural to our fallen race, a sort of glee at the consciousness of her own foresight; “ Did I not always say, that that boy would come to be hanged, and that master and you, Mr. Henry, was throwing away a deal of kindness on him.”

“ Rather confess, Kitty,” replied Henry, with displeasure, (for he was thoroughly angry,) “ rather confess that all your scoldings have been thrown away. Kindness such as my uncle’s never can be thrown away; poor Maurice may go far and wide, he may indulge in sin and riot, and laugh and carouse for years to come, if God thinks right to allow it, but he never can lose the memory of my uncle’s Christian tenderness to him, an orphan.”

“Nor of yours neither, Master Milner,” said Thomas: “these remembrances will hold him like a chain, until he has run his tether, and bring him back at the end as sure as we stand here.”

“Not so quick, Thomas,” replied Henry: “because no remembrance of kindnesses, nor any natural feelings of affection, can change a man’s heart. You know that the producing of such a change is a divine work.”

“True, sir,” answered Thomas, “Paul planteth and Apollos watereth, but it is God that giveth the increase. That’s what master has said to me scores of times when he has been with me in the garden, and looking at the things as I had set.”

Henry, then, taking Thomas out of the hearing of Mrs. Kitty, who, like too many other agreeable specimens of her sex, possessed the happy knack of interrupting all serious conferences by remarks by no means bearing on the points in question—a habit which has, no doubt, prevailed to the extent it does amongst women, from the natural inferiority of the female capacity; but be this as it may, it is a fact that Henry did take Thomas out of the hearing of Mrs. Kitty, and, being thus removed, he told him what he had seen the morning before in the ruined cottage, and expressed his suspicions that the appearance of these gypsies was connected with the disappearance of Maurice.

“The varmint!” exclaimed Thomas, when he had heard all his master had to say; “the

varmint! defend me if there ain't popery, and the gunpowder plot, and Dr. Faustus, at the bottom of all this. I has it, sir—I has it all—Maurice, as sure as you live, was a papish all along. I shouldna wunder if he warn't a spy. Who can tell but we have had a narrow escape of our lives? Sir, do you remember that business about the squibs and crackers? There was more in that, depend on't, sir, than we was up to. Well, this is unaccountable. Oh! the deepness of them papishes! and, sir, they tells me that they be all amalgamated by act of parliament. To think that we should have lived to see such doings!"

"Emancipated," said Henry; "but I am thinking, Thomas, that if we could trace the gypsies, we might, perhaps, find the poor boy, and give him one more chance of returning to his real friends."

"Well, sir," said Thomas, "you go in to your breakfast, which will be ready by now, and I will make enquiries about them varmint, and so come and tell you what lights I can get."

Henry yielded to the suggestions of the old servant; but whilst the younger was walking away towards the house, the elder, winking upon him, said to himself, "You are a noble young gentleman, Master Milner, and ha'n't your equal in the three kingdoms; but I'll be further before I take a step to bring back that papishtical rascal to this house. Troth, these gypsies, with their papish badges, have thrown a new light into my eyes—I sees now what I did not see aforesimes."

“What’s that you are saying, Thomas?” said Sally, coming up to him.

Thomas drew up his mouth and compressed his lips—“I’se almost afeard to repeat it, Sally,” he said; “but we has come to unaccountable discoveries about that lad Maurice.”

“Indeed!” cried Sally, “sure!”

“Do you know,” said Thomas, lowering his voice, “as we have premised that the young thief is off with them gypsies; and the worst on it is, that the young master is resolved to be arter him; but I has thought of a way to set that matter right—if I can but find the road which the ass’s foot has trod, I’ll be sure to send the young gentleman in the right contrary direction.” Then, dropping his voice still lower—“Do you know what he has found out, Sally? but that all this is popery, and a dale more to it; and to think that we should have been in the thick on’t all along, and never given a thought to it.”

It does not appear what Sally thought of this inexplicable explanation of the evasion of Maurice; but we may believe that that which she did not understand of this affair at this time, was somewhat more clearly explained to her when Thomas was cooler.

Of course Henry and Mr. Nash spoke of nothing else at breakfast but of the disappearance of the boy, and the apparent connexion of this mystery with the presence the day before of the vagrants.

After they had breakfasted, Thomas appeared; and although the honest man could hardly bring his tongue to utter a regular false-

hood, yet he was prepared to do quite as much in the way of equivocation—for, having ascertained that the woman with the ass had gone, late in the evening, towards Worcester, and having himself seen a washerwoman with a cart, drawn by a donkey, and accompanied by a boy and girl, going in another direction, he, by a figure of speech which we may call omission, for his story needed not a word of addition, fairly succeeded in making his young master believe that he had actually traced the gypsy and her clan, on their way to that certain town whither the cart had been directed. The name of this town we do not choose to acknowledge, though, we allow, that it was not more than a few hours' ride from Mr. Dalben's abode; but this garbled statement of things being admitted without suspicion by Henry, and Mr. Nash having persuaded him to take his horse, the youth set out forthwith in his pursuit of him, who, if found, would only have proved a continual source of fresh trouble.

Mr. Nash and Thomas had stood at the gate to see Henry off; and when he was out of hearing, Thomas laughed and said, "There hur goes, and hur is the delight of mine eyes; but every step hur takes will carry hur further from them hur seeks—for I has traced them varmint over Powick's Bridge and on to Worcester; and though I be sorry for the lad Maurice, who, no doubt, was after them by the morning's light, yet, to my thinking, hur never did we a better turn than hur has done us this day; and, saving your presence, sir, had hur put a pillion on your horse, and taken up the

housekeeper ahint un, hur would just have doubled the obligation.”

“What!” said Mr. Nash, “and stolen my mare? Thank you, Thomas, for your suggestion.”

But now, to leave these two to their discussion, we must follow Henry Milner.

There are some persons who carry with them through life a certain heavy atmosphere of dulness, which is never lifted up from off them—we mean, not so much natural or intellectual dulness as a circumstantial dulness of monotony, affecting every passage of their lives.

If, perchance, an individual of this description visits a town, it always happens that his visit is timed either too soon or too late, for a race, a fair, a game, a show, a popular tumult, a missionary meeting, or, may be, the exhibition of some fine singer or musician—if he calls on a friend, some remarkable character has just left the house, and had he come five minutes before, or, perhaps, entered at another door, he would have seen him, whom now he will never behold. If he goes to sea, he never experiences a storm—travel where he will by land, he is never overturned—no one ever blames him, no one ever praises him—he is never admired, he is seldom complimented, he is never insulted—he passes through life with so even a tenor, that an eclipse of the moon would, with him, be an event worth recording. Such persons may generally be known by the stories they tell of themselves—for, when trifles stand out in high relief in a man’s narrative of his life, one may be well assured that he has nothing much

better to set forth. However, persons of this kind may, and often do, answer very well for biographical sketches, when the editor and the reader, being fellow-creatures with themselves, are afraid of excitement; but, permit me to admonish my friends, that our hero is by no means one who was born, or continued to live, in this atmosphere of dulness, for he had the peculiar fate of always getting involved in a bustle, wherever such was to be had. A true hero need not ever to seek occasions of excitement—he departs from his inherent dignity when he does so. No, he must wrap himself up in lofty independence of circumstances, and march his own way, according to his own principles; and if he be a genuine sample of his kind, he will be involved in as many adventures as place and time will permit. Hence we may presume that this journey, undertaken with such small preparation and forethought by Henry, was not to terminate without important results.

In pursuance with Thomas's information, given expressly to mislead him, he proceeded steadily to the town mentioned by Thomas, and stopped at the inn usually frequented by coaches. He there put up his horse, and went into the coach-office to endeavour, if possible, to obtain some information respecting Maurice, though he very soon became aware, that unless the boy had gone off from thence with any coach, it was not there that he should be likely to hear of him; and, indeed, at the moment it occurred to him, that the turnpike at the entrance of the town would have been the better

place to inquire. However, whilst putting his questions, or, rather, waiting till he could do so, as the office-keeper happened to be engaged with another person, a coach drove up, and the office was presently crowded with the passengers, porters, and luggage, all of whom presently dropped off, with the exception of an old lady, in widow's mourning, who had taken a seat on a stool, with a small carpet-bag lying at her feet, and was evidently in a state of deep depression. Henry was still waiting the leisure of the book-keeper, when another lady, also in mourning and very young, being hardly full grown, and of a very fair and pleasing aspect, entered to the other, exclaiming as she came in, "Oh, mamma! there is no letter."

The elder lady started, and answered, "What can we do, what can we do, Anna? this is most careless—this is cruel," and she seemed ready to weep.

"We must go on, mamma," replied the younger.

"Go on!" said the elder, "how can we?"

The younger, without answering her mother, immediately addressed the book-keeper, inquiring if two places could be had to such a town, (mentioning the name, which it is not our pleasure to give.) We acknowledge, however, that it is one near the limits of Worcestershire, though we do not say on what side.

"The coach is the same you came by," replied the man, "and will start in a quarter of an hour—it breakfasts here."

"Can we have places, then?" asked the young lady.

“Inside or outside?” inquired the man; “you will find the outside very inconvenient, as there is an election going on at ——.”

The young lady, however, answered, “Will you please to put us down for two outside places?”

“You must pay half the fare,” said the man.

The young lady inquired how much that was; and the sum being mentioned, she produced a purse, though with evident agitation; and when all it contained was counted, it was found to fall short of what was required by some shillings.

A very painful pause then followed, during which the man, having counted the money, said sharply, “Five shillings more, ma’am, if you please.”

The young lady’s lip trembled, and the elder exclaimed, “Anna! what shall we do?”

“Hush, mamma, hush!” said the daughter; and then, as it were, gathering strength from the exigency, she thus addressed the man in office—“Sir,” she said, “we are unfortunately run low—we have friends at the next post—we have been disappointed of a letter which was to have brought us a remittance;” and she was proceeding, when Henry, unobserved by her or her mother, (for he did it very quickly,) laid down the sum which was required, ordered the man to book the ladies for two inside places, and hastened out into the yard, even before the book-keeper could assure him that his request should be attended to. It may be certain that the ladies anxiously inquired his name; and much were they surprised, and indeed pleased,

when they heard it, for the office-keeper knew perfectly well who he was.

In rushing from the office into the yard, Henry was somewhat surprised to see a servant of Lord H—— just alighting from a horse, with a basket strapped to his back.

“Mr. Milner,” said the servant, “I am on my way to Mr. Dalben’s, and stopped here to do an errand for my lady. I came round by ———,” mentioning the same town to which the ladies were going, “and I was not a little surprised to meet Maurice O’Grady tramping it into the town with another young man. I was afraid of some bad news of the old gentleman, but the lad told me he was as well as usual, but would not, however, give any account of himself, or tell whither he was going, or what brought him there.”

“Indeed!” said Henry; and having signified to the servant that he had more to say to him, the man soon joined him on the pavement before the front of the inn.

Henry then told him all the history of Maurice’s disappearance; and the servant, who was an elderly and steady man, told him that it was of no manner of use to endeavour to bring him back, and that nothing could be done with him until he had reaped some of the bitter fruits of his own folly.

Henry’s judgment was convinced, yet he had a strong regard for the boy, and real affection is not often influenced by cool reason. “I will make one more trial to save him,” he said, “before I give him up; for the present, I will follow him to ———, and if I do not succeed there, I will try to think of him no more.”

At this moment they were putting the horses to the coach, and Henry, having given Lord H——'s servant a message for his uncle, and requested him to send some one for Mr. Nash's horse, was looking out for a place on the coach, when the two ladies came up to him, the younger smiling, though it was evident she had been shedding tears, and the other giving him her hand, and saying, "Mr. Milner, I now know whom I have to thank for a kindness received, when I believed that we were total strangers, even by name. You are a fellow-collegian of my son; my name is Griffith; and you have relieved me from a most painful situation. My son shall explain the circumstances to you, and oh! that he would"—(but here she hesitated)—adding, "Mr. Milner, I and my daughter never can forget your kindness."

Henry could only bow, but the brilliant blush in his face showed that he was at once pleased and affected by the circumstances of this meeting; and the grace and deference with which he handed these ladies into the coach, no doubt heightened the impression already made in his favour, by the promptness and generosity with which he had assisted them in the hour of their need.

The inside of the coach was full, and the outside so well furnished, that Henry, as he mounted behind, found that his accommodation would be anything but comfortable. However, he was not of an age to trouble himself much with these small matters, and, at any rate, a few hours settled the affair, as it was not long after noon when he arrived at _____.

Mrs. Griffith and her daughter had alighted at a lodge which opened upon some pleasure-grounds, not far from the town to which Henry was bound. At the gate they stopped and curtsied to him, whilst he bowed and kissed his hand; and he perceived that they still stood there as long as he was in sight. He asked whose pleasure-grounds these were, and was told that they belonged to a gentleman of the name of Smallridge—that he was an old bachelor, and a very high sort of person, though a clergyman. Nothing more was said of him, however, nor was he more thought of, for already the towers and spires of ———— were open to the view, and the people began to talk of the contested election which was just terminated there. This very day had been fixed for the chairing of the members, and several persons on the coach were under alarm lest they might be too late for the pageant; but as the coach entered the streets, all anxiety on this head was terminated, for every window was filled with persons waiting to see the procession. The sides of the street were also crowded with a floating population, every individual, especially those of the party which had obtained the late triumph, being in a state of the highest excitement.

When the coach stopped, and the rattle of the wheels no longer interfered with the sound, Henry found that the bells were ringing in the principal steeple, and that, occasionally, there were reports of guns—which, together with the loud voices of the people, the penny-trumpets of little boys, the whining of beggars, and cries of barrow-women, created a discord, which would

have been exceedingly painful to a nervous patient, though, to Henry, it was by no means disagreeable, for young persons love noise, and often wonder what their elders feel when they complain of it. But when Henry was set down at the door of the inn, he was entirely at a loss respecting what was next to be done; it flashed strongly on his mind that he had taken a very useless trouble in coming thus far after one, whom he had now as little chance of tracing as he had when some miles distant from where he then was; and the present bustle and confusion was much against him. This idea, however, occurred to him—if the wild boy is still in the town, is it not possible that I may see him in the mob when the chairing takes place? His livery, for he has no other clothes, will make his figure sufficiently apparent; I will, therefore, proceed to the principal inn, and watch from the windows—and, moreover, he thought some little refreshment might not be unacceptable. So determining, he walked briskly on from the place where he had alighted, towards the principal street of the town, and he was just turning in at the gate of the superior house of entertainment of the place, when, to his astonishment, he felt his hand roughly, yet kindly, grasped; and, turning to look, there was his friend, Roger Clayton, large as life, and in due preservation. Never before had the dull physiognomy of Mr. Roger beamed with more animation than it did at that instant.

“Now, Milner, if I am not glad to see you!” he exclaimed; “I would rather have met you than any man I know in the world, that I would;

so come in. I was just sitting down with two or three more young men to some mutton chops, when I espied you through the window, and, troth, I could scarce believe my eyes, though Wiggins said he could have sworn to you, had he seen you at the antipodes."

Henry was not less glad to see Roger, than Roger had been to see him; and immediately he followed him into a parlour, where four or five young gentlemen were eagerly devouring hot chops.

Henry did not look much at these, but sat down, and was attending to his plate, which Clayton was piling up with good things, when a voice from across the table exclaimed, "So, Mr. Milner, you do not condescend to acknowledge an old acquaintance."

Henry looked up, and, to his great surprise, beheld the identical Walter Wiggins, arrayed in his usual costume of extreme dandyism—having, on the present occasion, added to the general effect of his dress by a very highly ornamented and embroidered shirt-front. The recognition was cordial; and Henry, having asked after his London friends, inquired what happy chance had brought him, Mr. Wiggins, in company with Mr. Clayton.

"The chance of our having been, since yesterday, at the same inn," replied Mr. Wiggins; "here I am, and here I have been, in this same paltry town for several days, with ——" (and he mentioned the name of the gentleman who had obtained the triumph in the late contest)—a name which we choose not to repeat, although, for convenience sake, we will forge

another for him ; and, as what we do we would wish to do handsomely, the name shall be a good one, and we will select that of Camelford.

But to return to Mr. Walter. " Here I am," he continued ; " I came down with Camelford, and, as I could not get a bed where he is, I was forced to put up with the accommodations here, though they do not suit my fire-side, Milner, I can assure you, by three bricks."

" Sir," said Henry, smiling, " you have furnished me with a new piece of slang, which will be serviceable to some of us at Oxford, as much of our old stock in that way is become thread-bare, from constant use."

" But," said Clayton, " do you know, Milner, why he does not like this house ?" and he winked at Henry ; " it is because it does not fly his colours. Wiggins and I can't agree, Milner, in our politics ; you know that I am staunch for the right side, and Wiggins is as hot as pepper for reform, and that sort of thing—he is for putting the world upon wheels, and, for aught I know, drawing it himself when he has done so."

" Why, you are witty, Clayton," said Henry.

Roger laughed heartily, and Mr. Walter said, " Well, you may laugh, Mr. Clayton, but remember that we have the go now—ay, ay, we have it in spite of you. We have turned out one of your representatives this time, and the next time—"

" And the next time, you will, I trust, be turned out yourselves," returned Clayton, now roaring with mirth.

" One good turn deserves another," re-

marked a good-natured looking young man at the table, who had hitherto been too deeply engaged with his plate to take any part in the conversation; on which the Londoner, fixing his quick eye upon him, said, "Keep your body up, Owen—no crooked ways, sir, if you please."

"That's good, faith!" cried Clayton; "he suspects you, Master Owen, I know he does—he thinks you are not staunch, though your master is a firm supporter of Camelford, or, rather, of him that returns him—yet, I tell you, that you are a suspected person."

"More than suspected," said Mr. Wiggins, shaking his head at him.

The other only laughed, giving Mr. Wiggins the liberty of thinking what he pleased of him; and immediately after this, Mr. Walter, who was eating all the while with all his might and main, turning suddenly to Henry, said, "By-the-bye, Mr. Milner, I saw that scamp of an Irish footman of yours in a low public-house in this town, this very morning, and he was half seas over then, and he was black-guarding among the best of them—I hope he is not in your service now?"

Henry was about to put some more questions on this subject to Mr. Walter, when the latter, looking at his watch, exclaimed, started up, called on Owen, and crying, "There was not a moment to be lost, and that Camelford would be quite uneasy about him," rushed out of the room; the person he had called Owen going with him, and all the others, with the exception of Henry and Clayton, leaving the parlour at the same time.

Henry and Clayton having finished their

meal, the latter proposed that they should go up to his chamber, a front room on the first floor, in order that they might see the procession to better advantage, and where, being arrived, they posted themselves at the window.

What Henry had heard from Mr. Wiggins respecting Maurice, had quite determined him to seek the boy no farther. Still he felt puzzled to account for this very sudden exhibition of hardness in the mind of the youth; and he was still perplexed with the connexion of circumstances between his disappearance and the affair of the gypsies.

Clayton had provided himself with a flag of the colour of his own party, which was that of the old member. He had also ribbons of the same colour, which he put on, nor did Henry refuse to do the same. We will suppose this colour to be blue, (though we do not say that it was so,) and, if our reader will permit, that of the opposite party shall be rose colour. The young gentlemen soon perceived that all the houses opposite the inn were of the red party; and one, where was a balcony, was splendidly adorned, not only with favours, but with flags and streamers of the same colour. The windows opened to the floor upon the balcony, and being set wide, exposed a table within, furnished with wine and cakes, fruit and flowers.

“The fools,” cried Clayton, “what a parade they have made there—the room is full, and I much mistake if I don’t see a black coat amongst them—some canting liberal,” he added, “who calls himself a minister that he may get

the better into silly women's houses. Do you see the black coat, Milner, a little withdrawn into the corner?"

"I do," said Henry; "but surely a man may wear a black coat without offence."

Clayton was highly excited, nor did he spare his expressions of indignation against those who meddled with politics, under the cloak of religion. He was, in fact, repeating his father's opinions, not having sufficient depth to form any for himself, unless it might be on the qualities of a horse; but the bustle in the streets, which increased every moment, together with the distant sound of a band of music, apprised those at the windows that the members had commenced their parade, and Clayton's excitement arose with that of the bustle without.

"I wish," he said, "I wish I had my horse, but I promised my mother that I would not ride with the member—I was a fool to promise. How the windows are crowded, and the very roofs of the houses—do you see? the fools are peeping from behind the parapets! But here they come—huzza, huzza for the blue!—down with the red—the red, the colour of Babylon!"

"Hush, hush, Clayton!" said Henry, "the people are looking up to us."

"Hurrah for the blue!" repeated Clayton, waving his flag, "hurrah for the blue!"

And now the first chair—viz. that of the old member—appeared, sailing along at the farther end of the street—a light and magnificent fabric, and so lofty, as to be in a line with the first-floors of the houses. A band of music preceded the chair, and a vast train of the

most respectable gentlemen of the town and neighbourhood on horseback and in carriages followed. The progress was slow and dignified—the member, who was a highly-polished gentleman of the old school, bowing to the right and left to all who showed his colours; and when a few hisses made themselves heard, loud and solemn cheers seemed wholly to overpower them. But scarcely had this first part of the pageant passed from before the inn, when the popular member, the late victorious candidate, entered on the stage. Still loftier and more ornamental was his chair, as much more as the rose-colour was more striking to the eye than the milder blue. Loud rang the music, and louder still the shouts of the populace; for immense was the concourse of the great unwashed which poured along the way with this second chair, so filling the streets that the progress of the comparatively few horses and carriages which followed could be but very slow. The second chair was stopped under the balcony, opposite to the inn; whilst the member was persuaded to take a glass of wine from some fair hand which came forward to present it. The show of ladies in this balcony, their white dresses being finely contrasted with their ornaments of rose colour, would have pleased Henry could he have divested himself of the unpleasant feeling inspired by an exhibition of this kind, in females who ought not to meddle publicly with the political feelings of men. But this delay before the inn gave Clayton much opportunity for exercising his talent for small mischiefs.

In the open carriages brought thus near to

his window, he had discovered Wiggins and Owen in the first and the most elegant of the whole set-out of wheeled vehicles; and in the second Wellings, his dear friend Wellings,—(who, by-the-bye, had been very much out of his favour since the Spirehill business,) and several other young men, with whom he was unacquainted. Mr. Roger immediately began to nudge Henry with his elbow, (to use an expression of poor Maurice,) saying, “There they are, do you see them? the good-natured puppy, Wiggins—what a dandy the fellow is!—and Owen by his side, and Frank Wellings in the next carriage. He sees me! Frank has found us—hurra for the blue! Master Wellings!” and he waved his flag and shouted, “For the blue, for the blue! the blue for ever!”

A hiss, accompanied with a few imprecations, which last we omit, arose up immediately in answer to Roger’s “Huzza for the blue!” on which the youth, producing a few half-pence from his pocket, threw them in among the mob, and crying, “There, take my bounty-money if you need it; for there are few of you worth more than you carry on your backs.” It was impossible for any one, however desirous, to have stooped to pick up the pence; but there was a stir and confusion amongst the people which delighted Clayton; and feeling again in his pocket, he produced a quantity of comfits, with which he kept pelting the heads of the people who, again saluted him with a few epithets not of the most refined sort; and as the inn itself, was not in very good savour with that party, there were some threatenings of smashing

a few panes of glass, if anything more was thrown out. Several bunches of withered flowers were thrown up in no very friendly mood, one of which came in at Clayton's window, and another in the face of certain damsels of the establishment, who had collected in the windows of the adjoining room, no small abuse being directed to them at the same time; but Roger, nothing daunted by these alarming symptoms on the part of the mob, and nothing checked by Henry's entreaties that he would be quiet, suddenly burst out with an address to one in the first of the two carriages mentioned above. "Out with it, Owen," he cried, "out with it, show true, my lad!" and then nudging Henry again, "See," said he, "that fellow Owen has got a blue cockade under his coat, and a red one in his hat; he but this moment showed me where the blue was, next his heart. Out with it, Owen," again he exclaimed, "down with the red, up with blue!" but happily, his voice was drowned with the music and the shouts of the populace, as the latter saluted the ladies in the balcony in their progress after the chair. The coach containing Wellings now came opposite the inn, and Mr. Roger felt in his pocket for some gift, with which to testify his regard for his quondam friend, who was looking up to the inn window, and trying to catch Henry's eye.

"I have it," said Clayton, "I have it," and running to his shaving box, which was lying open upon a dressing-table in the room where they were, and selecting a piece of soap of a

convenient size, and taking very accurate aim, he fairly lodged the same in the open mouth of the enemy, and waiting only to see the mouth closed on the savoury morsel, as is always done by an imperative instinct on occasions of this kind, he retreated from the window to the centre of the room, where he stood with his arms set to his side crowing and clapping himself, and crying, "By Jupiter, I touched him up, I did it well—slap it went into the port-hole,—I have blown him up without gun-powder."

Henry could not help laughing with him : feeling, however, that if Wellings should encounter him and his companion after this, he should be involved in a row, which he by no means desired, he told Clayton that he must now bid him adieu.

Clayton wished much to persuade him to accompany him that same evening to his father's, whither he was going ; but Henry excused himself, and as he had nothing to carry, he resolved to walk part of his way home, across the country, to a point where, in coming thither, he had seen a finger-post, where the road which led to the town fell into the principal thoroughfare, and where he knew that he might expect to be overtaken by several coaches. Accordingly, having left the town, and ascertained the direction which he must take, and having still some hours at command, he entered the fields, and soon found himself in complete retirement, amongst sheep and quiet cattle, and running brooks, and breezy and fragrant regions. From

time to time he caught views of Malvern, and he was careful in every step to remember the bearings of those lovely hills, even when concealed from him by the inequalities of the ground. He could not, as he walked thus along, but think of the various circumstances of this busy day; and think also with regret of what Maurice now was, and what he had been a few years since; and whilst thus meditating, he advanced but slowly, knowing that he had every chance of being still too early for the evening coaches.

At length, turning into a lane, on each side encompassed with high trees, which would, he conjectured, soon bring him into the high road, he saw before him a very singular old farm house, with many gables, in one of which was a pointed window, resembling that of a gothic church; a quaint old-fashioned garden encompassed this gable.

Henry stood awhile to look at these objects, and asked a man who was passing, what this place was, and to whom it belonged. The answer surprised him: "These lands," he said, "belong to 'Squire Howard, of Elminton."

"And that house?" asked Henry.

"It is a very ancient mansion," replied the stranger; "it was a hall house once, but it is now occupied as a farm."

"And as a chapel," said Henry, "I think."

The man muttered somewhat sullenly, "Not as I knows on," and then proceeded; and Henry was also going on, when the sound of horses' feet advancing along the lane was distinctly heard, and presently two gentlemen

handsomely mounted met him full in the face ; the one was in black, the other Henry did not observe, neither did he at the instant recollect the first ; a second look, however, brought to his mind the Signor, or rather, we should say, the Father Carlo Rolandi.

An amazement, the expression of which the Jesuit found it impossible to suppress, at the sight of Mr. Milner, so overpowered him, that his hand checked the bridle, and the well-trained horse which he rode stood still instantly : however, the rider recovered himself immediately, and in a most gracious manner inquired after the young gentleman's health, and that of the friend whom he had last seen with him.

Henry accounted for his being there, by telling him that he had come from — over the fields, and was making his way to the high road where he hoped to be overtaken by a coach, asking if he were in the right way. The Father instantly sprang from his horse, gave the bridle to his companion, and then begged to be permitted the pleasure of directing the young gentleman into the way. Henry begged that he would not give himself the trouble ; but after several complimentary speeches on both sides, the polite foreigner prevailed ; and having accompanied Henry, perhaps, half a mile, left him in the straight road, as far as material objects were concerned, but in a most perplexed and tangled path, as to the ideas which this unexpected meeting in this retired and shadowy lane had created. Nor could he make up his mind whether this appearance of the Jesuit had, or had not, anything to

do with the evasion of Maurice, even after long deliberation on the subject. The remainder of Henry's journey was concluded without other events worth mentioning.

CHAPTER XVIII.

A new light seen through the green spectacles.

MR. DALBEN had made up his mind, that as Maurice had taken his lot into his own hands, there was small use in interfering with him any further ; he was, however, somewhat struck with the coincidence between his having been seen at —, and the presence there of the Father Rolandi, who, as Henry supposed, must have been the person in black seen in the house where was the balcony. And now the turbulent Irish boy being gone, a considerable degree of calm was restored to the lower department of Mr. Dalben's household ; and as owing to the old gentleman's weak health, few visitors were admitted, Henry's time for the rest of the vacation passed away in a tenor so calm, so sweet, that after the affair of the loss of Maurice, there occurred not an event which could be recorded. That worthy personage, Mr. Nash, in his bushy-wig, coal-scuttle hat, cambric

stock, and spatterdashes, was the only person admitted; and this excellent man, who, by-the-bye, was older than Mr. Dalben, though still active and hale, proposed to Henry, as soon as it was necessary for him to return to Oxford, to come and make his abode at Mr. Dalben's.

"I have neither wife nor child," he said, "and I have, as it happens, a young friend in the house, who has little to do, and lives for the present with his parents, who are farmers in my parish; he will take the occasional duties for me, which are very few, and I will leave my cottage under the care of Molly—you remember Molly, Mr. Milner?—and ride over from hence every Saturday evening, returning on the Monday morning. I have sounded your uncle," added the worthy man, "and saw that my proposition pleased him, for we do very well together. I know his ways, and he knows mine. I can guess pretty nearly when to talk to him, and when to be silent; and the housekeeper too, she knows my ways; and now that lad Maurice is gone, I shall often withdraw to the kitchen, and perhaps take my supper there when your uncle is gone to bed." Henry knew the old custom of curates in the retired parts of Worcestershire, and how they were wont to live in a sort of best kitchen. Mr. Nash was probably the last of that genus—a man who never in his whole life had written a sermon, had never been at college, and had somehow or other just slid into the church before these things began to be almost impracticable without a degree in the universities. As to his knowledge of religion, Mr. Nash certainly had not obtained it by human learning,

yet his creed was remarkably pure and simple—it was all of God and nothing of man, and hence Mr. Dalben loved him. Henry liked this plan: he had thought of taking a grace term; but was persuaded not to do so, as he might want this grace term more at another time. His uncle had certainly rather gained than lost ground since the long vacation, probably owing, not only to the warm weather, but to the presence of his beloved son; and that son hoped that he might yet spend another long vacation with his paternal friend. However, this proposal of Mr. Nash settled the business, and he made up his mind to return to Oxford as soon as the term began.

Many, however, and very sweet were the conversations which Henry had with Mr. Dalben whilst he remained with him in Worcestershire at that time. We have given one of these at length, and have also given the reader fair warning where to avoid it, if, like a volume stereotyped, he cannot admit of a change of a single idea or figure; for we are perfectly aware that there are minds so constructed, that after a certain age they can receive nothing new, and of such persons we are very considerate. On their accounts, therefore, we do not intend in this volume to give any more of Mr. Dalben's conversations at length, though we may sometimes introduce some of his ideas, as they were amalgamated much with those of Henry, who was directly led, no doubt, to make them his own in a great degree, by finding their general agreement with Scripture.

Through the care of Mr. Nash, Mr. Dalben

bore his separation from Henry better than was expected. The old gentleman felt the kindness of Mr. Nash, and that his venerable friend, (for Mr. Nash was nearly seventy,) was trying to do his best to make up to him the loss of Henry; and there was something so touching in seeing these endeavours, that Mr. Dalben felt it would be ungrateful in the highest degree not to try to meet this kindness as it was intended; and the effort thus made was good, and prevented him from sinking; and thus we see the happy influence of that spirit which is in fact the basis of true politeness,—that spirit which makes a man always consider himself as required, in the smallest matters, to consult rather the feelings of those about him than his own.

But let us leave the old people to comfort each other, in order that we may again visit that most renowned seat of learning, in comparison with which Clent Green itself is but a star twinkling beside the full orb'd moon; but having mounted, as we have done, in speaking of Oxford, to the region of the clouds, let us serve ourselves with another simile, taken from above them, before we descend. It seems that Henry's heroic star had not yet declined, for scarce had he got up behind the coach at Worcester, there being no place left in front, before Mr. Griffith mounted by his side. We pass over the recognitions and inquiries respecting health, &c., to say, that the coach had hardly reached the heights above Worcester, on the London road, before Griffith referred to the affair in the coach-office, where his mother had met his

friend, adding, that in his trunk he had a little packet from his mother to him.

“ It is not of the smallest consequence,” said Henry ; “ I hope your mother is well.”

The young man sighed, it was a deep-drawn sigh, when he answered,

“ No, she is not well—my poor mother is not well, and it is all my fault. O Milner ! Milner ! it is all my fault !—had she had such a son as you are, Milner, she would now be a happy woman, and my sister, my beloved sister, would not be the drooping, fading flower she is.”

The agitation of the young man then became so great, that Henry, in kindness to him, paused to give him time to recover. After a few minutes he spoke again more calmly.

“ It was my mother’s last request to me,” he said, “ that I would endeavour to seek your friendship, and get into your set.”

“ Mine ! ” said Henry.

“ Yes,” he replied ; “ after having met you so singularly at ———, and having learnt who you were, she questioned me and several other persons respecting you. The result of her inquiries was an earnest desire that I should seek your society ; and I am aware that her letter to you contains a most urgent petition that you will grant her unworthy son that countenance and favour which your known character enables you to do.”

“ Not to say anything,” replied Henry, “ which I might say respecting the small dependence which can be placed on a young man’s character, I will candidly tell you, Griffith, that

whilst you remain under the circumstances in which you were last term, there is nothing which I can do for you—so far from it, I feel assured that if I mixed with your set in order to countenance you, such is my weakness, I should at once be led astray, and only lose myself without assisting you.”

“ You shall hear my history,” replied Griffith. “ My father was a clergyman—for he is dead—he had a small living, which however supported him in comfort. His patron is a kind friend to us—he is himself a dignitary of the church, and his family mansion is in the parish of which my father was incumbent. Most kindly, two years ago, when my poor father died, he inducted himself to the living, permitted my mother to stay in the house, and promised me the benefice as soon as I could take it; and he did more, he gave me a hundred a year out of the profits of the living to put me to college. All that my mother and sister had left was a sum of money settled on my sister, and therefore bound up from me, which brought in about 150*l.* annually. My poor mother calculated that with economy we might do well, and we did do well the first year; but this last twelve-month I have become intimate with Wellings and his set. I have had wine parties, and been otherwise expensive; and as some of my creditors took up a curlew to the principal, before the vacation, I was forced to draw upon my mother for a sum which she could not defray but by selling some of her furniture. My poor sister had a musical instrument and some ornaments; these were parted with, and the money

sent me, for I could not leave Oxford till it had been paid. In the mean time my poor mother and sister took a journey to a rich uncle we have not far off, to state the case to him; but when he heard that these troubles arose from me, he refused to give any assistance, and told my mother that had she not indulged me, it would never have come to this. My mother wrote from my uncle's to me, expecting that by that time I was at home, and knowing that I ought to have had a little left after my debt was paid; but this letter never reached me. I had gone, on my return home, to a race in a neighbouring town, to which I had been tempted by a letter from Wellings. O Milner! Milner! I have been a cruel son—and the worst of it is, that I still owe as much as forty pounds, all spent in follies in Oxford, and I am perfectly assured that when I fall in with Wellings again, I shall return to the same follies which I now feel that I utterly abhor;—the fellow has got such power over me.”

“He probably knows some secrets of yours,” said Henry, looking intently at him.

“He knows many follies of mine,” replied Mr. Griffith with evident embarrassment; “I have been a roaring, ranting, rowing fool; but I don't know any thing very particular I have done which would hurt me very much in the college.”

“You don't know,” replied Henry, meaningly. “Now, Griffith, let me have no half-confidences. I cannot advise you unless you are quite open with me—if you cannot trust me,

say no more—if you can, leave nothing untold. You are some how or other in Wellings's power. Do you owe him money?"

"Only a few pounds," replied Griffith.

"Do you count those few pounds in your forty?" asked Henry.

"I do," replied the young man.

"He must be the first person you pay then. Excuse me, you have money with you," said Henry. "Pay Wellings then first. I would rather lend you five pounds myself at the end of the term, than that you should still be a debtor to Wellings."

The look which Griffith gave to Henry in reply to this was inexplicable to the latter. At length, after a moment's embarrassment, the young man added,

"This meeting, Milner, is so curiously arranged, so wonderfully ordered, that if I never believed in a particular Providence before, I should believe in it now; and your meeting with my mother was another circumstance so curious, that I must venture, I think, to give you my full confidence, though at the risk of making an enemy in Wellings for life."

"Why so?" remarked Henry. "What is Wellings to know of what you say in private to me?"

"Because," replied Griffith, "I cannot expect you to keep to yourself that which I have to tell you."

"Of course," replied Henry, "if I choose to admit your confidence, I am not at liberty to betray you, unless you are concocting some

scheme of mischief, in which case I cannot promise to keep your secret before the fact."

"Well," returned Griffith, "though it should be the cause of my undoing, for if it ever reaches my patron he renounces me, as he has a vast idea of the deference due to superiors, I will open my mind to you. Do you remember the affair of the spectacles?"

"Of course I do," said Henry.

"And you know, perhaps, that the folly was set down to you?"

"By some I believe it was," returned Henry.

"Well, then," said Griffith, "behold the guilty man—I was the fool!"

"At whose suggestion?" said Henry, with some amazement.

"Wellings," replied Griffith, "came to my room from yours that same night. I was, you know, of Lord F——'s party—I was a good deal excited, and to my amazement, whilst Wellings was talking to me, I found the copy of verses in my pocket, and the spectacles rolled up in the paper; and, I hardly know how, from one thing to another I was led on to suggest the frolic, though I really can scarcely say whether I suggested it or Wellings. However, I was the main actor in the business, being far more so than Wellings, who, after all, is a clumsy dog."

"Oh, the double deceiver," returned Henry; "whilst plotting the mischief, he even anticipated the means of escape, and of throwing the blame on his confederate in case of detection; but I am glad that you have opened this matter

to me—you have broken one rivet of the chain by which Wellings held you. But, Griffith, make yourself quite easy, I trust I shall never stir up this foolish affair of the spectacles. I am most perfectly convinced that there is not a man in the college who suspects me—the whole weight of suspicion now lies on Wellings's shoulders, and I am not going to do him the kindness to shove a portion thereof on you ; and so, if you please, we will drop the matter, to talk of one more important."

The advice which Henry then gave to Mr. Griffith was beautiful, most beautiful, when it is considered that it proceeded from one so young. Had the young man's mother been present, she could not have pleaded more earnestly with him to seek henceforward the divine direction, to avoid the company of men falsely called gay, and to study the closest practicable economy. He assured him that wine parties were entirely unnecessary, as well as rowing parties and excursions on horseback ; and he did more, he invited him to his rooms, though he was pretty well assured that he should have a battle to fight with Marten on the occasion. Indeed he did all that he could do to strengthen Griffith's mind, and as the French say—*ce n'est que le premier pas qui coute* — the withdrawal from his dangerous companion was made surprisingly easy to the young man, for he had scarcely been seen walking arm-in-arm with Milner in the quadrangle, before several of his old companions pronounced him a methodist, and the work was further advanced when he took occasion, on paying Wellings what he owed him, to

say that he had given up wine parties, &c. So much for Griffith, who, from that period, was admitted into Henry's and Marten's parties, although Marten was not at once persuaded to such a condescension, the lofty youth going so far as to tell Henry, that, if he would associate with snobs, he must even make up his mind to dispense with the society of gentlemen. This was, however, but an escape of steam, which speedily blew itself out. When Marten heard the history of the sorrowful mother and drooping sister, he acknowledged that, as the mother of a fool or a snob might still have a sort of instinct for that fool or that snob, there might be some charity in keeping such snobs as had respectable mothers from utter ruin; but I beseech you, Milner, let this be the last thing of the kind which you attempt, at least whilst I am with you, or we shall be borne down by a pack of beggarly idiots.

And now again we find Henry and his friends all in their places, for the last term in which they expected to be together, and the last examinations were approaching to Marten, and Mansfield, and Edgar, and Wellings, and though last, not least, to Lord F——. As to Clayton, he had probably given up Oxford, his father no doubt judging that it would be better for him rather not to try an examination than to fail in it, especially as he was not to be brought up to a profession. There was no time now for these young men to idle, although some little relaxation was needful, but not such as would interfere with hours of study; accordingly the usual party often met, that is, Marten, Henry,

Edgar, and Mansfield, other individuals occasionally being added.

One evening, in Henry's rooms, the knotty question respecting church government was brought forward. This was natural, as several then present were going into the church; and Henry dropped some expressions which drew the following exclamation from Marten. "How is it possible, Milner, that you, having such sentiments, can think of becoming a clergyman?"

"What have I said?" asked Henry.

"Why," returned Marten, "you have said that all visible churches are imperfect; that the ministry of them is of no manner of avail in regenerating a dead soul; and that the work of salvation is begun, continued, and ended, by Christ only."

"Why," said Henry, "can you dispute any of these assertions?"

"No," replied Marten, "because, in fact, all things of course are done by God, and every faculty we have is his gift. Notwithstanding which, when these faculties or powers have been given, they are our own, in the same sense that my hand is my hand, and my foot my foot; and if it pleases God to employ my hand and my foot in his service, my ministry is, in a certain sense, as effectual, as the hand of the woman of Samaria was effectual in drawing the water of which our Saviour desired to drink from Jacob's well."

"There is a flaw in your argument, Marten," remarked Mansfield; "do you not perceive it? I dare assert that you do, Milner?"

"Please to let Marten answer," said Henry.

“No,” replied Marten, “if Mansfield is such an acute logician, let him show where this error lies.”

“*Imprimis*,” said Mansfield, solemnly; “*imprimis*, John Marten——”

“Don’t prose, Mansfield,” exclaimed Marten, “you have not yet taken your degree—you have no title yet to be dry.”

“Well,” returned Mansfield, “not to dispute that point, have the goodness to inform me how the woman of Samaria went to work to draw the water?”

“Pshaw!” exclaimed Marten, “what nonsense is this?”

“Mr. Milner,” said Mansfield, quietly, “may I trouble you to answer me, if it suits not Marten so to do?”

“Perchance,” said Henry, “she used a brass vessel with a narrow neck and expanded lips, like those of a water-lily; a string being tied round the neck of the vessel, and thus let it down into the well, as they now do in the East.”

“Most learnedly answered,” replied Mansfield. “You are deeply read, Milner, I apprehend.”

“The depth of my information,” replied Henry, “depends on the depths of the wells in these countries.”

“May I beg for a little common sense,” said Marten, with a full proportion of his wonted loftiness of manner: “will you, Mansfield, be so good as to inform me, in a few words, where I made a flaw in my late assertion; let us ascertain the truth without all this nonsense.”

"You shall hear presently," returned Mansfield; "give us time only. Truth, as the old adage goes, is often hid in a well; and we want to draw her out—and for this purpose we will, if you please, adopt Milner's brass vessel, attached to the string."

"Or rather," remarked Edgar, "take hold of the string attached to the vessel."

"Accurately speaking, then," said Mansfield, "we will take hold of the string; and my next question, Henry, is, how did the woman lower the vessel into the well?"

"Very probably," said Henry, "she used her hands for this purpose;" and Henry accompanied the remark with a suitable action of his hands,—first moving one and then the other, as if a string were passing through them.

"You have reason, and probability, and experience on your side, Mr. Milner," said Mansfield; "but having let the vessel down into the water, what may we suppose that this woman performed next?"

"Why," said Henry, "it is probable that she drew it up again when replete, by reversing the process by which she had let it down."

"What fools you all are!" said Marten.

"We know that much already," replied Mansfield, smiling. "Grant that we are all fools, Marten, and you will only admit a very important truth, but hear us out, however. And now, Milner, say what powers or faculties were those which this woman used to obtain the water?"

"Her natural faculties," replied Marten; "those faculties which God had given her, and

thus she became a minister to the Saviour's will, by giving him the water which he asked of her—for of course she gave Him water—and therefore the end of your fine argument is first to prove what I asserted."

"Not in the smallest degree," said Mansfield; "the object of my argument was to prove this, that a distinction must be carefully drawn, when speaking of man's ministry, between those ends which the faculties and means which are lent him, are capable of reaching, and those which are not so. The water in the well of Samaria was not beyond the power and means of the woman to raise, but she had no faculty by which she could either obtain for herself or administer to others of that living water, of which those that drink will never thirst again."

"I have no doubt," replied Henry, "that that woman is a type of the idolatrous Gentile church."

"I am not much skilled in types and emblems, Milner," replied Mansfield; "and I dare not meddle with them just now, lest they should lead me away from what must be my present object; but to return to Marten's assertion. You mean to say, that God uses the powers and faculties which he has lent to man, in the administration of his church on earth?"

"I do," said Marten; "and is this assertion a point which can be disputed? If it can, of what use, I ask, is the profession of a clergyman? Prove to me that it is disputable, and I leave Oxford to-morrow and take no degree."

“The ministry of man,” replied Mansfield, “cannot go beyond the powers of man; there is a certain extent to which it may reach—there are certain acts which it may perform—certain effects which it may produce. Man’s influence may fill a visible church; man’s power may establish forms; man’s teaching may impart knowledge; man’s benevolence may feed the hungry, and clothe the naked; but when he would extend that influence to regenerating a soul dead in sin—to making a child of wrath a member of Christ—to preparing and tutoring the carnal intellect to receive spiritual ideas,—he is stretching to a point, to the attainment of which every faculty which has been lent to him is totally inadequate, and as far as I am aware, for the attainment of which he can find no promise whatever in scripture. And as the case stands with individuals, so it is with bodies: a visible church may minister of that which she has to the heirs of salvation; but of that which she has not she cannot administer, she cannot raise the dead, nor feed the dead, nor, having opened the graves, cause Lazarus to come forth.”

“You mean to say,” resumed Marten, “that the natural man cannot exceed the powers of his natural endowments: so far granted. If the woman of Samaria had had no hands, she could have drawn no water; but I cannot admit that there is not a something more than what is natural bestowed on the church.”

Then came the celebrated texts from Matthew, with a long discussion, taken up hotly on both sides, on the nature of that church to which the prophetic promises apply. Marten and others

asserting it to be an earthly, and Henry and Mansfield a heavenly church; one party saying that her seat is above, although some of her members still linger on earth, and another that she had had a seat on earth ever since the resurrection of Christ, although no one seemed to be able to make out where this seat had been during the dark ages, unless among the valleys of Piedmont. Much was said on both sides, and the end of the argument was, that each person was left in the same opinion with which he had commenced the dispute, with the exception only of Edward Mansfield, who had been so much struck with some things which had dropped from Henry, that he resolved, as soon as the examination was over, to apply himself to Hebrew and the critical study of the Scriptures themselves.

As to Marten, he had got a singular bent towards the principles of the high church; his besetting sin was pride, and although there were times in which it did almost appear that he was under the influence of grace, yet even to his best friends, there sometimes occurred the fear that this was not the case. Marten was, however, an exceedingly fine example of the natural character; he was strictly moral, and when not over-excited, a most accomplished gentleman in manners and carriage, more than commonly handsome, ready in speech, prompt and energetic in action, and possessed of a voice of singular power and melody; but his ruling principle was pride—a principle totally inconsistent with a true view of the state of man, as a created being; and as he had once contended vehemently on the sub-

ject of virtue, he had now taken up another theory, somewhat similar to the former, but more specious, and hence more dangerous. He had been, as it were, beaten out of the notion that man could be virtuous without the assistance of the Holy Spirit; and he no longer maintained that education, honourable principles, gentlemanly habits, intellectual advantages, &c. &c., might form a character which would be above the common errors and temptations which affect men of less virtuous habits. This idea he had given up, and no longer denied that the assistance of the Lord the Spirit was necessary to form an exalted and consistent character; but his present theory was, that whereas the body of a man, though it may hereafter be raised in the likeness of Christ's body, is distinct in matter from that body which suffered upon the cross; so the spirit of man, being regenerated by the Holy Ghost, becomes, by this gift, unspeakably improved and ennobled. All the intellectual faculties are henceforward more or less conformed to what is agreeable to God, but are yet in a certain sense distinct; and the man himself is viewed, not as possessing the same spirit by which all the members of Christ are one body, but as possessing such gifts of the Spirit as render the receiver a more or less glorious existence: in the same manner as a son, having received his being, his education, his mental advantages, from his father, when of age, acts and thinks for himself, and is no longer one with his parent, but, as far as that parent is concerned, independent and self-existent.

It requires some accuracy to explain this idea, so full it is of metaphysical subtleties, but such as Marten held it, it is very common: many admit it without being aware of it; and it may perhaps be useful to hold up this mirror of Marten's mind, in order that others may see themselves therein. But as the historian feels himself getting somewhat dry, he hastens to conclude his chapter, hoping to open the next in a gayer mood.

CHAPTER XIX.

The apparition of two wigs.

As Henry was looking out of his window on the morning following the dispute spoken of above, he saw two very grave and reverend gentlemen crossing the street towards the college gates; the wigs of both were bushy, the hats of the orthodox coal-scuttle; both wore black silk stockings, and polished shoes with silver buckles—both being portly in their forms, and both seeming as if conscious of not being where their names had never been heard. They crossed the street directly in front of the college gates, and as they came nearer, Henry recognised Dr. Hillier; a minute after which there was a knock at his door, and Dr. Hillier entered, introducing his friend, Archdeacon Smallridge, who was in fact no other than the patron of Mr. Griffith. But as neither of these gentlemen were Henry's patrons, he received them without embarrassment, notwithstanding the amplitude of their wigs. Dr. Hillier introduced Henry to the archdeacon,

saying, "Sir, this is Mr. Milner, of whom Mrs. Griffith spoke to you;" and then addressing the young man, he added, "it was an accidental meeting this morning in the coach with my old friend Dr. Smallridge. We were both intending to spend a day at Oxford on our way to town, and it added much to our satisfaction to be thus associated." Henry then asked after his friends at Woodville; but Dr. Hillier was not come from thence. He then asked if he should send for Griffith.

"Not just yet, sir, if you please," said the archdeacon, "there are two or three preliminary questions,"—and he hemmed and hesitated, and then went on.—"The young man's mother has mentioned you, Mr. Milner, in very high terms to me." Henry bowed, and Dr. Smallridge thus proceeded. "It was my intention, when coming to Oxford, to have sought an introduction to you, sir,—not anticipating the pleasure I now enjoy, in the presence of our common friend, Dr. Hillier. One of my objects in this place is to inquire after the proceedings of young Griffith; his mother says he is doing well, but I know her too well to credit all she says,—poor woman, she has been too indulgent, as mothers sometimes are, Dr. Hillier,—she has been too inefficient in her management, in her education, in her conduct towards that boy, whose character she has never duly appreciated; but she is a worthy woman, a well-intentioned woman. Weak women are frequently too indulgent, Dr. Hillier, to the obvious injury of the nobler sex, of whom they are the nurses and mothers."

“Mr. Griffith is very steady, sir,” said Henry. “I say this before you ask me, that it may not appear a forced acknowledgement. Last term he fell rather into gay company; but during the present term he has lived in great retirement—paid great attention to economy—read very hard.”

“Good,” said the archdeacon, “I did not wish to propound the question directly to you, sir, knowing that there is a sort of punctilio amongst you young gentlemen,—and very proper punctilio, too—respecting telling tales out of college, and therefore I hesitated upon the propriety of propounding the question; but as you have come forward so promptly, so readily, to attest to the character of the young man, I am satisfied; and farther, Mr. Milner, farther, I tell you, that if young Griffith continues to please me, if the reports I hear respecting him are good, I shall not forget the merits of his poor father, who was a worthy man, having no weakness but that of a too great acquiescence with the humours of his wife; and yet she, as a woman, has her respectable qualities, though weak and irrational.”

Dr. Hillier laughed, and said, “Old bachelors cannot judge of the trials of married men; we can be made to do anything for peace and quietness.”

“Peace and quietness are good,” replied the archdeacon, “but not always to be obtained through acquiescence.” Then addressing Henry Milner he said, “There will, I apprehend, be a fearful manifestation in a few years of the present want of discipline in our churches, col-

leges, and schools, our senates, our jails, and our private families. May I ask you, sir, is young Griffith a modern in his politics?"

"Not at all, sir," replied Henry.

"Good," said the archdeacon; "and I hope that he pays due respect to the dignitaries and principals of the university; that he never countenances, much less participates, in the liberties now taken by young men with even the most sacred characters of their superiors. Mr. Milner, there is nothing which I abominate—which I hold in greater contempt—which I am so little inclined to overlook, as the modern spirit of quizzing, now so prevalent amongst young people. I hope and trust that the young man, in whom I am interested for his father's sake, never allows himself in any offensive conduct of this description."

Henry was glad that a sudden move of Dr. Hillier made it unnecessary to answer to this home-thrust. The visitors then withdrew, having first invited Henry to dinner at the inn, begging him to engage Mr. Griffith to join the party. Griffith seemed to be far more pained than honoured by the invitation; however, he accompanied Henry to the inn at five o'clock, which was the appointed hour, and there met Lord F——, who was well known to Dr. Hillier.

Now the dinner was good, and the wine excellent, and the sallies of Lord F—— broke the monotony of the long words, and cut-and-dried sentences of the archdeacon. A considerable quantum of wine was taken at dinner, though neither by Henry nor Griffith; but Lord F—— was less cautious—he was inde-

pendent, and was not afraid of the big-wigs, and therefore rattled away. The subject of quizzing being again recurred to, Henry joined in the archdeacon's censure, having always from a child hated quizzing and practical jestings; but it was unfortunate that he did so, as it drew some unpleasant hints from Lord F——, who had nearly finished his second bottle of claret.

“Ay! Milner,” he said, “so you don't like quizzing and practical jestings; pray, Milner, what is the Latin for spectacles?”

“I must leave you to make that discovery,” replied Henry, “as being, of course, better read than I am.” And he tried to introduce some other subject, but could think of nothing but spectacles.

Lord F—— suspected his embarrassment, and enjoyed it, for although not ill-natured, yet the young nobleman was a confirmed quizz, actively and passively such. The most ignominious of all wars are those carried on by quizzers; an unarmed or depressed enemy never failing to excite the courage, and we may add, cruelty, of those who wear the cap and bells of that corps. The next hint he gave referred to copies of verses, and bits of string, and fragments of seals, &c. &c.; and the increasing embarrassment of Henry, not only delighted his persecutor, but caused Dr. Hillier to smile.

“Come, come, Mr. Milner,” said the latter, “don't mind him—there was no great harm in it—you meant no malice, and it has done us all good; because, before we heard that story, even the old people were ashamed to be so out-done by a youth like you.”

Henry made no answer, remembering poor Mrs. Griffith and her fair, pale daughter; and Dr. Smallridge having asked what the story was to which his lordship alluded, Lord F—— refused to reveal it, saying, he must not tell tales out of college. Dr. Hillier, however, who had heard it, (when and where he would not tell,) could not resist the temptation of imparting all he knew of the matter, which however was not a very great deal, by way of a jest to his old friend, laughing heartily at the joke, and saying, “that it had been laid on Mr. Milner.”

“With respect to me,” replied Henry, who had caught a momentary glance of poor Griffith’s face, which was almost ghastly with alarm; “with respect to me, I neither confess nor deny the charge. If you, Dr. Hillier, think the act consistent with the education Mr. Dalben has given me, then I must bear the blame; if not, why I hope you will give me credit for not having done it. But, Lord F——,” he added, “can you find nothing but college fooleries with which to amuse your friends?” and the look which Milner gave the young nobleman was anything but complacent—indeed in Lord F——’s eyes it looked so threatening that he would have dropped the subject at once, if Dr. Smallridge would have permitted. But that worthy gentleman, whose good dinner and good wine had not, it seems, improved his charity, insisted on asking many questions on this same affair of the green spectacles; and when he had gathered all he could, he broke out with no small indignation against the unknown pepe-

trators of this monstrous offence, saying to Griffith, "Young man, I desire that I may never hear that you have taken any part in any affair of which the object is to throw contempt upon a superior;" adding, "of course, I take it for granted that Mr. Milner had no cognizance of the affair in question, otherwise I should be under the very painful necessity of retracting the singularly high opinion which I have conceived of him."

"Come, come, brother Smallridge," said Dr. Hillier, "you make this matter too serious; let us, I beseech you, call another question."

Henry was relieved, and he was glad when he thought he might politely withdraw, for he felt himself very uncomfortable after this affair of the spectacles; and he had made Griffith to understand that he wished him to go back with him. But Dr. Smallridge, when taking leave of Henry, requested Mr. Griffith to remain a while, as he had certain admonitions to give him. Henry, therefore, returned alone to the college, and sat down to read for two hours.

In the morning, immediately after chapel, Marten and Henry being together in the rooms of the latter, Griffith appeared, pale as death, and in violent agitation. "I would speak to you, Milner," he said.

"Shall I go?" asked Marten, rising.

"No," replied Griffith, "no, Marten, I can trust you—you are an honourable man, I can trust you—but I am ruined," he added, "I am ruined. O my mother! O my sister!" and then sitting down, he leaned his head on his

hands, resting them on the table. Marten and Henry were much distressed for him ; but all that Henry could do was to urge him to state candidly what had happened. Griffith, at length, spoke, and made a long story of what shall be told in as few words as possible.

Dr. Smallridge had detained him after Henry, in order to give him a somewhat dry and detailed lecture, which lecture is omitted by particular desire, as it contained nothing very new. Griffith, it seems, after having submitted to this lecture with all due reverence, withdrew ; but in passing to the gateway he encountered Wellings. The enemy had seen Milner return alone to the college, and the idea had instantly struck him that now was his time to catch Griffith alone,—an opportunity he had long been desirous of. Having imparted his wishes to his present familiar, an under-graduate of the name of Blandy, he repaired to the gateway of the inn, in which he knew that Griffith had been dining, and thus caught him as he came out, addressing him first in a kind of hasty way, and drawing him along on one side, whilst Blandy took the other, till they had brought him to the entrance of some inferior house of entertainment. In that place was a contest between the young men, Griffith refusing to go in, and Wellings and Blandy, both of whom well knew the weakness of their prey, urging him to give way ; Wellings saying, “ I have something of great consequence to tell you, Griffith, I will only detain you two minutes.” In then they went, and Wellings, calling for something to drink, (whether wine or

spirits Griffith did not say,) began to charge his quondam intimate with having betrayed the secret of the spectacles to Milner and Marten, and then, as Griffith could not deny that he had so done, reproached him severely for a breach of confidence. By Griffith's account, the violence of Wellings was very great, and it became greater in proportion as he swallowed more of the liquor which he had ordered. It seemed also that Griffith's blood was up, and that the altercation became so violent, that neither one nor the other perceived when Blandy left the room; nor were the disputants aware of the hour, till Wellings, looking at his watch, and missing Mr. Blandy, hastily swallowed what was left in his glass, and rushed into the street, under the fear of being at his college gate after the hour. Mr. Griffith of course had hastened after him; but they were too late, and as they rushed along, whom did they encounter but two masters, who, stopping them, and taking due cognizance of their persons, inquired wherefore they were not in their rooms.

The last draught, and the run, and the alarm, had, however, so flustered Wellings, that he was not himself, and his reply was made so strangely, that his intoxication became apparent, and one of the masters said, "Mr. Wellings, you will, if you please, come to us in the morning."

Had Wellings been himself, he would have made no reply to the masters on this occasion; but, as poor Griffith said, he was not himself, and his answer was such as brought a severe reproof from the master, who, repeating his order that he should attend him in the morning, hinted

that there were other matters which required looking into in Mr. Wellings's conduct, besides the affair of that night. "And what can these be," said Mr. Griffith, in a sort of despair, "but the affairs connected with the spectacles? and if Wellings is charged with this miserable folly, I too well know that he is prepared to throw the whole on me, and thus, Milner, my disgrace is inevitable. Dr. Smallridge is coming again this morning to the college, and he will arrive at the crisis in which Wellings will have betrayed my part in that wretched frolic. My having been out after hours will also be told, and I shall be disgraced for ever in the eyes of my patron. O Milner! Milner! your noble forbearance yesterday was of no avail, except to make me honour you and the principles by which you are led more than ever; but if I had neither a mother nor a sister, I could bear all this; as it is I am wholly overpowered, my judgment seems to be gone. Yet if I had no mother nor sister," he repeated, "I should be almost glad of anything which should bring to light that secret by which Wellings still holds me in bondage; for it was the consciousness of that, and the dread of exposure, which led me to attempt to soothe him last night, and involved me in the net in which I am caught."

Henry and Marten both persuaded him, if called in for judgment before the masters, which he expected to be every moment, first to confess everything, and then humbly to beg pardon.

"This might do," he answered, "and all might yet be well, if these only were my judges; but

if this story reach my patron I am undone ; he will withdraw his allowance—he will give the living to another, and my mother's heart will break. He is a high, hard old bachelor."

"Dr. Hillier is a good-natured man, however," said Henry. "Shall I go to him and tell him your story, and engage him in your favour?"

"Do so, dear Milner," said poor Griffith. "I will be guided by you—you have been a real friend ; and have I not your interest also, Marten?" he added.

The young men then persuaded Griffith to swallow some coffee, which he had scarcely done before he was summoned to appear before the tribunal of the masters. He was scarcely gone, before Dr. Smallridge and Dr. Hillier appeared in the street, and were admitted at the college gate ; but in what direction they went after being admitted, Marten and Henry could not ascertain.

An hour or more passed, during which Griffith's real friends watched in vain for the exit of the old gentlemen ; but whilst they were still watching, a summons came to Henry from Mr. Griffith, begging to see him immediately in his rooms.

Marten promised to watch the exit of the doctors, whilst Henry went to Griffith. He found the young man in dreadful mental agonies.

"I am undone, Milner," he said ; "Wellings has confessed his knowledge of the transaction in the quadrangle, but has proved that mine was the hand which performed the folly.

He also made it appear that I had suggested it ; but on humbling myself, I should have got off with only a severe imposition and certain sharp reproofs, which were the sharper from my folly last night, if unhappily, most unhappily, my patron had not arrived at the very crisis ; and desiring to see one of the principals in order to inquire after my conduct, the truth came out, the principal having not yet recovered sufficient equanimity from the scene of trial to refrain from speaking with some little asperity. I understand," continued Griffith, " that he only dropped a hint respecting the affair of the quadrangle, but this hint was enough, my patron comprehended all the rest. He sent for me, and apprised me that he had done with me, and that henceforward he might show some kindness to my mother, but none to me."

" Now then, now," replied Henry, " we must apply to Dr. Hillier."

At the same instant Marten knocked at the door of Griffith's rooms to inform Milner that the two doctors had left the college.

" Come, Marten, come then," said Henry, " we must be after them. Wellings has spit his venom, and has completely poisoned the mind of Dr. Smallridge against Griffith, or caused the poison to be conveyed to him by others—he has had his revenge. Now let us try what we can do." And the next instant the two young men were in the street ; a few minutes more brought them to the inn, into which the elders had just entered, accompanied by Mr. Russell, and where they had gone up to their room

Marten and Henry were all in a glow, their eyes beaming and flashing with intense feeling as they entered the apartment, and taking the position of supplicants, though they did not kneel, they entreated for pardon and restoration of favour for poor Griffith; they pleaded his late good conduct during the term, and appealed to Mr. Russell to confirm what they asserted; they excused his last night's conduct, by showing how he had been still under the power of Wellings, whilst Wellings held his secret, and they had the pleasure very soon to perceive that they had both Dr. Hillier and Mr. Russell on their side. They, however, found the archdeacon more tough. At first he pursed up his mouth, sate erect, and was silent; but after a while he began to hold forth, to use hard sentences, to talk of the times, of the degeneracy of the present day, and of the necessity of making a stand against the liberties taken by young men. No one interrupted him, and Henry, and even Marten, stood in mute submission; but Dr. Hillier was fully aware that there was some hope for the young delinquent, now that the anger of the archdeacon was exhausting itself in hard words and long sentences through the safety-valve of his lips; and the stream continued to pour forth without interruption, until having spent its first fury, it gave notice that it was about to interrogate, which notice was a break in the declamation, made on purpose for the propounding of the following question, addressed to Mr. Russell:—

“ Has the young fellow begged your pardon,

sir?—I say, has he had the grace to beg your pardon, sir?”

“Yes, sir,” replied Mr. Russell, “publicly, and in the most handsome manner,—and I have forgiven him. I really felt obliged to him for proving to me that I had not mistaken a character, in which it would have pained me much to have found an offence of this nature.”

“Mr. Milner,” said Dr. Hillier, “I have not forgotten how you bore my laughter yesterday: I thank you, sir, for thus manifesting to me that there is such a thing left as friendship. I knew that in my day schoolfellows and fellow-collegians sometimes loved each other; but I had been taught that both old and new friendships were out of fashion in these days: however, having witnessed so pleasing a proof of the strength of friendship in youth since I came to Oxford, I think that I must now try the pulse of an old friendship;—Dr. Smallridge, give me your hand, and say that you will for my sake forgive this poor son of the widow.”

The archdeacon gave way at length, and did it handsomely:—“Tell the young gentleman,” he said, “that I wipe the past from my tablets—let him beware, however, how he behaves in future. I commend him, young gentlemen, to your benevolence—permit him to associate with you. He has no more secrets, I trust, in the keeping of an enemy. You can tell me, Mr. Milner, has he any debts?—has his allowance been sufficient for him?”

“It ought to have been, sir, and has been this last term,” replied Henry, thinking that the truth had better at once be spoken: “before

this term he had incurred a debt of forty pounds; this will be reduced to less than thirty at Christmas, I trust,—for I have examined his accounts, and henceforward I hope he will be above the world.”

The archdeacon smiled at Henry’s open yet respectful manner; and taking out his pocket-book, he presented Henry with two ten-pound-notes—“There, sir, let the oldest bills be paid, and let me have the receipts to this amount. Excuse me for making you my messenger, and, as it were, Mr. Griffith’s steward; but I do not desire to see the young man at present: when I hear that he continues to do well I shall see him with more complacency;—and now, gentlemen, adieu!—we must be off immediately; we are late, and shall be obliged to post it.”

Henry and Marten took leave of the two doctors with such joy painted on their features, yet with such true courtesy in their manners, that as they went out the elders voted them two of the finest young men of the age, and, as Dr. Smallridge added, “Something like what young men were in our day.” Mr. Russell, who had remained behind, seemed also much gratified: indeed, throughout the whole business of the green spectacles this gentleman had shown great and beautiful forbearance.

And now, let us follow Marten and Henry back to their college: they did not run, for that would hardly do in the streets of the great Oxford, but their progress was so rapid that a few minutes only elapsed before they were at Griffith’s door. They found him still pale as death: he had commenced a letter to his sister,

but had thrown it aside, and was leaning with his head upon his hands.

“Jubilate! Jubilate!” cried Marten: “Io triumphe!—all is as it should be: Milner is the hero—he has carried the day.”

“Thank God, Griffith!” said Henry—“thank God, who is good to you!”—but great joy is so little fitted to our nature, that we find it difficult to select words to describe it; and sometimes men of even the strongest minds are driven to tears to express the rejoicing of the heart—and this was Griffith’s resource when the weight of woe was taken from him, and the real token of the archdeacon’s reconciliation shown to him. He would not, however, take the notes into his own possession, and begged Henry to keep them, but Henry suggested that they should be immediately parted with for the purpose for which they had been given, which was done, and the receipts forthwith enclosed to the archdeacon.

It was well that this small matter was concluded immediately; for in the beginning of the very next week, a letter from Mr. Nash summoned Henry to return without loss of time to Worcestershire,—that is, if he wished to see his uncle in life.

The account given by Mr. Nash, in his letter, was, that no change had passed in Mr. Dalben since Henry had left home, till the Sunday morning, when Thomas, who slept in the closet within his room, looked at him before he went down, and thought that he was changed. He spoke to him, but he did not answer, though his eyes were open. Thomas immediately called

the family. Mr. Nash was not in the house—he had gone the night before to serve his church; but the medical man was sent for, and he pronounced that the patient had had a stroke, and probably would not last many days. Till towards evening, when Mr. Nash returned, he knew no one; but then, seeing his old friend, he said, “My boy, Henry!”—and soon afterwards he asked for Lord H——: these both were then immediately sent for.

When Henry received this letter he sought Marten immediately. “I must go to night, dear Marten,” he said; “I cannot go sooner; I must leave my term unfinished; I cannot stay to see you through your examination, nor Mansfield, nor Edgar: when I come back you will be gone, Marten;—who will be to me then as you have been?—who will be left to me then?”—and Henry could no longer refrain his tears.

“O death, death! it is a solemn thing,” said Henry, after a while; “we sometimes suppose that we think too much of that which conquers death in life; but who thinks so when death approaches? I have anticipated for months the death of Mr. Dalben; yet, now it is at hand, I feel that I am not in the least prepared for it.”

Marten and Henry sate down: they talked for some time on the subject of death, which seemed to fill their minds; and they spoke of the triumph of Christ over death; and Marten said, “How can death be destroyed whilst it is ordained to hold a certain portion of the human race under its power for ever? Death is an allegorical personage, having no body but that

which is composed of those members which are under its awful influence : can it then be said to be destroyed whilst it retains any of its members ?”

“ I cannot reason now,” replied Henry ; “ but yet I can see that what you say is true : if there is an eternal death, then death cannot cease to be ; but the scripture says there shall be no more death.”

“ Then death cannot be eternal,” replied Marten ; “ that which ceases to be is not eternal ; but we know that there is an eternal punishment for the wicked, therefore it is impossible for us to reconcile these contradictory assertions of scripture.”

“ Where does the scripture assert that death will endure for ever ?” asked Henry, somewhat roused by the argument ; “ I know of no such passage. When we have found it, then we may assert that scripture contradicts itself with regard to what it says of death ; but how very often, Marten, do we take things for granted, and then say that the Bible contradicts itself, because it does not agree with the dogmas we assume !”

But Henry had many arrangements to make before he left Oxford ; and these, although Marten was with him to assist him, occupied him the rest of the day. Of course he found no difficulty in getting permission to leave on such an occasion : he also got leave for Marten to wait with him at the inn for the coach, which would not start from Oxford till midnight ; and Griffith also, whom Marten promised to patronise, was permitted to accompany them to the inn.

Marten was to go to the continent when he had taken his degree; but he assured Henry that he would see him first. Nevertheless, the parting at midnight, when Henry got into the coach, was altogether so sad, that the young man was glad that he had no companion within, and that he could give way to his grief without witness. The fine figure of Marten, as the lamp fell full upon him where he stood by the coach, seemed to follow Henry in fancy through many a long dark mile of that wintry night; nor did he entirely forget the grateful and affectionate yet sorrowful last look of poor Griffith.

God doth not willingly afflict the children of men; wherefore, then, doth grief on grief fall ever in the path of youth? This is a question which the worldly man cannot answer; but the believer is assured that all things which God ordains are ordered and disposed for the good of those for whom Christ died. But in measure as the night advanced, and the morning broke, near about the time that the Vale of Worcester opened from the heights of Broadway, with the range of Malvern in the remotest distance, over which the morning was already spread, Henry began to think less of the friends he had left, in the overwhelming apprehension of the scenes which awaited him where he was going. "Oh! beautiful Worcestershire," he said, apostrophising the lovely morning scene; "perhaps I now behold thee as my home for the last time."

Every mile now appeared to Henry as a league, till he was set down in Worcester. He there, without waiting for refreshment, took a

carriage on to Mr. Dalben's, being assured, that if anything decisive had happened, it was not yet known in the town. And here, though somewhat abruptly, we close the chapter, as we now must proceed to matters of very peculiar importance in the history of Henry.

CHAPTER XX.

Solemn Passages.

As soon as Henry arrived at the gate of Mr. Dalben's grounds, he sprang from the carriage and hastened into the kitchen, hardly daring to ask a question. Mrs. Kitty was the first person he met, and she informed him that her master was so far better that he had quite recovered his recollection, and had asked for him several times during the night. She also told him that Lord H—— was in the house, and that he was then at breakfast, having sate up till a very late hour in her master's room, and taken some rest afterwards.

Henry accordingly hastened to the hall, and there was cordially received by Lord H—— and Mr. Nash, whom circumstances had by this time made familiar with each other; Lord H—— having had sufficient discernment to appreciate the character of the worthy old gentleman.

“ We are most glad to see you, Henry,” said

Lord H——; “your uncle has expressed so much anxiety for your coming, and every day is so precious now—even every hour—that you must breakfast, and be ready to go to him at the first summons; but you must endeavour to be calm in his presence, he must not be excited. You will be prepared to see a great change in him—death has already set his signet on his features.”

“Then there is no hope?” said Henry.

“None whatever,” replied Lord H——; “it is a gradual wearing out of the frame: and when a friend must soon leave us, why should we wish him to continue to linger on the weary threshold of mortality? Come, my boy,” added Lord H——, “take some refreshment, for you look very pale; and then for courage to meet the brunt. I go to my friend above to tell him that you are come.”

It was more than an hour before Henry was called into the presence of his dying uncle; and though prepared, he was shocked at the change discernible even in the darkened chamber. He kissed the faded hand which Mr. Dalben held out to him, but dared not to utter a word, lest his voice should betray his emotion.

“My boy—my Henry—my more than son,” said Mr. Dalben, in a voice which, from its hollow sound, went to the heart of Henry, “can I say how glad I am to see you? and let me use this moment, I may not have another, to say that which I wish to say. Henry Milner, give me your hand; Lord H——, give me yours, and tell me again, and in his presence,

will you take my place as guardian of my Henry until he is of age?"

"I have said that I will, Mr. Dalben," replied Lord H——; "and I now repeat my promise."

"And now, Henry," said Mr. Dalben, "what is your part in this covenant?"

"It is my part," said Henry, "to love and honour Lord H—— as I have loved and honoured—" but he could say no more, and being entirely overcome he left the room. When he returned, half-an-hour afterwards, Lord H—— saw that he had been weeping like a babe: he, however, was now much better prepared than before to listen with composure; and the dying man went on speaking after he came in, as if he had not been aware of an interruption: then he said, "That will be off my mind:—you have some distant relations, Henry; but they are people of the world—do not seek them out at present!—As to earthly matters—pecuniary matters—Lord H—— will manage them—he has my will—he knows my mind—he knows also your father's affairs, Henry. He was the son of a younger son—he was not rich, but what he left will, with the interest which has accumulated, amount to more than two hundred a year: the property is in Lord H——'s hands—with your habits you will be rich:—this my Worcestershire estate will also be yours: I shall leave it subject to certain annuities, which you will have pleasure in paying. There is a farm attached to it, which you know is let: the whole is valued at as much as your father left. Part of my income proceeds

from an annuity, which goes with me: my will will indicate the disposal of my other property. I knew that you would love and value this place from old associations; and though you may let it, still you will feel that it is yours, and that no one can cut down a tree without your leave:—it is to be yours, with all the books and furniture; but Lord H—— understands it all, and has power to act when I am gone, and he will receive you, Henry—you will have a happy home at Woodville—a very happy home:”—and then the old gentleman began to falter in his speech, and it became evident that he had made as great an exertion as he could bear; but he had relieved his mind, and seemed now compelled from weakness to be quiet.

Lord H—— called a nurse, who had been provided, to sit with Mr. Dalben whilst he withdrew with his young friend. Henry tried to express his gratitude for the arrangements which had been made for his comfort: he tried to tell Lord H—— that he was the only person whom he could look up to as he had looked up to Mr. Dalben: but he could only utter a few broken sentences, which were, however, enough to convince Lord H——, that in the thankfulness which Henry felt on account of his accepting this guardianship, there was not in his mind the smallest reference to worldly advantage. Even Lord H—— had never seen an instance of a mind so lifted up above earthly views; but this absence of reference to present advantage in Henry's mind, sprang in a great measure, (to look at second causes,) from the total

absence of reference to those objects in the education given him by Mr. Dalben. Earthly things have only an imaginary value—imaginary, because they do not fulfil what they promise, and because, according to the laws of their nature they perish in the use; like paper money, their value depends on public credit. That the world should give them this credit is natural, for it would be strange if the world spoke not well of its own things; but it is most inconsistent in Christian professors, that they should unite with worldly men to give this imaginary and deceitful importance to earthly things,—that they should devote so much time, labour, and expense, to please the eye of the world, and seem so anxious to keep their supposed places therein, to advance their families in the world, and to secure large possessions to themselves, being in all things like unto other men, excepting in the use of a few forms which Scripture doth not require, and in rejecting a few amusements which Scripture nowhere condemns. But, perhaps, few men had ever been enabled to follow the Lamb in greater simplicity than Mr. Dalben: he had never been in the habit of railing at the world in the presence of Henry or of any other person; but his mind had seemed ever to have been drawn out of it, and he had never alluded to its riches and honours and other gifts, because he was not in the habit of recollecting that such things were; and hence, through the divine blessing on a conversation and life so entirely free from covetousness, Henry, when told, at eighteen, that henceforward he was to have a nobleman

for his guardian, had need of some one to suggest to him that this might probably be an amazing advantage to him in a worldly point of view. The morning was bright and clear, and Lord H—— had taken Henry to walk with him on the gravelly path on the sunny side of the house. “It is a solemn time, Henry,” he said, “when friends are thus watching the hand of God lifted up to take the soul of a beloved object—when nothing more remains to be done than to smooth the pillow and to wait. On these occasions to what a summing-up of man’s state and condition on earth is the mind led! What is man, wherefore is he brought into existence? Why has he hopes and desires and feelings which are never satisfied? What madness is it which leads him to pursue the things of this world with so much and such unremitting anxiety? Wherefore is it that from generation to generation he never seems to gain any experience of the past, and wherefore are the mass even of religious people as incapable of answering these inquiries as were the philosophers of Greece and Rome?”

“Probably,” replied Henry, “because they do not study the Scriptures?”

“They do study them,” replied Lord H——; “many study them, but they come to them with a certain set of pre-conceived ideas, to which they endeavour to accommodate them; they do not shape their minds to the pattern of the Scriptures, but they force the Scriptures to the patterns of their own minds:—for example, if Christ says, ‘I come not to condemn the world but to save the world,’ they will not admit this assertion in its full sense, because they have

certain established rules which limit its signification, or perhaps they may find another passage of Scripture which *seems* to bear against it, in which case they take the passage which is in their favour, and reject the other, giving no weight at all to it; not perceiving that as the Scriptures are indited by one Spirit, wherever they seem to disagree, the apparent disagreement must be owing either to some defect in the mind of the reader, to false translations, or perhaps to ignorance of the circumstances attending the apparent contradictions. Thus, when a threatening under the law is brought in opposition to a promise under the gospel, the force of the first may seem to annul the strength of the latter; whereas, when the circumstances under which the two passages were inspired are understood, the one belongs to one dispensation, and the other to another,—a distinction which is so rarely attended to by our divines, that there is nothing more common in our discourses than to hear the threats of that law which is confessedly dead, brought to bear in full force on a large congregation of persons, acknowledging themselves to be Christians, by the only criterion by which we are permitted to judge, viz. by their presence in the Christian assembly.” Lord H—— then proceeded to remark, that there are no means of accounting for the ways of God with man, but by what Scripture in its truth tells us respecting the great work of salvation by Christ. “When we do not add to, or diminish from the words of Scripture, but take them as they are delivered to us, then immediately such a light

bursts upon us that we are no longer perplexed with the dealings of God with man. Consider only two passages which this moment occur to me: 'And he is the propitiation for our sins: and not for ours only, but also for *the sins of the whole world.*'—'But we see Jesus, who was made a little lower than the angels, for the suffering of death, crowned with glory and honour: that he by the grace of God should taste death for every man.' Can words be plainer than these passages? Is it not giving God the lie, then, to doubt his purposes towards man, and to assert as some do, that he has made creatures to be eternally miserable? Yet," continued Lord H——, "these are subjects of such infinite solemnity, that we cannot contemplate them with too much awe, and ought ever to pray that we may not be permitted to decide lightly upon them, or be suffered, in the opinions which we adopt respecting them, to lean upon our own understanding."

"I do think so," replied Henry, "we cannot be too cautious when we speak of things of such vast importance. But, sir, if the visible church and the professors of all descriptions have made a mistake respecting the extent of the work of salvation, have they not committed a grievous offence against their God and Saviour, by substituting vengeance when infinite love only is displayed, and making it appear that either the will or the power of the Redeemer was wanting to complete the work of salvation."

"If Scripture had not been so clear on this point as it is," replied Lord H——, "we ought

to have put our mouths in the dust and been silent; but even allowing, for argument's sake, that the intentions of God towards those who die in a hardened state are doubtful; supposing that the texts on either side are so balanced as not to admit of decision upon the point, the one party, at least, ought to be as careful as the other in hazarding its opinions. The one party ought to be as much afraid of giving offence by asserting that the misery of the wicked is eternal in the face of such texts as these, — 'This is a faithful saying and worthy of all acceptation, for therefore we both labour and suffer reproach, because we trust in the living God, who is the Saviour of all men, especially of them that believe.' I repeat, that the one party should at least be equally cautious with the other, and that there is the same reason for silencing one party as another, by the plea that they are meddling with things too high for them, and coming to conclusions, which they cannot do, even by their own statements, without forcing some passages and adding words to others not found in the original text."

"You think, my lord, then," said Henry, "that we may sum up all the purposes of God towards man in one word, and that is love; and that all the follies, all the pains, all the sorrows, and even all the offences of man are permitted for his ultimate good."

"I do," replied Lord H——, "and I am assured that I have not been suffered to expect too much: this is not an error which has ever

been charged on a child of God, from the beginning of time."

"Oh! what would Darfield say of you, Lord H——," said Henry; "you would be *anathema maranatha* with him."

As Lord H—— had remarked, there are scarcely any passages in human life more solemn than those hours in which a family is waiting an event such as death. Much fatigue had deadened Henry's feelings in a certain degree the first day of his arrival; on the second, he felt more alive to circumstances; he went often to his uncle's room, and sat looking at him as he lay on his pillow; but since the somewhat lengthened speech of the dying man to his adopted son, he had hardly spoken to him; he knew every one, however, and sometimes smiled when he looked at them. He suffered very little, apparently: he was passing away like an expiring lamp. It was expected, however, that the flame would leap before it went out, and hence all were anxious to catch these last moments.

During the Wednesday there was no change. Henry spent some hours in his uncle's room; the venerable gentleman lying very still, though slight convulsions passed over his features. Henry sate alone in that room, within which, in the light closet, he had spent so many hours of careless boyhood; — "And is this first stage of life so soon passed?" he thought, — "is all that is left of it now but as a dream? — how long, how very long, appeared the early years of childhood! — but youth is travelling with a quicker pace. O my God!

enable me so to number my years that I may apply my heart to wisdom; or rather guide me thyself by thy counsels, lead me by thy hand, then shall I be happy!" It was a winter's day, and the wind whistled and moaned:—who has not fancied that they have heard in the wind the voices of other years? The sadness which stole over Henry at length became such, that he was glad to go down stairs and rush into the open air, when Mr. Nash came to relieve him.

Mrs. Kitty had said that her master would not live out the Friday, because on the previous Friday evening, he had, as she said, taken the first change—he had refused his bit of toast at tea, and found it difficult, even with Thomas's help, to get up stairs, though he had come down on the Saturday. She spoke also of a screech-owl heard for the first time that winter on the Friday evening; and if she had persuaded neither Lord H—— nor Henry of the truth of her omens, she had passed herself as a woman of peculiar foresight with all the rest of the persons in the house, and as Mr. Nash was very superstitious, he brought forward innumerable stories of notices of deaths which had to his knowledge been given to many in his parish. If the good man did not persuade his friends in the parlour, he at any rate contrived to add some horrors to Henry's imaginations, and he so impressed the minds of the party in the kitchen, that no one hardly dared to stir alone after sun-set.

Mrs. Kitty was, however, right, as it happened: it was on the Friday that Mr. Dalben

had first felt a change for the worse, and on the Friday he died,—having, about three in the afternoon, taken a deep and solemn, yet joyful, leave of Lord H——, Mr. Nash, and Henry. “Thank you, my boy, for many a happy hour,” said the dying man;—“farewell! we shall meet—meet,” he repeated, “in glory! glory! glory!—through him—God—the Redeemer!” He spoke no more to be understood—at six o’clock all was over!—His eyes were closed by Henry, who, pressing his lips on the yet warm forehead, rushed to his own room, and was seen no more that night, excepting by Mr. Nash, who at Lord H——’s instigation, went up to him at nine o’clock, taking some warm wine and water.

The next morning, when Henry came down, he was enabled to be quite calm, though he looked very pale, and his eyes bloodshot. Each person present tried for cheerfulness, and succeeded to a certain degree. “Henry,” said Lord H——, “I must now go home. On my way through Worcester I shall give necessary orders: Mr. Nash knows what he is to do here. On Monday I hope to return for a few days; all that has been wished shall be done as nearly as possible. When I return we will arrange our farther plans. You know where to seek comfort—you have not the source now to seek.”

At eleven o’clock, Lord H—— set out with post-horses, and Henry went up to see the remains of his uncle. “I will see them once again,” he thought; “and then I will see them no more: I will not see them when they are much changed, lest that sad look which marks

the beginning of decomposition should efface the earlier and sweeter recollections." Accordingly, he went to the chamber of death, and knelt by the bed in earnest prayer: he then came out, closing the door after him, and went in no more.

The historian has often thought of a remark made by a pious woman in his hearing when a child: it was this:—"I feel that I can trust myself with God for life, and through all eternity, excepting at the moment in which the soul quits the body." Many have had the same idea, though they have not perhaps defined it to their own minds; but there is no doubt but that the Almighty Father and Saviour will render the opening out of the new and astonishing world, to the soul of the believer, at the moment of its escape from this body of corruption, as mild and easy, yea, far more so than that of the first burst of light on the infant eye.

Of that which is not seen, and which hath never been seen, there is no mode of speaking but by figures: of the unseen world, therefore, no glimpse can be given but by emblems furnished by that which is seen. The whole Levitical law was constructed upon this principle, as St. Paul himself shows, in his epistle to the Hebrews; and there is no question but that even the historical portions of scripture abound with instructions of this nature, as the apostle says when speaking of certain events which befel the children of Israel in the days of Moses. (1 Cor. x. 11.) Oh that we had such hearts in us as would enable us to judge of unseen things by those which are seen; but "the natural man receiveth not the things of the Spirit, neither can

he know them, because they are spiritually discerned."

It was with deep gratitude to God, and to his beloved uncle, that Henry felt that in changing the person of his guardian it would not be required for him to adopt one of another spirit. Lord H—— had been obliged to leave him for a few days; and during his absence, the young man's mind was constantly turned to subjects of a very serious nature. Mr. Nash proved a kind and attentive companion, and told him many old stories, which served to divert his thoughts. He wrote to Marten, and tried to study, but could not fix his attention: he found himself, however, able to read a little, and so the time passed till the Monday at noon, when Lord H—— returned. He brought Henry two letters, —one from Lady H——, inviting him immediately to Woodville, and henceforward to consider that place as his home,—and another from Lucilla, which was to this effect.

“ Dear Master Milner,

“ Robert and I are very sorry about Mr. Dalben, because we loved him very much; but we know that he is very happy; he is with papa and mamma in the presence of our Saviour. We are glad you are coming to live here. Robert says that he remembers you very well, and he wants to see you again, and so do I: when you come we will try to make you happy—so do not be very sad. Please, Master Milner, please to think of Mr. Dalben in heaven!—that was what you told me that I was to

do about papa and mamma. My aunt says I may call you brother ; I asked her if I might, and she said yes ; and therefore I shall put at the end of my letter, that I am, dear brother Henry,

“ Your affectionate sister,
“ LUCILLA.”

Whether Henry valued this letter or not, may be understood when it is said that he put it into a private pocket in his letter-case, though not till he had read it again once or twice ;— and then a thought crossed his mind—“ What will Lucilla be like when she is grown up ? I can hardly fancy—not like anybody I ever saw—I don’t know any person so pretty—I hope she will not be changed much.” Thus mixed are human thoughts, and thus we see in the young mind, sweet hopes blossoming from amid the dust of death ! Man is not made to be alone, and when one present support is removed, he is ready to catch at the first sensible object which seems to invite him. Neither is the Almighty offended, as some harsh persons pretend, at the exercise of the kindlier feelings of our nature ;—but whereas false religion forbids, under various pleas, this exercise, by debarring men from their innocent and natural objects, true religion teaches us how to control and direct these feelings, and strengthens us to be submissive when we are required to render up to God the precious objects of our regards.

A short letter was also received from Marten, condoling with his friend on the loss of his more

than father, and informing him that the examinations would commence in a day or two, and that Bonville's fate would soon be decided, as he was one of the first to be called up. This, with the promise of farther information when the examinations were over, was all which the epistle contained.

Mr. Dalben's funeral took place on the Wednesday: it was largely attended, and Henry and Lord H— were the chief mourners. These pageants differ little from each other in externals, but vary greatly in respect to the feelings which they excite. The churchyard was crowded by poor householders, who felt that they had lost a tried friend. By the last will of Mr. Dalben, a bible was given to each cottager in the parish; Mr. Dalben having written the name of each head of a family in the first blank leaf. These were delivered to as many as were present, together with a crown-piece to each person who received a book.

Who has not felt what it is to return to the house from which the last remains of a friend have been removed? It seems almost that whilst these mortal remains continue in their wonted place the separation is not complete; but when the chamber of death is actually emptied, and things are restored to their usual form, then, indeed, comes the overpowering sense of the consummation of the work of dissolution. Henry was extremely depressed during the evening after the funeral; but Mr. Nash and Lord H— exerted themselves to converse, and as they naturally fell into religious subjects,

Henry, after a while, became interested, and the latter portion of the evening was better than the former.

Lord H—— was obliged to return the next day; accordingly after breakfast he produced Mr. Dalben's will, which he read aloud in the presence of Henry and Mr. Nash. The venerable gentleman had, according to what he had said, left his house to Henry, with all his possessions in Worcestershire, knowing his love for the place. Henry had never looked to him for anything, he was therefore the more touched with this kindness; the books and furniture were also left to him, with few exceptions. He had bequeathed to Mrs. Kitty twenty pounds a year for life, and ten to each of the other servants. Kitty was older than Mr. Dalben, and as she had saved little, he wished to arrange things that she might enjoy rest during the remainder of her life. He had also left her several articles of furniture, indeed all she could require. There were some remembrances to Lady H——, Lucilla, and Sir Robert, and what most pleased Henry was, a hundred pounds to Marten, to be paid immediately, and thirty pounds a year for life to worthy Mr. Nash. Mr. Dalben had none but very remote connexions. A considerable portion of his income had been held only for life; he had, however, two thousand pounds, or rather more, in money, which was all bequeathed to Edgar Bonville, with the exception of some few small legacies. Lord H—— had, most handsomely, undertaken to administer to the will, and Edgar was not to receive

his capital for a certain number of years specified in the will.

Poor Mr. Nash, for he was much shortened in circumstances, depending on little else than his curacy, was so much affected by this bequest, where he had expected nothing, that he no sooner heard of it than he sprang from his chair and writhed out of the room, and did not return in less than half an hour.

When Lord H—— had finished reading the will, he told Henry that it would be best to let the house furnished as it was, if possible; to have the goods packed up, and any other valuables he might wish to keep, and to leave two servants in the house till it could be let.

Henry replied, that he was resolved to follow Lord H——'s advice in everything; and Mr. Nash added, "that if Lord H—— and Henry would tell him what they wished to have done, he would be backwards and forwards, and see to everything."

"In that case," said Lord H——, "you shall stay here a few days, Henry, and give your directions, and then come to us at Woodville; and henceforward, my dear boy," added the excellent nobleman, "remember that I am your father."

Henry could not speak, and Lord H—— continued, "And when you have taken your degree, whilst you are waiting for ordination, you shall be little Robert's tutor. Will that please you?"

This idea had already occurred to Henry, and the look which he gave to Lord H—— was

more expressive than any words he could have used; "but," added Lord H——, "there is one thing I hope you will remember, which is, to send your uncle's portrait to Woodville. The good man has hung it where it is little seen; let it be brought forward; it was taken when he was very young, and reminds me much of what he then was."

Lord H—— then ordered the servants to be called in, and whilst Henry went out to conceal feelings of sorrow, which he could no longer repress, the excellent nobleman read to them that which concerned them from the will. He then took his leave saying, that he hoped in a very few days to see Henry again.

As Henry entered the house, after taking leave of Lord H——, Mrs. Kitty came up weeping to him, and saying that she had by no means deserved such kindness of her master, acknowledging, what she had never done before, that she had behaved very ill about Maurice. Henry then told her, that he wished her to take her time about leaving the house: she wept and thanked him, telling him that her plan was, now that her master had been so generous to her, to go and reside with her sister.

Sally next came up, curtseyed, but said little, though it appeared that she had been weeping. Henry was again overpowered by all this—he rushed from the house into the garden, and towards his bower, as it were mechanically taking that path. In his own peculiar garden, there was Thomas standing and looking about him, and yet rubbing his rough hand now and then over his eyes.

“ Master,” he said, “ here I be; I never felt so queer in my life, so I does not know how—I am so glad, and yet so sorry—so glad that you has this place. You won’t be for cutting the trees down, will you, sir? No, I knows you won’t. What a fool I am to have such a thought!”

“ But the house must be let, his lordship says.”

“ Well, so it must, no doubt.”

“ But you will stay here till it is let?” said Henry.

“ Yes, sir,” said Thomas, “ and as long afterwards as I can. Perhaps, master, the tenant may keep me on as I knows the place, not that I expect such another;”—and the rough hand went across the eyes again;—“ but we sha’n’t want it much neither, if we can get a bit of a cottage nigh. Twenty pounds a year is no such little matter, master; yet I shouldn’t like no other to be handling these shrubs and cutting them trees whilst I am above ground.”

“ But, Thomas,” said Henry, “ I fear you have mistaken—it is only ten pounds.”

“ Yes, sir,” said Thomas, “ ten pounds. My Lord he told me ten pounds twice over, to be paid annually or by the quarter, as I choos’d—ten for me and ten for she, which makes twenty, sir.”

“ What!” exclaimed Henry.

“ Ten for Sally, sir,” repeated Thomas, and ten for me. We has been contracted a long time, only Sally would’na leave master, though we had no thought of his great goodness in be-questing that money.”

"Well," exclaimed Henry, "this pleases me; let the marriage take place before Mrs. Kitty goes, and then you and Sally can remain here till the house is let."

"And so we shall with pleasure," replied Thomas, "knowing whose house we be to keep, and whose goods we be to watch—and this is what makes me feel so queer, so that I scarcely knows whether to laugh or to cry."

"Well," said Henry, "I think I must make Sally a present of the cow; but it shall be on condition that she takes care of my cat."

"Sir,—Master Henry," said Thomas, "do you know the valey on the cow and the calf, which may be—I can hardly say, but I think they would fetch fifteen pounds, if they fetched a farthing, for there arn't a better cow any where on Teme side."

"For Sally's sake, I am glad of it," replied Henry; "but remember, it is her property, not yours, Thomas."

"Ah, sir," replied Thomas, "that was spoken in your old way as you was used to speak afore trouble come. Well, I shall tell Sally of her luck, and I hope her won't get saucy on it."

"And you will, I trust, thank God too, Thomas," remarked Henry, "who, when you were a young man, gave you a Christian master."

"And a Christian father and friend," said Thomas. "Lord, keep me in the remembrance of all that that master taught me! But, sir, if

you lets the house, will you please to give orders about the trees, that none on them be cut down?"

"Assuredly, Thomas," said Henry, "I love them as well as you do."

"I dare say you does, master," he replied, "for though you did not set many of them, as I have done, you have watched their growth. None who has not set trees knows what affection those have for them that has."

"And yet you lop them and prune them too, Thomas," said Henry.

"That's for their good when they are growing too thick and rampant," replied the gardener.

"As God prunes us when we want it," said Henry. "Oh! that we could always take the pruning-knife in good part!" So saying, he turned away, and Thomas looking after him said,

"There him goes, and God bless him!—un arn't his fellow in all the country. I'd ha' broken my heart to have seen this garden and these fields fall to another."

And now, Lord H—— being gone, Mr. Nash and Henry were much engaged. They had cases made for the books, and Mr. Nash undertook to pack them up when Henry was gone, some few having been excepted, such as Henry thought he might want, and which, with the portrait, and some other things, he sent before him to Woodville.

He could not bear to look at his uncle's clothes, he therefore begged Mr. Nash to take

such of them as might be serviceable to himself, and give the remainder to Thomas; in short, having attended to as many things as occurred to him, and begging Mr. Nash to write for further directions, if he required them, he prepared to leave that place, which was dearer to him than any on earth. He lingered yet another and another day after he had resolved to go; but as he did not like to see many things moved, or much change made, Mr. Nash at length urged him to depart, and accordingly he made one violent effort, having sent his trunk two days before to Worcester, and shaking Mr. Nash, Mrs. Kitty, Thomas, and Sally by the hands, he rushed out of the house to walk to Worcester, trying by animal exertion to still the anguish of many poignant mental feelings; passing rapidly through every well-remembered scene, and trying to think of anything,—of everything but of those things which were associated with the scenes through which he passed.

Being arrived at Worcester, and having secured a place in a coach, which would take him direct to Woodville the next morning, for this coach started about six o'clock, he went to the house where Mr. Dalben's letters used to be left, and there found one from Marten, which had arrived by the last post, and was waiting there. This letter proclaimed first his own and then Edgar Bonville's successful passage through the Scylla and Charybdis, as the writer called it, of the examination; it also told of Mansfield and Lord F——'s success in the same way, adding, "and that blackguard Wellings

too has bullied and braved it out, so the college will at length be delivered of that monster." Marten's letter concluded with saying, "I hope to see you soon, dear Henry, probably at Woodville."

CHAPTER XXI.

A long and last adieu.

As Henry found himself more and more remote from the scene of his late sorrows, that deep feeling, which had almost unmanned him the day before, became more under command. There were three persons in the coach, two women and a man, and they talked to each other, thus disturbing Henry's thoughts from settling too intently, without exciting the smallest interest in what they said. At the lodge of the park of Woodville he stopped the coach, got out, and had his baggage brought in. The lodge-keeper immediately recognised him, and informed him that his lord and lady had just gone through in the carriage, having, as he heard, been called suddenly to an old lady, a relative of Lady H——'s, who had been taken ill.

"You cannot tell when they will return?" asked Henry.

"No, sir," replied the porter, "but the dis-

tance they are gone is only ten miles. However, when illness is in the case, there is no answering for any one's movements."

"They are all well at the hall, I hope?" asked Henry.

"Very well, sir, I thank you," replied the old man. The little lady and gentleman was here yesterday as blithe as bees, and it was them as told me you was coming, sir. The little gentleman said,—that is, Sir Robert, as they calls him,—he says; says he, 'when Master Milner comes, Barclay, you must mind and open the gate for him.' So you see I had my orders about you, sir."

"And did the little lady say anything about my coming?" asked Henry.

"Yes, to be sure, sir; she said you was coming, and that I might expect you any day. And now, good sir, will you please to send some one up for your trunks, for my old woman is gone out, and I must not leave?" He also told Henry that several packages had already arrived for him, and been sent down to the hall.

After this discussion Henry passed across the park to the house. The weather had lately been very gloomy, but this morning was as bright and soft as winter morning ever is in this climate, than which, take it altogether, there is not a finer in the world; and as Henry proceeded over the green lawns and leafless groves, where every spray showed in relief on the clear ether as he looked up, his heart was raised in thankfulness to God, who had given him, an orphan, such a home as this.

“ I have never,” thought he, “ seen this place but in winter. What is it, then, when trees are leafy and cuckoos sing? My uncle loved this place—he loved the spirit of it—it will be my fault if I am not happy here.” He walked on, and at length came to the hall, where he rang at the principal door, although he might have entered without giving notice, as it was open.

The butler was the first person who appeared. “ Oh! Mr. Milner,” said the worthy old servant, “ is it you? we have been looking for you these three days, and my lady said you would be sure to come to-day, because she was forced to go out; but she charged me to take care of you. We have had fires in your rooms ever since Monday, and your trunks are in the closet within the bed-room. But, sir, have you brought nothing with you?”

Henry told him where his trunk was, and the careful old man, having delivered a direction respecting it to a footman, who appeared at his call, requested the young gentleman to follow him, himself marching forward through the hall and along the gallery, till he brought Henry to that suite of rooms called Mr. Dalben's, and which consisted of three beautiful apartments.

“ My lady said you would like these rooms best, sir,” he said, as he thrust open the door, “ and so she had them prepared; and if you want any thing, you must be pleased to ring—James is to attend you: he was reared, one might say, by Mr. Dalben, who got him the place here, and so he would think it hard if he was not to wait on you; but, sir, you are no stranger

here. I remember your father when he was just such another as you are—I lived here then; he was a noble youth and quite full of mirth, and for running and leaping I never saw his fellow; he would run down the lawn, and spring over the sunken fence, and be out of sight in no time; but you favour him much. Well, sir, but you must be hungry; have you breakfasted? you say yes,—but poorly, no doubt. My lady has ordered that you are to breakfast whenever you like in your own room, as when we have company it cuts up the morning sadly to wait for the coming down of the ladies; and so, sir, if you please, you shall hansom your table now; James shall bring in your breakfast immediately.” The worthy man, whose name was Johnson, then went out to order the breakfast, but returned the next minute, saying, “Mr. Milner, sir, what a thing that was about Maurice; do you know, sir, that one of our helpers is sure he saw him at Spirehill just about the time the news came of his running off; the lad stood firmly to it that he saw him, and called after him, but he ran away and never turned nor answered.”

“Very strange,” said Henry. And here the butler took his leave; and Henry, having made a hearty breakfast, proceeded to arrange his dress as well as he could, till his trunk came; after which, finding his recollections painful, for the rooms into which he had entered were those in which he had seen his uncle less than a year ago, he left his pleasant apartments and went into the drawing-room, the dining-room, and the breakfast-room, in the hope of finding

the children, for whom he did not like to ask. Failing, however, in this object, he walked out into the shrubbery and went on till he reached the beautiful dingle, and came directly under the temple, on which the beams of the sun then falling, gave a splendour, which, contrasted with the dark hues of the cypresses and evergreens in its vicinity, formed an object of singular beauty. Nearly opposite to the height on which this temple was built was a garden-seat of painted iron, which being perfectly dry, Henry sate down, and again heavy recollections took possession of his mind. He thought of Maurice lost, and Marten soon to be lost to him—of his uncle dead, and of the work of disturbance which was, he well knew, going on in his uncle's late abode; and so deep were his meditations, his eyes being fixed on the objects before him, that he was perfectly startled at hearing light steps not far from him: he turned his head, however, hastily towards the sound, and saw two small figures approaching as from the direction of the hall; these were Lucilla and Sir Robert, hand in hand, and still wearing deep mourning, Lucilla's fair hair appearing from under her crape bonnet, and they came gravely forward, Henry rising as they approached. Their young countenances were exceedingly serious, but Henry thought that their gravity well became them, it suited so well the present frame of his mind; and he thought that it was impossible for human creatures to look more lovely than they did. Henry, having bowed, sate down again, and he could not account at the moment for the extreme

difficulty which he felt in restraining his emotions. The fair brother and sister came near and stood before him, paying him the most solemn respect, for as one courteseyed the other bowed. Lucilla first spoke: "Master Milner," she said, "we are glad you are come, but we did not know it till you were gone out to walk."

"We came when we knew," said little Robert.

"We are sorry about you," said Lucilla, her pretty lip trembling; "we are very sorry,"—and she began to weep, though quietly.

"She is sorry, because of Mr. Dalben," remarked little Robert, ready to weep for company; but Henry was not only ready to shed tears, he actually could not refrain himself; on which the lovely children came nearer to him, and Lucilla putting her delicate hand in his, said, "Dear Master Henry, do not cry, I will be your sister, and try to make you happy, and Robert will be your brother."

"Yes," said the little man, hastily; "yes, I will," and added no more.

"Oh! Miss Lucilla," said Henry, "I ought not to be unhappy, and I am not unhappy; but the kindness I find here quite overcomes me."

"I often cry," replied the little lady, "when people are kind to me. I don't know why I do it, but my aunt told us, that if you came to-day, we were to come to you and comfort you."

"She told us to come," said Sir Robert, "and so we did come."

"Don't you think you shall be happy here,

Master Henry?" said Lucilla; "there are many things we can do for you; perhaps you don't like making grottoes now, because you are grown up, and have been at Oxford, but we can do other things to please you. I am to learn about flowers in the spring and summer, and to dry them; and I am to learn Hebrew; I have begun the letters; and I can play with you at chess—I will do anything I can, sir, to make you happy here." Henry felt too much to allow him to make any answer; thus, though he was not aware of it, putting the little lady to a great difficulty how best to go on with what she had undertaken, viz. to administer consolation. At another time, Henry might have observed her embarrassment and helped her to get over it; but he did not think of it then, though he remembered it afterwards.

She was, therefore, silent for a moment, looking about her as if in deep thought; then, as if something had occurred to her, which she thought might do to amuse him, she spoke again, and said, "I have something to tell you, sir; there was a fawn in the park whose mother died, and we reared it; last summer we fed it ourselves, and when it was big, we put it among the other deer, and they butted at it with their horns; but now they are got used to it, and it is happy with them." Lucilla made a long story of this, and then told another somewhat similar, little Robert all the time uttering his assent in short sentences to all she said; and she had proceeded some time in this way before Henry perceived that the fair little creature was using every effort in her power, and think-

ing of everything she could to bring forward to amuse him ; when this fact did strike him, he was ready to exclaim, " Are you not the loveliest little creature in existence ? what will you be by-and-bye if you are not spoiled by the world ? but shall I suffer you to go on using your innocent endeavours to amuse me, and not meet you half way—the whole way ? I will ! I will ! " and rousing himself, he entered at once into conversation, following the little lady's lead, and expressing all the interest she could wish.

It does not do to sit out of doors in the winter ; Henry, therefore, with his two little friends, one in each hand, returned to the house, and having asked Lucilla and Robert whether they had any new books or pictures to show him, they ran to their rooms, and came down laden with their treasures. Henry proposed painting some of Lucilla's prints in her favourite books, and offered some service equally acceptable to Robert ; and thus the time wore away till dinner was announced, Lord and Lady H—— not being expected at the earliest till night.

Lucilla then followed the butler to another room, and Henry led Robert, and the little people did their very best to make themselves pleasant at table. Henry was perfectly amazed at the effect of good breeding, built upon solid religious principles, in the young lady. He had not conceived the possibility of producing such a result at such tender years. A renewed nature is certainly the real and only foundation of fine manners ; but that which is external may be imitated, and imitated to a certain degree suc-

cessfully : a person may also have piety, without possessing fine manners; at the same time, where piety is real, the manners of the individual will become better. There is, however, an atmosphere—an atmosphere of high life—in which still lingers the last spirit of the high courtesies of the feudal ages, in which alone that very superior polish can be given to the manners of individuals, which was so striking in every member of the family at Woodville. It is remarkable that a highly-polished bearing is seldom found where republican governments or principles prevail: even in our own country, in England, examples of the finest manners are now become so rare, that many young people, called educated, cannot be made to comprehend what they are. Something of the old style lingers yet in the army, and in the higher circles in the East Indies, where children, carefully educated in gentlemen's families, still preserve something of this superior carriage. Whether this superior bearing is desirable, or otherwise, is not what we are deciding upon; but certain it is that when a child like Lucilla has witnessed only elegant and highly-refined manners from infancy, she can scarcely fail of acquiring a degree of delicacy and decorum, which under no circumstances in life she would ever entirely lose.

But enough has been said on this point. We are drawing near to the end of our volume, having placed Henry in a situation of much comfort; for when Lord and Lady H—— returned at night, they received him as an adopted son,—assuring him, that although they had at first loved him for his father's and Mr. Dalben's

sake, they now admitted him into their family for his own sake, and under the assurance that he would not disgrace their adoption of him.

Henry bowed ; and whilst a fine glow rose to his very brow, the tears trembled in his eyes.

“ Henry,” said Lord H——, “ in all that is well, let us not forget to give the glory to God ; but in speaking as a mere man, permit me to remark to you, that had you been an imprudent and incorrect youth, had you been a low or vulgar youth, much as it would have pained me so to have done, I must have told my departed friend that I could not have protected you under my own roof. If then it is a comfort and a credit to you, being an orphan, to be adopted by me and Lady H——, you must understand that you would have forfeited these advantages, not only by wicked conduct, but by that which very nearly partakes the nature of wickedness,—coarse and low manners. Thus, as far as earthly things are concerned, a young man often mars his own happiness by inattention to the decencies and decorums which should ever be practised among Christians.”

But here the historian is compelled to close his volume—a volume which was commenced with the full intention of never bringing Henry Milner forward as the hero of another. Neither has this intention been changed ; this page may, therefore, be considered as the last of the particular history of Mr. Dalben’s pupil : but in case that any of the readers of these volumes should wish to hear more, in an indirect way, of our hero himself, or of those who grew up with him, or were connected with him, they are re-

ferred to certain passages in a book said to be now in hand, and which it is hoped will be published in due time,—a volume containing some farther passages in the life of John Marten, and in which the disappearance of Maurice will be accounted for, and proved not to be a matter of small importance or of little influence.

By what hand these materials will be collated or given to the public, cannot now be told.

And now the writer of these memoirs—this work of many years—takes his leave of those to whom this volume is addressed, in the earnest hope that when the Redeemer shall make up his jewels, not one of them may fail of being set in his glorious and never-fading crown.

THE END.

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